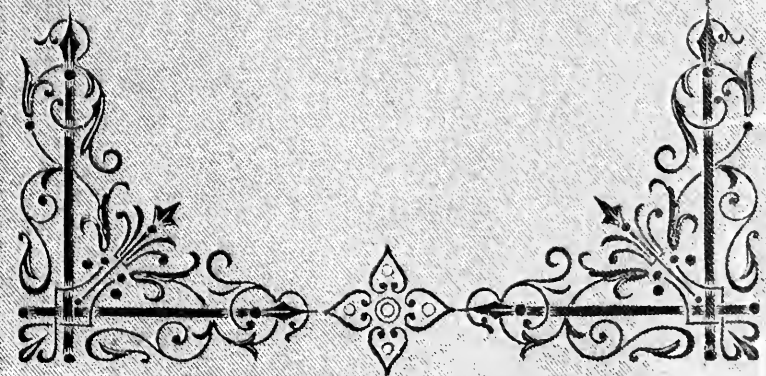




John Smith
DEMOCRAT.

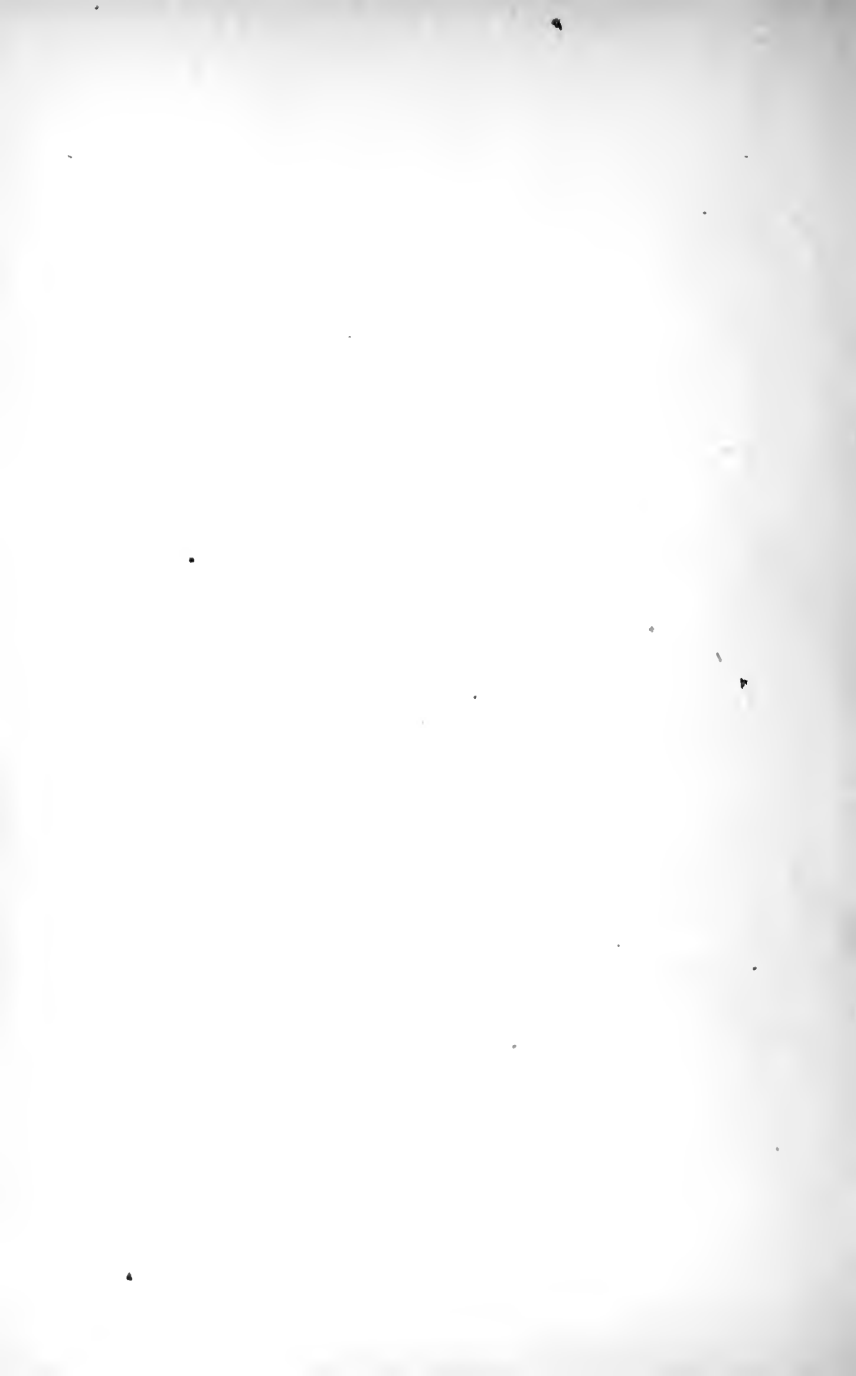




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JOHN SMITH, DEMOCRAT:

HIS TWO DAYS' CANVASS

(*Sunday Included*)

FOR THE OFFICE OF MAYOR

OF THE CITY OF

Bunkumville.

BY BETTERSWORTH.

Exitus acta probat.—OV. HER., 2, 85.

PRINTED AND BOUND BY H. W. ROKKER,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

1877.

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NOTE.

[STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.]

Mr. Publisher: John made me promise if I should ever have this MS. printed that I would explain his present views, as he anticipates, like one or two other American citizens, to be "dragged out" again for some office, by "many voters." He don't wish it understood that he applies these old by-gone charges of little things to his present constituency. Not at all; he wishes them to understand that he has a larger opinion of their qualifications as workers and voters now; and with all the advantages they have enjoyed in the meantime of a liberal political education, he is certain that in the next canvass he can confidently look for vastly bigger things. Comprehensively, against no particular nationality that exercises a controlling influence in politics, he brings no particular charge of no particular corruption. This sweeping disavowal he hopes satisfactory.

AMANUENSIS.

P. S. I find among John's stack of political papers

a small cartoon. It may be an outline of something to come hereafter. Here it is:—

A BRIEF SKETCH

Of the Controlling Influences in

AMERICAN POLITICS,

Or a succinct view of the strongest political arguments employed by the Four Controlling Nationalities:

Anglo-American. Hibernian. Teutonic and African.

ARGUMENTS

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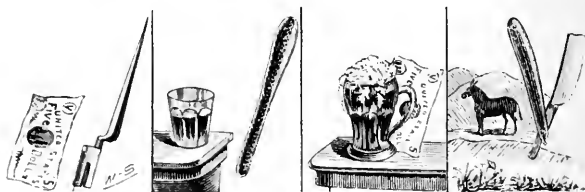
ARGUMENTS.

Pro—Con.

Pro—Con.

Pro—Con.

Pro—Con.



The Anglo American adverse argument was left out of John's canvass, as there wasn't time to mobilize it. The argumenta Africana, of the very small mule in the extreme distance, with the incisive adverse in the fore-ground, also took no part, for the simple reason that the XVth Amendment hadn't then taken effect.

A.

INTRODUCTION.

BY AMANUENSIS.

I am a factotem; that is, cashier, teller, chief clerk, book keeper, and janitor of a moneyed institution called the "Imperial Grand National Bank of Bunkumville," Mulct-all-in County, Illinois. My salary and literary attainments I can quote at par; that is, they are alike—both meagre. After thus introducing myself, I beg, after a few explanatory and apologetic remarks, to present to you my old democratic friend, John Smith, who desires to have a confidential talk with—well, with somebody. It occurred to John that he would like this introduction and interview in this wise. On the 12th day of February, A. D. 1877, during banking hours, I received over the counter of the "Imperial Grand National," the following note:

FRIEND JAMIE:

My wife and the children are going south to attend, on St. Valentine's day, the marriage ceremony, festivities, etc.; of a female relative. They will be absent a fortnight. Now, Jamie, I want you to come o'nights and "Bach" and help keep awa' the spooks an' bogles o' solitary *ennui*. You shall have *res* to feast on, and a very slow o' bowl, or soul, as you may elect; the bowl too thin for drinking, and the soul too sluggish for thinking purposes. Say yes. Come at 7 p. m. SMITH.

As this paper was gilt-edged paper, I promptly en-

dorsed my acceptance, and returned it by the messenger.

That evening I was ushered into John's sitting room, where I found him comfortably seated in an arm rocker, on one side of the round table, which with books and papers was profusely covered, and a vacant rocking chair on the opposite side, for me. A cheerful coal fire, in an ample grate, gave warmth and animation to all around. As soon as I was seated, John went off in a tirade against the electoral complications. He wanted to know if I thought the electoral commission would render a decision as satisfactory to both parties as the bill seemed to indicate. I answered, I didn't know. Whereupon he declared, throwing down the paper he had been reading, that he had lost all confidence in American politics and politicians! This led us to a discussion of the newspaper reports of the whole affair, from the day of the presidential election down to that date, 12th February, '77. We commented, growled and laughed, alternately, at the unsatisfactory statements of the papers; the contradictory returns; the "ways that were dark" of returning boards; the soothing reports, majority and minority, of senate and house, of congressional investigating committees; the fruitful efforts of the partisan delegations of prominent politicians from the north and west, and, lastly, the electoral bill and its result, as secured through the final decision of its high court commission.

At this time the reader (I've hypothecated this one, if John don't have another one,) knows that public excitement had been wound up to its highest tension by the tantalizing aggravations of hope deferred; and the pendulum stroke of public interest, from its compre-

hensive sweep from Maine to Louisiana, had been intensified in its oscillations of Rep—Dem—Rep—Dem. to the narrow limits of the grand commission; when all of us, with bated breath, were waiting, as day by day its vibrations were lessening, to see which party occupied the dead point of truth, where it would at last rest. Such was the time I went to stay o' nights with John.

John cynically says, that pendulum stopped on one side of the dead point of truth. He don't blame the pendulum, because somebody made a very small bias lie on one side of it, and thus destroyed its integrity; and, besides, the point occupied by truth at that time was so very dead that the pendulum was justifiable in leaning to the side of the infinitesimal weight.

After our discussion we resumed reading; had been some moments so engaged, when John threw down his paper and startled me with a hearty—

“Ha! ha! ha!”

“What amuses you so?” I asked.

“I was comparing.”

“What? How?”

“Some occurrences in my political experience nine years ago, with similar, though greatly magnified transactions of the present day. The comparison is suggestive of Gulliver's Travels, Lilliputians, and Brobdingnagians. I had fallen into a reverie, wherein it seemed my little acquaintances of years ago were swallowed, boots and all, by the greedy giants of to-day. I was not sorry at this gobbling-up process, because these diminutive parties, I knew long ago, to be vicious little rascals, and deserved no better fate. On looking closer at the huge beings who had done this

good service, I was astonished to see that they were my quondam little fellows, grown to full maturity, and cannibal-like, were fattening on all the small fry of their kind. Here, the paper falling, cut short the reverie, and I laughed at its grotesqueness. I have wished, many times, I had a record of the ludicrous and serious mishaps and misconstructions of that short canvass for the mayoralty of the city of Bunkumville. It was only two days, Sunday included, but it seemed two years to me. I was green, yea, very green, in politics, and knew absolutely nothing of wire-working or any kind of political juggling; but did the best I could to make the race fairly and honestly. You would hardly believe, were I to tell you, how much those little annoyances ruffled my then unsophisticated mind. They were huge then, as giant-like as they suddenly grew in my reverie."

A.—"If you can recollect these campaign occurrences, and wish a record, I'll act as your amanuensis; devoting half hour each night to the task; what do you say?"

"Oh, whenever you write anything, you want it published—I don't want people to know just how simple I was—and it hasn't been so long ago as 'time out of mind.' As to recollecting, if you knew the depth of those impressions, and should see the pile of papers I saved relating thereto, you'd desire to back down from too much recollected material, rather than for lack of it."

A.—"I'll risk the work. Do you agree?"

"I don't care, we can, at least, amuse ourselves on these old memories."

A.—“Let us be systematic. Fourteen nights; fourteen parts. Beginning to-night.”

John placed writing materials; took his seat, and said—

“Well?”

A.—“Ready?”

“Yes.”

A.—“And now, gentle, hypothetical reader, allow me to present, substantially, in the first night’s interview, the chief narrator ———

JOHN SMITH, DEMOCRAT.

NIGHT I.

JOHN SMITH, DEMOCRAT.

How do you do; Mr. Hypothetical Reader? I'm happy to make your acquaintance. Oh! its immaterial about shaking your hand; but do not misconstrue my motive, as aristocratic recoil from plebeian contact; oh! no; John Smith, democrat, shakes hands with every body—you are aware, that your hypothetical hand is not sufficiently materialized; in vulgar parlance, it's "too thin" for a tangible, hearty shake; yet, allow me to say that I doubt not, it would be put forth with quite as much zeal and power, to assist me in emergencies, as the more materialized hands of a majority of my friends and acquaintances. At least, I can assure you, that I can rely on it, when I need a helping hand, with the same confidence of succor. You needn't mind about a hearty verbal response to my cheery "how do you do?" I fully comprehend your feelings; your inexpressible emotions: you know one of the greatest poets once found himself in a similar fix—although an other voluble child of song said of him, that

"As some vast river of unfailing source—
Rapid, deep and exhaustless his numbers flowed."

Yet this same rapid, deep, exhaustless and unfailling gentleman was once in your very predicament, according to his own testimony, to-wit:

“Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *oué* word
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.”

So you see I fully appreciate your soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak—and would here beg of you, in view of some of these unspeakable emotions, although they are voiceless thoughts, don't, I entreat you, if not for my sake, then for the love of mankind—don't sheathe them as a sword. Byron wasn't much to blame if he carried an arsenal of voiceless thoughts in his soul; but you, my hypothetical friend, have neither justification nor need of such an armory of concealed weapons. Don't think I'm slyly disarming you of a trenchant criticism; as my motive is not cowardly apprehension, but rather, manly candor. I have known many a time, when a man or woman was basking, aye, reposing in the sunny confidence of friends and acquaintances, one of these voiceless thoughts, that had been sheathed as a sword, to leap suddenly from its scabbard and deal indiscriminate destruction, right and left. You put that voiceless thought away, as a sword, to rust in its peaceful scabbard, but stress of circumstances, will certainly, sooner or later, prompt you, unthoughtedly to draw

it, because it's so handy you see, and strike a fatal blow at your best friend. Would it be over cautious presumption on so short an acquaintance for me to ask, if you are armed now? Do you carry concealed weapons? Don't understand me as thinking that you would intentionally injure me, or any one else, but you are aware that serious, yes, shocking accidents frequently result from such a habit, through carelessness. On the whole, I think the best and safest plan is, if you have such voiceless thoughts as can be sheathed as a sword, to pluck them out and cast them away; for if they do nobody else an injury, they will seriously injure you, by fretting and festering the soul with irritation and rust. Now some of our best thoughts and emotions are voiceless, but they can't be sheathed as swords—but rather planted, as olive branches. I hope I'm not presuming too much on your friendship, when I take your taciturn greeting to "embody," if it don't "unbosom," all the olive-branch kind of voiceless thoughts, and not one that can be sheathed as a sword. With this mutual understanding, we will proceed. Let me see, I have done for you, on brief acquaintance, all that any friend could do. I have vested you with all the attributes of a living, moving, breathing entity. As the spiritualists would term it, I have materialized you, and I propose to address you hereafter, as in the body, a material being. We have discussed voiceless thoughts, let us turn to others.

"Critics!"

Critics? Your first apprehensive whisper? Speak out. May be you haven't felt the full force of the soul, and heart, and mind I gave you? It will come right. Don't be afraid. I see your mind does well in

the selection of parties who never deal in voiceless thoughts, but a large proportion of them, are heavy operators, in thoughtless voices. When they have thoughts, they always manage to "wreak" them upon "expression," and never sheathe them as swords, but mostly, draw them as broadswords and throw the scabbards away. You must not let this broadsword practice, on expressible opinions and sentiments, frighten you out of the soul and mind I gave you. It shall not frighten me from telling my brief political experience. You know, and more do the critics, that there is a vast difference between political and polite literature, between bulldozing and belles letters; this may be due to the impurity of politics. Stalwart critics know, that it is very difficult to skin some animals, even that are not politicians, without getting in bad odor with certain kid gloved dissecters whose province it is to fastidiously remove the ornamental velvety dust from butterflies' wings. When you whisper critic, don't mistake plain John Smith for a butterfly. I have endowed you with an average mind, and if I say some hard things in a very bungling way, I shall claim the merit of meaning, just what I say, and further, disclaim any intention of apologizing for it; unless I can't dodge the apology.

Between the reckless broadswords-men and the Miss-Nancyish butterfly anatomists there is a small corps of genuine reviewers, whom I respect, and fear; but they use the bright, keen blade of the skillful surgeon. I have used such knives literally, and never heard a groan, nor thought of hurting my patient. I heard nothing; saw nothing; knew nothing but my urgent duty, and cared for nothing except its rapid and

skillful performance. If Jamie should, after his bent, drag these memoirs into print, I want the necessary pruning done by such skillful hands as I've last mentioned.*

Attain literary success? Never thought of such a thing. We, Jamie and I, are only amusing ourselves. I have the fun and Jamie does the work. You must know the great "Sesame" of literary success is closed with a combination lock; whether a combination of critics, editors, publishers or circumstances, one, or all, I can't say. Any how, it appears that an analysis of the combination is rather the result of a lucky accident than the systematic progress, from ward to ward, through the orthographic, or other graphic intricacies of a cabalistic key-word. To nearly all of the thousands of anxious tuggers at the knob, armed with all sorts of original and "*ab*-original" key-words, "Sesame" remains obstinately closed. If one makes a hit he is himself as much astonished as was Atahualpa when he discovered the great mines of Peru. Although I should suffer Jamie to drag out my reluctant consent to have these political memoirs published, and it should bankrupt the house that undertook the first edition, I can console myself with the modest, and certainly retiring reflection, that politics and literature are alike in one respect; that is, the best men in both departments are left out; as the stately McCauley would express it, "by the savage envy of aspiring dunces." Vide: our greatest statesmen, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Sumner, Douglas, and Benton, none of whom could ever be president for the reason aforesaid. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was the last shot fired at a literary mob, by one of the immortal poets, before he

left his native land forever. Now, my dear hypothet—no, actual reader, if I should essay to open this literary treasure-house, I should consult John Ruskin or Ralph Emerson. These master spirits, so far as can be known, adopted an original, and entirely unlooked-for mode of attack, that disconcerted the allied army at the very onset. They marched boldly up, with cryptographic orders, and with continuous volleys from well masked batteries, routed the enemy, horse, foot and dragoon. Their keys were skeleton keys, of “marvelous workmanship and curious twist;” their key words cryptograms. They leisurely tried key after key, and secret combinations, one after another, till they opened “Sesame,” and reveled in its treasures. For some time after this complete rout you might hear of a strictly confidential conference held by two or three of the wounded critics over fragments of missiles that they had picked out of their thick heads; all eyeing critically the pieces; all wondering what they were, and all giving it up with a sad shake of the head. Their only chance for re-organization was to give these incomprehensibles a wide berth; either say nothing or praise immoderately; and now, nearly the whole re-organized army regards these oracular heroes with the same reverential awe, as inspired good old Captain Cuttle for Jack Bunsby. “Whereby, why not? If so, what odds! Can any man say otherwise? No, Awast then?”

A.—“Look here, John, your half hour is one-third gone. I introduced you to this hypothetical reader to encourage you with the shadow, because I couldn’t promise the substance of a real reader. You have now talked him from the mythical to the real, with this irrelevant stuff; and if you propose to go on and talk

him to death, and remand him to his disembodied state, say so; but I'll rest my pen while you are so engaged."

"What shall I say? I mean in this chapter; after I get started, I can go ahead."

A.—"Well, as this is to be biographical, as well as political, it would not be out of place to briefly state your birth; education; occupation; religion, if you have any, and your conversion to democracy. Let your hypothetical reader know, whether or not, your cardinal principles are well grounded; so he can have an idea of what manner of man you are, or were, especially at the time of the occurrences you propose to narrate."

"Birth? Yes, that's a fact, I haven't been born once yet—though I claim the second birth—as I am a professor and believer in religion; and I don't mean by this flippant way of stating it, any irreverence for such sacred things. Just now, I have politics, religion and nativities, so mixed in my thoughts, that I have to make an effort to separate them. I can see now, the apparent irreverence attaches to the political aspect of this second nativity. I was thinking of the great decrease in the number of such births in the political family; and why the family should utterly ignore the necessity of such births, and still expect all the members to be honest. Especially was my mind running on two classes of political orators, one that cannot speak at all, and the other that can speak too well, both utterly repudiating the necessity of the second birth, and both standing sorely in need of the same. From the character and effect of their speeches, it would be a blessing to their respective parties, and

"the rest of mankind," if they ever should be born again, for them to take the good advice of old Col. Geiger to some noisy roughs at a political meeting—that to behave themselves, they must be born again, but for their own sakes, if not for their friends and the Lords—"to be *still*-born next time."

A.—"Oh go on and stop this digressive twaddle."

"Well I will. I was born in the usual way; that is, naturally."

A.—"Of poor but honest parents."

"Yes, that's it, the stereotyped politico-biographical nativity. As it suits my purpose as well as any other, I'll adopt it; as a good old democratic uncle adopted me, eleven months after, *bon gre mal gre*. There were seven boys, all democrats; christened respectively, Jack, Johannes, Giovanni, Juan, Ivan Yoe and John, myself. I was the seventh son, and of course the doctor. My literary education was liberal enough, I did nothing but go to school every school day, and a shooting or fishing Saturdays and Sunday—school and church on Sunday. This was orthodox enough for any boy.

"At the age of fourteen years, my moral and political training received an impetus that, I think, resulted in 'Honest John Smith, democrat.' The moral bent was given in the summer, and the political, in the fall of 1844. From my present point of view, those decisive influences appear trifling, just as do the petty annoyances of the campaign I'm going to narrate, but at the time they occurred, they were any thing but trifles in my estimation. The plastic moral stroke was dealt in this wise. I attended Sunday school and church, as before stated. I had noticed, that quite a number of

the good boys were absenting themselves from service during the long, warm, summer fore-noons. On inquiry, I learned that the fish were bigger, and more, and bit better on a still Sabbath day than on any other day; also, that swimming was undisturbed by the larger boys, who ducked us on other days. I saw but one obstacle; that, I had to repeat the text of the preacher to my aunt, as proof of my faithful attendance on church. The sharper boys laughed at me and said they had to do the same; they staid long enough to hear the text read, then started for the creek, repeating the text every jump, so as to commit it well, and all was right. The plan struck me as feasible, and promised certain success. My aunt was at home with the rheumatism, and my uncle never went to church; so I had a clear field for my first essay. I went; had a grand time, and wondered why I had let such golden opportunities slip me before. When I took my seat at the dinner table I saw that my aunt was too well dressed for much rheumatism; she'd been out some where. I hoped, to see a sick neighbor. I asked if her rheumatism was better—she replied interrogatively, but not so relatively, to previous question.

“John did you stay to church? What was the text?”

“Y's'm—Acts V. and 3d, ‘But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?’ and, aunt, you just oughter heard that sermon, it was ——”

“John,” indulgently interrupted my uncle, “didn’t I see you in swimming about church time, about a mile and a half from town?”

As I never saw my uncle strolling down the creek

on any day, I doubted his veracity; it made me shudder to hear an old man talk so reckless; and to give him a gentle intimation that he was probably misrepresenting the facts, I replied, "A good many of the boys take Tom Eanes for me when I'm swimming, we swim just alike."

"Yes, you swim alike," continued he, "but I think Eanes is the best swimmer. You know he beat you all, every heat. You come out third best on two heats and fourth on the last. Johnson and Martin are good swimmers."

I didn't see any use in being so thundering particular about trifles. I was just thinking of overwhelming them with joyful surprise, like the prodigal son, or Washington, when my aunt encouraged me in my resolute course with the remark—

"John, I was myself at church this morning, and looked for you; you did not appear."

"On this hint I spake," and like an honest boy, told the truth. I see now, what I then considered as a disastrous unfitness of things, was a saving clause to me. It was an effectual dam to the headlong current of true inwardness, that sweeps away all the good intentions of a boy; it diverted this current into a rocky, but purifying channel. At first I was afraid to lie, because I thought I would be snapped up by two vigilant detectives, or stricken down like Ananias and Sapphira. This coercive influence was good till the full force of reasonable, moral restraint came. I determined then to be a good man; never to encourage wickedness, meanness, or unfairness, or even their semblance, by word, deed or implication. My greatest trial was the loss of popularity with the boys. I fought through

bravely, consoling myself with the belief that it would be different with men; they could and would appreciate me. To my greater astonishment and chagrin, after all my years of manhood's experience, I find that a large majority of mankind don't believe a plain, virtuous truth, when you tell it. For proof of this assertion, *vide* Greenleaf's Evidence, where he illustrates the difficulty—yes, impossibility of belief contrary to experience, in the story of the king of Siam, who imprisoned the Dutch ambassador for an outrageous liar, for asserting that at a certain season, in his country, the rivers and lakes became so solid on the surface that wagons and teams could cross from shore to shore. I have found, like the truthful ambassador, that it required a more comprehensive experience than a majority of men had, to believe plain, virtuous facts; and also, like the ambassador, I have been punished by the unbelievers, when they, like the incredulous king, had the power to do so. I nevertheless clung to my determination to be truthful; and this accounts, to a great extent, for my sobriquet of "Honest." Although it was so acquired, yet the most of my acquaintances use it rather derisively than complimentary. This determination to always be truthful and candid, will account for the unheard of method of electioneering I adopted in the short canvass I'm going to narrate. Why can't this majority of disbelievers, that lack convincing experience, be brought over to the right side, and leave a remnant of liars feeling so much like outcasts, that they would hasten to make an effort to come over into good company?"

A.—"Oh, John, you wish to be a great reformer. What you wish can't be done."

"I tell you it can be done, and only in the way I speak; that is, for every man who runs for office, to run as I did, whether he gets elected or not. But you see every candidate thinks the slight departure from strict honesty in his campaign is a small thing. It is true, but when it's multiplied by thousands a year, for years, and compounded, it makes an incomprehensible sum. Each one of the contributors to this vast fund contributes a mere pittance to churches and preachers, by way of atonement. They expect the clergy alone, at a far lower salary, to keep these malcontents straight. Its a grand mistake; because these dirty-work fellows dodge the preacher, and *vice versa*, there's a mutual repulsion."

A.—"Oh, money is at the bottom."

"Yes, and with an eternally ruinous balance against the ministers. Look at this table:

FROM CENSUS.

Total clergymen in U. S.....	43,874 @ \$1,000....	\$43,874,000
" federal office holders.....	60,000 @ 1,200....	72,000,000
" officials of government.....	44,743 @ 1,000....	44,730,000
		<hr/>
Cr. officers.....		\$116,743,000
" clergy....		43,874,000
		<hr/>
Actual balance against clergy....		\$72,869,000
Add slush fund of disappointed candidates.....		50,000,000
		<hr/>
Grand total against clergy.....		\$122,869,000

Which think you will beat in the race where "money makes the mare go?" On such a basis you see it is impossible for the clergy to do a sound and safe business; that there must be ultimate general suspension.

Until this account shows better on the moral side of the balance, the political reformers of civil, or any other service, had better cease caviling and simply divide the slush fund with the half paid clergy."

A.—"John, do you propose, in a short discourse, to surpass the combined efforts of 43,874 clergymen?"

"You know I'm making no proposition to preach to any one; and as to preaching morality to modern politicians, a man would be as safely and profitably occupied, were he to stand, alone, on the Black Hills, and read the 'Sermon on the Mount' to Messrs. Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, & Co. He might get through with his remarks, but neither band would suffer him to escape a scalping for his foolhardy temerity. Enough of this though. I must state the circumstances and influences that brought about my political conversion. It was, as before stated, in the fall of 1844, when Polk and Clay were rival candidates for the presidency. The foundation of my political creed may be considered unsound; flimsy; but from after years of experience and observation, I have concluded it was as firm and reasonable, and devoid of *ad captandum* masonry, as that of any other politician. I have since seen the color of an oil-cloth cape, the brass buckle on a cap, or the star on a coal oil campaign torch lamp, shape for life, the politics of many freeborn American citizens. Therefore, I have no apology to make for taking a bold and unflinching stand against Henry Clay in 1844. I was thoroughly convinced that he was totally unfitted to be the champion of a great political party, and much less to be president of the United States; not only on account of his shabby personal appearance and doubtful moral integrity, but also, because of the ca-

lamiety that was to befall him—death by drowning. The democratic campaign song contained a verse absolutely ruinous, in my estimation, to Clay's prospects. Here's the verse that I thought then, was the cause of his defeat:

'Henry Clay is a man of doubt,
He wears the clothes that Polk wore out,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the river's risin'
To drown old Clay and Frelinghuysen.'

Now I'll ask, what intelligent boy at fourteen could resist such arguments? I've since seen grey haired sires succumb to appeals no stronger. It might be urged that I was carried away by the noise and confusion of the canvass, and was too hasty in concluding, that Clay was dependent on Polk for old clothing, or that he was such a doubtful man, that he could not be trusted; still, I was determined, from motives of pure patriotism, and national pride, not to support for the highest office in the gift of the people, a man who wore second-hand clothing. Besides, suppose he should be elected, he could not live to discharge the duties of the office. Wasn't he to be drowned, soon, with that 'risin' river? For a long time after the election, I wanted to hear that the river had reached its highest flood mark, and swept away these presumptuous whig candidates. However, after growing weary waiting for the sad news, and learning that Clay still lived, I was disposed to regard that destructive flood as rather apochryphal, instead of an actual angry torrent, that was surely going to engulf the Sage of Ashland. Thus time confutes some of our strongest political arguments. I have no apology to offer for con-

victions thus arrived at, even now. Full grown politicians of to-day, often adduce arguments as puerile, reasons as absurd, in support of prejudices as silly, and opinions as unfounded. The difference is in favor of the boy: he's honest.

One occurrence of that campaign will serve to show how utterly unfitted I was then, and always must be, for a thrifty, successful politician. From a pecuniary point of view—and that seems the main point now, it will be seen that I was a signal failure. It was thus: We lived in an extreme Southern State, 110 miles south of Polk's home in Nashville, Tenn. My old democratic uncle, who was very enthusiastic in the campaign of '44, on a certain day after the election, when we were to get conclusive news of the result, called me up, and gave me five dollars in silver; all in halves and quarters. Just think of it! In my wealthy estimation Rothschild was a Job's turkey. My uncle then told me to go and hire all the boys of my size, the money would get at a quarter each, counting myself one; take them out on the road, await the coming of the coach, ask the driver the result, and if Polk was elected, to cut from the fence corners a large polk-stalk for each boy, and thus armed, march them back, Indian file, into town, hurrahing for Polk, Dallas and Texas. I went forth to execute the contract. Volunteers were numerous. I got several whig boys at a quarter, and a few democrats. I soon learned that I could have got them at half the money, but you see, it was the first, and only political contract I ever undertook, and I didn't know any thing about the management of them. After I had filled this contract, I saw how I could have turned out the same force, for half

the money, and if I had known and practiced the methods in vogue at present, I could have kept every dollar of the money, and moved the boys as well, by making a stirring appeal to their self-sacrificing devotion to a glorious cause. During all my political life since, this wasted and only—I was going to say golden, but I'll compromise and say silver, opportunity, was all I ever had for a speculation. I modify the golden—with the silver—to lessen the poignancy of my regret over the loss; for you know, politically speaking, silver dollars are not money now, and this reflection is a great relief.

In ending this first night's talk with you my reader, I know you must see there is some difference between the John Smith of the canvass and the present speaker. You must look on me, *then*, as a great, green, gushing exuberance of native integrity; *now*, as a somewhat toughened trunk, with its few tendrils of delicate sentiment seared by frosty nippings, and all its candid shoots of a sturdier growth, that forced themselves beyond the symmetrical line of policy, rudely cut back by contact with outside keenness. So, if there should be any maturity of expression or comment, incompatible with the verdancy of the whilom victim, you can reconcile it with the thought that the John Smith of then is not exactly the John Smith of now. You have learned enough to know that he would make an honest, though not available candidate; as he was effectually cured of lying at an early age; and his only political contract, that involved money, was, if anything, too honestly performed, for he spent his quarter for fire-crackers on that occasion. It is plain enough he would not undertake a government contract to do a piece of

work *worth* \$5,000,000 and clear on the job \$4,750,000, or, in the refined language of the honorable Simon Suggs, "to milk the cow dry"—pocket the whole amount; bolt the contract, and country, or, what is safer, flee, to the "city of refuge," and never look back till the horns of the altar of the rings of safety are firmly grasped. I wish you to bear in mind, my reader, that I am not that kind of a round-about public jobber, that seeks a public job through a put up job, by the public's servants, in order to put up a job on the public. I never thought of attempting to rear, figuratively nor really, a structure *worth* \$3,000,000 for \$250,000, to serve as a dead fall to innocent victims in the one case, or a snare and a delusion to my political friends in the other.

A.—"Do lay aside your moral auger."

"No! Just here, I close the first night's talk, with a special contract with the reader. He must be aware, that American taste is extreme in everything, just now. There is no popular half-way ground in literature; we must laugh or cry; worship Momus, or bow to Melpomene; and in the mental balance, be shot high up on the extreme of broad humor, or low down on the opposite of deep tragedy; never balancing at the equipoise of plain, tiresome facts. Now, I propose, with my moral auger, to bore anywhere in this mental beam, between the extremes; not to show the thinness of the outside crust, nor demonstrate the extent of inward decay; but simply, and I hope sensibly, like the provident woodpecker, to insert here and there, something for future use.

Finally, Mr. Reader, if you don't wish to take the heavy contract of wading through thirteen more nights

of tiresome narrative, with the certainty of encountering, a few times, the rusty point of this mammoth moral auger; while your only compensation may be an occasional forced smile, if not at John's wit, maybe at his ludicrous efforts to be witty; then close down, by closing the book, on the remaining thirteen nights, and vow you never knew such a man as John Smith."

A.—"Time's up, till to-morrow night."

NIGHT II.

THAT "EVERLASTING" NOMINATION.

A.—"Why do you call it everlasting? You say the canvass was short."

"I'll explain as I go along."

"The nomination occurred as usual, at what the "un-terrified" called the "*a*-nominatin' convention." The election was to occur Tuesday, 7th April; the conventions of both parties were held the Saturday night before; thus, you see, making it a very short canvass, as was said, to avoid undue excitement."

A.—"You dodged the usual hurrah?"

"Not to any alarming extent. This very brevity argument was used to get my assent to run; it was the strongest, and "fetched me," the boys said. You know I always have disliked noise and display, no matter for what purpose, or under what circumstances. So I was glad of the short canvass, thinking there was not enough time to get up much excitement. It is simply awful, incredible, if we didn't see it in every campaign, to contemplate how much noise and confusion the free men of America can get up on the shortest possible notice. What helped to increase my confidence in this quick, quiet canvass argument, was that often repeated declaration, "the democratic party is dead." Before that "*a*-nominatin' convention" adjourned, *sine nocte*,

my confidence in this obituary notice was seriously shaken by unmistakable signs of life, vigorously shown by the various members of the corpse; especially when the voting occurred. It was thoroughly astounding, the voting, I mean. Did you ever calculate the voting capacity of a ward caucus, or an informal precinct, or town meeting?"

A.—"Not to any great extent."

"Then you never got half through the estimate, because it takes a very extensive and injurious calculation to meet the requirements of this subtle problem."

A.—"Injurious? How?"

"Because it is absolutely necessary, sometimes, for a man to be a vigorous doubter, and this sort of calculation puts too great a strain on his incredulity, weakening its backbone so much, as to render the man utterly incapable, ever after, of strongly doubting any thing except the truth on the opposite side, and the old axiomatic adage, 'figures won't lie' when applied to counting votes."

A.—"Perhaps, John, it is not fair to charge the figures with lying."

"May be not. It may be the votes?"

A.—"How about the politicians?"

"Oh! It wont do to doubt the veracity of office seekers, nor question that of their 'honest-hard-fisted-bone-and-sinew-long-suffering-patient-oppressed-tax-ridden-down-trodden-serf-like-yeoman-arise-in-their-stalwart-sovereign-law-making-master-of-the-people-rights-freemen-of-a-free-country-fellow-citizen-constituents.'"

A.—"Did you say *ve*-racity, or *vo*-racity?"

"It makes no difference, now, so far as the office seekers are concerned, and as there is only the difference of one letter, the long-suffering tax-ridden constituency may have the O as an exclamation of anguish to plead in justification."

A.—"You are digressing, bolting the convention."

"Wish I had done so. I didn't, so I must go through with telling how, (to use a slang phrase), it 'went through me.'

There were three candidates for the office of mayor: Jacob Peters, Nicholas Brown and myself; all pledging ourselves in the usual confiding and self-sacrificing manner, made and provided, for such emergencies."

A.—"What's this?"

"They are the speeches made on that occasion by the several candidates for mayor. I cut them out of the Bunkumville Spectator."

A.—"Do you wish them inserted?"

"Yes. I want the reader, if I ever have one, to know what kind of sterling stuff politicians were made of in those good old days, when 'honesty' was said to be the 'best policy.' Besides, they may serve as a guide to the earnest student of oratory, eloquence and public speaking.

It will be seen by a careful persual, and consideration of the circumstances, that these three specimens of oratory are—and must necessarily be the same in tenor and substance. There is also a similarity in phraseology and diction, but this sameness was relieved by a pleasing variety in the modulation of enunciation, and grace of gesticulation. The crowning merit of these bursts of eloquence, was in their nervous fresh-

ness; their vigorous originality. As few, perhaps, yes, perchance, a considerable (?) few, mayhap, in these degenerate days, hear lame imitations only, at the few political conventions, so few and far between, in this country, I think it advisable to insert them in full."

A.—"How long are they? It wout do to bore that hypothetical reader too much."

"He'll excuse me on the ground of relevancy. Copy them *verb. et. lit.*"

[From the Bunkumville Spectator.]

GREAT SPEECH OF THE HON. NICHOLAS BROWN
ESQ., BEFORE THE CITY DEMOCRATIC
CONVENTION, APRIL 4TH,
A. D. 1868.

Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens of this glorious old democratic convention: (cheers.) I'm a democrat. (cheers.) I was born a democrat (increased cheering), and hope to die—(tremendous cheering)—to die one. I've always voted the clean simon—(cries of that's so)—simon "pwoar" ticket—(cries, bully! bully!) an' I always intends—(a voice, "Go for 'um Nick!")—always intends to. (deafening cheers.) I pledge myself to dischawg the juties of the offis—(a voice, from the opposition, "Yez bitter hev yez callin' an' illikshun shure, be dad!")—juties of the offis if elected—(a voice, "Yon petter vas nominated a leetle, sometimes")—faithfully and honestly—"that's it Nick!")—honestly—(a voice, "How's that for high?") I will abide—(a voice, "at home") (chairman cried "Order")—abide the decision—(a voice, "to run hum")—of this convention, (cheers) and roll up

my sleeves—(a voice "Adn't youns better take ouf youns coot fust?")—and roll up my sleeves—(a voice in song, "For Jordan am a hard road to trabble I believe")—my sleeves and work like a wheel—"o'fortin'")—a wheel-horse—(voice in song, "Ole grey horse cum out de wilderness, out de wild—"). (chair, "Order!")—*grey wheel*—(laughter)—*wheel grey*—(uproarious laughter)—WHEEL HORSE GREY—(deafening peals of laughter)—HORSE GREY WHEEL!! (Here the chairman arose, and after some five minutes, secured the attention of the laughter-convulsed audience and earnestly requested them to maintain the wonted decorum that should characterize such deliberative assemblages. Mr. Brown taking advantage of this lull, concluded:) I thank you, gentlemen of the convention, for your patient listening to my 'disulterry' remarks. I have done.

He descended the platform amid tremendous cheering of his hosts of friends. Mr. Brown is an excellent speaker. His wit is unsurpassed by any. Some foolish people think he was disconcerted, when he admitted to the editor, that this was a sly way he had of "putting the boys in a good humor," and he further stated, very truthfully, that it was "the best way to harmonize a convention."—ED.

THRILLING SPEECH OF THE HON. JACOB PETERS, ESQ., DELIVERED—

A.—"John! let's omit these flaming head lines—they are just alike, save the names."

"Just as you please."

Mr. Chairman an' feller-citizens of this glorious ole dimmycratic party: (cheers.) I'm a dimmycrat; (loud cheering) my ole dad—(deafening cheers)—daddy was a dimmycrat (protracted, uproarious cheering) before me—(voice, Hibernian, "Faith, an' he couldn't well bay afther ye, az praps hay was barren foorst.") (Chair, "order!") I was born a dymmy—(loud cheering) mycrat, an' hope to die—(voice, "Make it soon,")—to die a—(voice, "Knock 'um, Jake!")—to die a dem—(voice, "a dem hard death,")—die a dem—(voice, Teutonic; "He vants von tiatem, oder grown") die—(voice, Britannic; "'E's o'er long deein'.")—(Chair, "Order! order!!")—a dimmycrat. (cheers.) I've always went the straight—(voice, "whisky")—straight, unadulterated—(voice, "whosky, sure,")—ticket."

A.—"Oh, thunder! It's the same speech, almost verbatim, save the interruptions, and one saving clause. Peters got Brown on the score of hereditary democracy. Brown, unfortunately or wisely, omitted to state the politics of his paternal ancestor. Is your speech, John, very long? Of course it's something better than these stereotyped failures."

"Oh, it differs, in some points of difference."

A.—"Does it? That's strange. Here it is, it's some longer, and not as much interrupted."

Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens of the glorious old democratic party of this convention: (cheers.) I am a democrat, (loud cheering) my father was a democrat (deafening cheers) of the straight—(a voice, "whisky kind")—the straightest sect. (cheers.) My grandfather (cheers loud and long,) was a democrat (terrific

applause, with waving of hats) of a straighter sect than he. (A voice, "Hould an, Janny, yez iz afther whittlin yez politics aff'n the wrang ind.") I was born a dem—"

A.—"That's enough, I see the vast difference in these speeches."

"Point it out."

A.—"Brown was an orphan, no father; Peters took advantage of this, with a father. Smith saw this and went one ancester better, and thus carried off the stakes with a bluff. It was lucky for you, John, there wasn't some fourth candidate there to come in with the politics of his great-grand daddy."

"If you had been there, and had seen that balloting, you'd have thought ten generations of unadulterated democracy couldn't have beaten it. As I said before, it was absolutely astounding. Brown was the aristocratic candidate. Peters was popular with the riff-raff. I was said to be the golden medium. First ballot: Brown, 98; Peters, 120; Smith, 125; total, 343; necessary to a choice, 172. This total number of votes astonished everybody, as the house held only 250 people. Nothing was said of it, and the convention proceeded to ballot the second time. Result: Brown, 96; Peters, 169; Smith, 127; total, 392; necessary to a choice, 197. When this was announced the Brown men made some uneasy demonstrations. One John Hampden arose and declared that he believed there was foul play. (Cries of "No! never!" "It's a lie.") He asserted that 13 of the Peters men had gone out, as he believed, to get a drink, and he couldn't see how the Peters vote could thus be increased from 120 on the first, to 169 on the

second ballot. Here arose a great din from the Peters men. The chairman quieted them. The third ballot stood, Brown, 88; Peters, 220; Smith, 135; total, 443! necessary to a choice, 222. Peters lacking two votes. Now the Brown men saw if this sort of balloting went on Peters would get 2000 or 3000 if necessary to a choice, and as I was their next choice they all united on me. The fourth ballot was announced, Brown, 0; Peters, 240; Smith, 223; total, 463!! The chairman, who kept a saloon and boarding-house, promptly announced, "Mr. Peters having received a majority of all the ballots cast, is declared the nominee of the convention, for the office of mayor of the city of Bunkumville."

One of the Browns objected, on the obvious ground of unfair voting. He wished to take one vote *à la voce*, in order to satisfy the members of the convention. Another great rumpus from Peters' friends. The chair made a feeble effort to quiet the disturbance. I thought I was beaten; was accordingly taking my leave, when one of the tellers arose and said, there was "a batch of tickets in the hat, for Peters, that contained 25 ballots that were sticking close together and had never been separated except in the count." This led to a successful motion, that in the next ballot each voter should hand his ballot to the teller, and let him cast it in the hat. The result was, Peters, 85; Smith, 130; total, 235. How is that for balloting capacity?"

A.—"There must have been stuffing done all around."

"It appears so. It's astonishing how suddenly popular success makes a man. I was more than aston-

ished at the rushing, gushing friendship of the Peters men. I felt grateful then; I don't feel as much gratitude now. They took violent possession of me, and rushed me off to a Mr. Mallory's saloon, where, in a very short time, they had ten or fifteen dollars of my money expended for that villainous (I tho't so then) lager beer. I did not want any beer; it was bitter, nauseous to my taste, but it seemed as if that crowd of Peters men never would get enough. They really appeared in good earnest for me, for they hurrahed lustily for Smith. Several told me confidentially, and talked so plausibly, that I believed firmly then, and scarcely disbelieve now, in their professions of fealty."

A.—"Oh, thunder, John! are you a political green-horn yet?"

"No, no! I've learned not to place any large amount of confidence to the credit of such customers.

Those Peters' men carried on in that beer saloon at an intensely disgusting rate. They insisted on my drinking a glass of the miserable stuff; I took a part of it with great effort. Their repulsive conduct annoyed me very much, for they urged me to drink another glass of the bitter beverage; I did it through friendship. Still, their irregular behavior displeased me, as I was solicited to take another glass of their tonic lager. This tasted some better, and I swallowed it with more ease. Yet I didn't approve their jolly festivities, for I was asked to "set 'em up," which meant to treat. I called out the agreeable drink, and —"

A.—"Hold a moment, John. You were drunk! Evidence—1st. Conduct of Peters' men went through

the grades of disgusting, repulsive, irregular, festive. 2d. The beer was miserable stuff, bitter beverage, tonic lager, agreeable drink. Verdict—Guilty. Go on from a sober standpoint and tell what else occurred.”

“Well, I guess I was somewhat fuddled. I wanted to go home though, and tell my wife, not of the drunk, but the nomination. She is a proud, good woman, and I knew she would be delighted to learn of my success. You know how women are. Do you think I could get away from that rabble till two o’clock in the morning. They acted like Comanche Indians full of lightning whisky. Danced the war dance; whooped the war whoop; scalped the bar-keeper; scalped each other, and scalped me worse than any other victim. They shouldered me in a lively, and I thought rather careless way, yelling for a speech. “Speech—speech from Hon’bul-ic-Jo’ss ’mith, squire. Rah for Yons ’mith! Bully fur me laddie-book, Jonny Smeeth! Spruche von Johannes Schmidt, py tam! all der time!”—and before I had time to remonstrate, I was perched on the saloon counter, peering through a dense fog of tobacco smoke, at a confused jumble of towzled heads, battered hats, wildly gesticulating arms, jingling beer glasses, babbling tongues and jolly faces—the discordant, sloshing, seething mass, gradually sitting down to a listening quietude. I couldn’t speak, but attempted to say something. Every other word I was cheered vociferously—(that’s too weak, can’t I say cannonadingly? No?)—and asked to take something. This carousal went on till the bar-keeper saw his crowd was too full to swallow any more, so he gently reminded me that the law compelled (?) him to close

at ten o'clock—it was just two then. I started home, when, to my dismay, at least a score of these friends insisted on seeing "Hon-bul-ic-John-his-miff-ome."

A.—"How did your wife receive the delegation?"

"Don't mention it. It makes me feel bad yet, tho' several years have intervened. The reception of the delegation of escorts was not the main question. The previous question, and the most difficult to settle, was my personal identity. You see I had, for the first time, used the beer too freely internally, whilst my unsteady friends had made a very liberal external application, as I must have had at least a dozen glasses spilt over my clothing and into my hair and hat. Holmes sang—

"Virtue may flourish in an old cravat;
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat."

My hat at that time, on entering that saloon was a stylish, glossy silk; new. When I came out from that pandemonium, it was more than the poet ever dreamed of, in the way of "shocking." You've noticed excited ministers clinch an argument with a vigorous thump on the pulpit Bible; so my friends, on this occasion, *highly* excited, and recklessly vigorous, having no arguments to rivet, emphasized each "rah for Smith," with a ponderous rap on my plug hat, till it resembled any thing, except a hat. I've tried to think what it did look like, and wished I had a photograph of it. I can think of only one comparative description; that, far-fetched, but it will convey an idea of the shape. It resembled a highly magnified facsimile, in anthracite coal, of the Kohinoor diamond,

but unlike that gem, it lost in brilliancy as it gained in facets and angles.

On the way home two of my friends, whom I was supporting as well as I could, falling, jerked me down on my face, while the half score in the rear fell on top of us; crushing my nose and face flat to the sidewalk. Then followed a confused babel of maudlin imprecations; each charging his next neighbor with knocking "dowz," or letting "faw zon-bul Joss Mith." At this juncture, the night watchman came, just in time to prevent a row. When I gained my feet, I discovered my nose was bleeding freely. An officious friend, took my white linen handkerchief, and wiping the blood with a comprehensive smear, that included my whole face, from ear to ear; then with a bungling hand, tried to tie the blood-stained rag over one eye, but got it around my neck; a virtuous cravat—to offset the blame of the "shocking hat." In this plight, with the aid of the night-watch—followed by all of this drunken batch; I was ushered into my quiet home; not quiet long, after the escorts come into the hall.

A.—"Why didn't you get the watch to send the officious wretches away, before you entered?"

"No use; he tried, but they were fast friends in every sense. They jointly and severally swore they'd "shee-ole-fezzer-ome-ic," and they did, if they were not too blind drunk. And now do you wonder, that my identity was a serious question.

The watchman had hard work to induce my wife to come into the hall, after she was spoken to several times by me. I at first thought she was dressing; but she had not gone to bed—waiting for me. She finally

placed herself under the protection of the officer, and came out. I approached her, speaking: "It's I, my dear; it's I." She shrank back, exclaiming: "Go away, you bloody brute. You are drunk—you are not my husband."

I could not blame her, I shouldn't have known myself from external indications. All the evidence, I myself had, of my identity, was internal, and that was stronger of lager beer than mental conviction.

The watchman made another effort to convince my wife that I *was* John Smith, her lawful husband, but my fast friends were all engaged at the same difficult task; to the manifest aggravation of the case. This serious predicament soon had a sobering effect on me. I was terribly indignant, I think my voice was undergoing a change. I told my wife, I was John Smith, her lawful husband, and not to act foolish any longer.

"Yesh, awfer husber," shrieked a friend.

"Mein Gott, vot a vomans! I shust pets mein dottem poller das vas kein ander man als Johannes Schmidt—py tam—all der time—you shee er shust falls mit der cidevalk down, und—"

"Arrah—yer blatherin spalpeen—yez niver wad igsplane, wid yez kront-atin tongue, at all, at all, it's meself—" Here our Hibernian friend got his legs entangled in the bell wire, that had been jerked from its fastenings and disposed itself in many coils on the floor, and falling, knocked down two or three others, as they were all "tight as bricks," and as inert, when set in a row.

Whether my wife had recognized my voice or the dire necessity of some protector, I didn't then know,

but she came up cautiously, looked at a ring on my finger, gave my hand a jerk toward the sitting room door; and I went meekly in.

The watchman cleared the hall and all was quiet as a lamb.

A.—“Yes, I guess so—tired?”

“Yes, till to-morrow night.”

NIGHT III.

A QUIET SABBATH.

“Day of all the week the best.”—*Old song. Very.*

“Next day, Sunday, you may truly infer that my Sabbath reflections were not very agreeable. I said my wife is a proud and conscientious woman. Why do you smile like a simpleton when I mention my wife?”

A.—“Oh, nothing!”

“You are thinking about, and dying to know, what occurred after she gently (?) led me into the sitting room. You’ll never know; though my recollection is more vivid on that, than all the rest.”

A.—“I dare say.”

“I said my wife was and is a proud woman; so you can conclude that her estimate of the honor appertaining to the nomination for mayor of Bunkumville did not reach as high a figure as her indignation at the previous night’s spree. She said it was shameful, scandalous, disgraceful! All of which I very penitently admitted. I was truly sorry; ashamed of myself; so much so, that I had determined, taking such a night as a foretaste of what a man must encounter in running for office, on declining early next day. I accordingly wrote a card of withdrawal—intending to

send it to the editor, with proper instructions. I so told my wife. She told me she did not see any harm or disgrace in running for an office, but she had already seen there was great harm, and everlasting disgrace in running every saloon in town.

"Run every saloon in town? Why, my dear, there are twenty-seven saloons. Do you think it is possible they expect a candidate to patronize all of them."

She replied, she didn't know what the people expected of me, but she could tell me that if I patronized twenty-seven saloons once around, as I did that one last night, there would n't be enough respectability left in me to make a fourth-rate horse-thief, much less a mayor.

I told her nothing could induce me to repeat that conduct—nothing. I would n't do it again for the presidency.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said; "but, Mr. Smith, you know how much hurrahing, drinking, and even fighting there is at every city election; till we could n't sleep at night—that, when you had nothing to do with them—now you are the head of the ticket. The Lord only knows what's to come."

This was a view I had n't taken. The extreme probability of it made the perspiration start on my forehead. Dragged off to twenty-seven different saloons, the most respectable of which I had already patronized, to spend 30 times 27 dollars, \$810; to make 27 speeches through 27 stifling fogs of tobacco smoke, to 27 crowds of drunken, scalping savages; to have 27 dozen glasses of beer applied promiscuously externally, and 27 dozen glasses to apply intoxicatingly internally, 27 new silk hats battered into crows-nests; and, oh, 27

noses—no; *one* poor nose smashed 27 times. Here I inquiringly, but tenderly, touched it, and it far more tenderly replied, “can’t stand any more of that sort!” I grew faint with this terrible summing up, and faintly answered my wife: “Yes, but my dear, there won’t be time. The election is Tuesday; to-morrow, Monday, the only working day, and, thank the good Lord for the Christian Sabbath.

“Day of all the week the best.”

· Emblem of eternal re——”

“Hark! Mrs. Smith,” loquitur.

“Mr. Smith,” exclaimed my wife, “somebody’s pulling at that bell-wire; don’t you hear it rattling on the hall floor?”

I did hear distinctly; but didn’t want to hear such music. It was as sweetly suggestive to my apprehensive ear of what was to come, as the long roll of the drum, or the friendly warning of the rattlesnake; and quite as cheering as the sound of the first clods on a coffin-lid. The perspiration started again. This appears, perhaps was, cowardly; but you know, when a man has just perpetrated his first disreputable affair, like that spree, he is filled with penitence and self-condemnation; and with a reasonable expectation of being called on to repeat it, he is replete with loathing; he feels like running away from the possibility of a repetition. I think such cowardice is near akin to bravery; so I asked my wife to answer the call.

“I would rather you’d go,” she replied. “I’m not dressed for company.”

“Oh, it’s nobody but the boy with the milk. I’d go, but you see my nose isn’t dressed for company.”

"It's dressed in the standard style, for color and make up, of its companions of last night," retorted she.

"That milk will sour before you get there."

"You know, Mr. Smith, it's too early for the milk boy. It's 7 o'clock now, and he never comes till half after, our breakfast time; but your nose may create a false alarm of fire;" and with this bit of pleasantry, she went.

I heard her conversing with at least two persons, but could not distinguish a word, or recognize the voices. They were ushered into the parlor, then my wife came back with no pleasantry in her face or tone.

"Smith, you can go and see 'em. They *would* come in, the brutes, though I told 'em that —"

"Who are they, my dear?"

"Oh! don't dear me; I told you so; I just knew how this everlasting nomination was going to be your everlasting ruin."

"Who were they? Why didn't you tell them I was —was sick—or indisposed, or—"

"I'm not going to start out to lie any mortal into office. It's a bigger job than I'll undertake; and you ought to know, if you haven't learned from experience, the lying news papers should have taught you, that it's nothing but lies from beginning to end, and—"

"Do calm yourself and tell me who they are. We are keeping them waiting."

"Let 'em wait. There's that gimlet-eyed, needle-nosed lawyer Sleek, and that despicable, red-headed, freckled-faced Blackman, with a nose as bright as the headlight, and big as the cowcatcher of a locomotive—just forcing themselves—forcing?—better say

burglarizing a private dwelling—before breakfast, Sunday morning, insisting that they must see you right away on *very* important business. I told them that you never transacted any business on Sunday, surmising what they wanted, and that impudent Blackman said it was customary in such *emergencies* to work on Sunday; and I was silly enough to think there *was* something awful, and asked him what? when he gave me an assassinating smile, and said, they wanted to make arrangements for the funeral services of a certain Mr. Jones; just as though I could n't see through the transparent humbug, and—”

“My dear!—I never heard you use such language before, you are excited.”

“My language is quite as choice and refined as such subjects deserve. I only hope it's nothing worse, if anything can be, than that everlasting nomination. So now you know who your honorable guests are, and you can go, before breakfast, and entertain 'em.”

“Calm yourself, my wife, and be so kind as to hand me your lilly-white, that I may modify the rubicundity of this nasal protuberance.”

“Don't always be a fool, John Smith, your nose is quite respectable enough for the company it keeps.

I went to the parlor and found my early guests were Messrs. Sleek and Blackman; the former, what the legal fraternity style “shyster”; tricky and unreliable every way; the latter, a thoroughly unscrupulous hummer. Mind you, I did not know either of the men personally, or otherwise at that first interview.

“Good morning, gentlemen.”

“Good morning, Mr. Smith,” replied Mr. Sleek, with a formal bow.

"Hello! Johnny, old fel," from Blackman, with a familiar slap on the shoulder. "How you makin' it? Boys says you got up a reg'lar old forty-hoss-power democratic revival at deacon Mallory's church last night. Flunxy told me you preached a wakin' up sarmont, the old fashion'd orthredox docterin'; an' waked the black republican sinners to see the errors ov thar ways an' repent. How did you like deacon Mal's pulpit—not convenient for preachin', but old Mal 'stributes the right kind o' spiritooal comfort to the thirsty sinner from it—you bet. You held a prostracted meetin' the boys says—that's the way to fetch 'em—rassel with 'em—rassel ontwell plumb daylight, like old Gabe, or Jake, or what's-'is-name did with the angel—rassel 'em down. Some o' the boys told me they'd better er nom'nated Peters—that you was one of these long-faced pious galoots. You knocked that clean out'n 'em with your first sermon. Flunxy says he never was so dead beat in a man in his born days, as he was—when you waltzed up, like an old wheel-horse with nary harness mark on you, to the mourner's bench (saloon counter) an' told old deacon Mal, to 'minister the sacrament (set out the drinks) at your expense. Johnny, you look a leetle worse for wear and tear. Some onregen'rate cuss hand you one on the smeller?—"

A.—"Well?"

"Well."

A.—"Why don't you go on?"

"I was wondering why I didn't kick that Blackman out promptly. With my additional knowledge of the utter indelicacy of—I was going to say political etiquette—political associations, I could hardly refrain

from booting such a man out now. The only reason for not doing it then, was my utter humiliation. I felt too guilty; too much his equal; that's it."

A.—"Stick to the narrative."

"Well, I didn't kick him out, nor order him out. I asked, as soon as I could sufficiently recover:

"What is the object of your early visit, gentlemen?"

"You see, Johnny, old hoss," began Blackman, who was by this time stretched on the sofa, full length, with soiled boots, a two-cent cigar in his mouth, and a thoroughly at-home expression in his face; "you see we come airy—we are the airy birds spoken of in scrip-ter', that gits the worrum—Jones, you know, he's our fish-bait; an' you see, Johnny, I know'd from the hunt you made last night, you's a reg'lar old cooner. You kin allers tell by the scratches on 'is nose, whether a dog's a good cooner; you see he goes right in to chaw 'em;"—and here this brutal wretch gave a leer at my nose, and a wink at Mr. Sleek—then resuming, "You see me an' Sleek's hard to beat on the trail, or in the fight; an' as Jones an' his hounds is a goin' to make an almighty big hunt at the beer garden an' the brewery, both, to-day, me an' Sleek jist drapped in, kinder airy, you know, to stir the old cooner up, fearin' he's sleepin' too —"

"Exactly, Mr. Smith, Mr. Blackman is right," interrupted the more diplomatic Sleek, "that the canvass is short and must be vigorously conducted. Jones contemplates a big run on the brewery and Snigglefritz's beer garden, and we must do all we can to counteract this move; because it would ruin you and the party both, to be defeated this time. Jones will have his

friends there, at both places, early, and Mr. Blackman and I came early to warn you, and ask your co-operation—that is, any suggestion or *aid* you might —”

“That’s comin’ to biz!” interrupted Blackman, “an’ you see, Smithy, it’s —”

“Yes, whatever little advice—or—other assistance that might be used, cautiously, to secure —” began Slek.

“My God! gentlemen,” I exclaimed, for what small stock of virtuous indignation I had left, was fully aroused. “Do you come here to ask me to violate my sense of propriety, decency, right, religion, everything an honest man holds sacred—above all the holy Christian Sabbath—to secure my election to the petty office of mayor of the little town of Bunkumville?” This brought Mr. Blackman to a sitting posture.

“Mr. Smith!” he rather exclaimed, the first time he had respectfully addressed me; such men are always disgustingly familiar when pleased, or formally respectful when mad. “All I’ve got to say is, you can run or not. If you are goin’ to run, run to beat. I’ve spent my money an’ my time to git you the *a*-nomination, an’ as a democrat, think it’s your juty to make it win; an’ I don’t like to hear a man say the great offis of “mare” ain’t no offis at all, an’ the town he lives in no town at all—an’ I don’t —”

I was waiting for him to conclude, to invite him out of the house, when the diplomacy of Slek interrupted him. Slek made some apology for Blackman. Said Jones was unscrupulous. I must necessarily concede, to a slight extent, some of my praiseworthy notions of right and wrong; especially in politics, if not in my

own behalf, then for the good of the party. I told Mr. Sleek I did not think any political party, or other organization, had any right to demand the sacrifice of a man's personal honor on the altar of party fealty.

"Le's go, Sleeky; Mr. Dr. Smith don't 'preciate 'is friends," said Blackman, assuming a standing posture.

"Hold on, Blackey," replied Sleek, "don't fly off in a tantrum; Mr. Smith is quite correct in his views of right and wrong, although, politically, they would not work out good results—unless managed by his party friends with some —"

"Yes, that's so! If he won't work himself," said Blackman, "let him give —"

"I was going to say," resumed the wily Sleek, "a man's friends will do the hard fighting, and what's call'd the disagreeable work, if properly aided by the candidates; and, Mr. Smith, unless you contribute your in—"

"That's jist percisely what ails the purp," interrupted Blackman, showing he had reached the long-desired point at last; "yes, Johnny, contribute the shekels, your spondulixes; that's what knocks 'em. There's Flunx, an' Bil, an' Yin, an' all the boys; all you've got to do to stop 'em from yelpin' with the Jones' hounds, is to *jist* pitch 'em a nip o' government greens; you know greens is good for a sick hound—an' they'll turn right about face an' work like beavers for you, Smithy, old boy."

This scamp, Blackman, after delivering this cold-blooded proposition of bribery and corruption, in such shockingly unvarnished terms, winked at me; winked in a way so confidential, so suggestive of—come, John-

ny, we know you, you are one of these sly old coons that play the pious dodge; that use a little religious vaneering; but you are worse than we; though, for the sake of harmony in the party—more for the sake of your money in our pockets, we'll take pity on you; not expose you; and if you shell out liberally we'll condescend to forgive you for being an arrant old hypocrite. I arose, and told Mr. Blackman the conversation was disagreeable, very annoying; if there was any proper thing I could say or do for them, I was ready; but never, by implication, word or deed, would I accede to any proposition of bribery or corruption.

Here Blackman took several steps toward the door, and in a passionate tone, loud enough to bring my wife to enquire the matter, said:

"I don't want any ov your money, Dr. John Smith, Esq. I don't. Squire Sleek an' me come here, this airly in the mornin', to do you a favor, after workin' hard as beavers all night for you, an' this is the thanks we git, to be insulted in your own house; an' now all I've got to say is, Mr. Dr. J. Smith, you can jist elect yourself for me. I'll wash my hands of you, an' all I've got to say, I'll tell Flunx, an' Bill, an' Yin: an' all of 'em was to meet me at the brewry at precisely 9 er'clock this mornin', an' we was to beat the socks off'n Jones—if—if we only had the pizerinktum—the sinews o' war—an' all I've got to say, if Mr. Smith don't help his friends, his friends wont help him—an' now good mornin', Mr. Smith. Sleeky, aint you goin'?"

"No! Go ahead. I'll see you on the square," and following Blackman to the door, Sleek said in a stage whisper, "Don't talk with any one till I see you again,"

then returning, said: "Mr. Smith, I'm exceedingly sorry that you misconstrued *my* meaning—that is, took the words of Mr. Blackman—who, as you recollect interrupted me before I had expressed my meaning. You know I never mentioned money."

"You can now finish, Mr. Sleek."

"I came to warn you of that move Jones is to make to-day, and thought if my services would be acceptable, I would go to work and beat it," said Mr. Sleek.

"You can't, nor can any other man, with my consent, work for me to-day, Mr. Sleek. I'm obliged, for you propose a greater sacrifice for me, than I would make for you, or any other man. Besides, Mr. Sleek, I have already written my card of withdrawal, to be published early in the morning."

At this announcement, Sleek looked like an ambassador without a mission. He said he was sorry to hear it; hoped I would reconsider; for he had neglected the day before a very important matter to work for my nomination, (I afterwards learned he was for Peters) and it was too late after the convention was over, but was necessarily to be attended to that day.

"What? Sunday? If it is anything proper that I should know, or can properly assist you in, I am willing."

"Only a little church matter," he very innocently replied.

"Church matter? Of what nature, if I may know?"

"Oh! I promised to hand parson Watson twenty-five dollars balance on subscription. I guess it will do to-morrow."

"No! If you promised the preacher to pay it to-day, you should do it by all means."

"A man can't when he can't. I ought to have got it yesterday," he said, musingly.

"I have got about that much money in my pocket. If it will be acceptable as a loan, till to-morrow, I will let you have it, under the peculiar and eminently proper circumstances."

He took it with many thanks and departed.

I think you hypothecated a reader for this MS., and if that hypothetical reader has toiled this far he waded through the contract in the first chapter, which was, if he couldn't submit to be bored, occasionally, with my mammoth moral auger, then and there to stop the reading, and vow he never knew such a man as John Smith.

A.—"Well? You can't go on very far in this chapter; don't let your auger run into the next."

"What do you think of such propositions as Blackman's, and his way of putting them?"

A.—"They are a part or class of political machinery. Belong low down. Class: slush and bribery. John, there is a striking difference between political and agricultural and mechanical machinery. In the last two kinds the machinist runs the machine or it don't run at all; in the political machine, however, if the engineer don't run the machine, the machine will run the engineer. E. g.: Blackman was an unskilful hand; he lost his situation by taking hold of the machine in a bungling way; whereas Sleek showed himself a master hand. He stepped nimbly aboard the power-

ful locomotive, John Smith, on the track; instructions: quick run to mayoralty."

"But I told him, I had declined—though I am satisfied he knew they would compel me to run."

A.—"He understood all that, and more. He had studied the machine, he knew all about it, but you see your Saturday night's irregularity, disconcerted him. He thought there was a tricky lever. Not wishing to try it himself, he brought the bungling Blackman to take right hold of it, and stand the consequences. He was then satisfied Saturday night's bad work, was no fault of the machine: it was steady, straightforward and bound to work right. He then deftly, though firmly seized the lever of your throttle valve, your manly piety, and you sprang forward with an irresistible bound."

"You've taken the moral auger and bored with more skill and less pain than I could have done, though not exactly in the same direction. I'll only ask one or two questions in conclusion:

"Don't you know that such red-hot vicious applications, as Blackman's proposition, applied to a man's moral nature, if frequently repeated, will sear and slough away all the morality in a man?

"Don't you know that nine men in ten, per force of moral courage or common honesty, resist such applications, were it not for the appearance, aye, from the universality of such corrupt practices—for the actual fact, of going back on themselves, their friends and their party? They must submit, because it's a personal, a social, and undoubtedly, a political necessity.

"Don't you know of the millions of candidates we have had, and will have, that if one accedes, only once,

to such villainous propositions, it produces this widespread corruption—each adding a drop till a vast ocean submerges every interest?

“The candidates have thus, drop by drop, formed this polluted ocean; and they shouldn’t be surprised, nor turn up their noses, when they catch a gudgeon, to find him fishy and badly tainted at that.”

A.—“Done?”

“Till to-morrow night. Yes!”

NIGHT IV.

QUIET SABBATH CONTINUES.

Emblem of eternal rest.—*Old song. Very.*

We were at breakfast, and my wife started from her chair with the exclamation—

“There it is again!”

“What, my dear?”

“That everlasting,” (this accounts for “everlasting” nomination and other everlasting things. It was her favorite, stereotyped qualifier) “bell wire.”

I could hear nothing; but you know when a woman’s ear is set to any particular kind of music, she can hear it through any number of walls and key holes; so she heard the ominous rattle of the aforesaid coils—heard it? Yes, heard it distinctly, and declared emphatically, she would not answer it.

I was vexed at this second untimely intrusion, but got up from my half-finished breakfast, went to the hall door, and ushered in Prof. William Frederick Ophcleide, “Preceptor of the Bunkumville Brass Band,” as per card, which he pompously handed to me. In avoirdupois I should say he was about one tun—of lager beer; in self-poise, much heavier. He took a part of a seat (it wasn’t broad or long enough for a whole seat) on the sofa, which groaned threaten-

ingly under the unusual strain; took a meerschaum pipe, the size of an ordinary sugar-bowl, from his mouth, puffed out a cloud of smoke that gave me a splendid Indian summer sunset view of his round, rubicund face, and thus he spake:

“Herr—oder Meester Schmidt, ich bin Herr Wilhelm Fritz Ophklite, der lehrer, oder vas sie sagen auf der Englische sprache—I vas die—het-mann von der Pooncomfil Prass Pan, so-huh; so! Ich, oder I vill der Englisch sprachen, so das sie kan mir verstehen, unterstan. I wunche—vish to speil—oder blay der verumste—der pest von instrumentarl mooseek machen als sie never vas saw in ihr lifes pefore, all der dime; so! huh! so! Py Herr Snickelfritz’s, hees pier carten, fer a kline, oder leetle pit von geld, oder money, als ever vas—so! shust so? I dells sie, Herr Schmidt, das vas so drue als breachment; he vas, yow shust pet, so! Ich schust vill evera dime pet der lager he vas recht! so! huh! so!”

A.—“Of course you closed the contract.”

“I believe I did say “Jah”—all the German I then knew.”

A.—“Then you didn’t know you were closing the contract with ‘Jah’?”

“Know? of course not. I discovered afterwards, as you’ll discover. I knew I had pleased Herr Ophcleide, for he gave his mammoth meerschaum two or three exhaustively complacent whiffs, and thus lucidly discoursed:”

“Ich sage, say auf der Englische, I dinks all der dime, sie shust slaght, oder peets das Spitzboobe, Herr Shones, als er never vas pefore, py hees life, all der

dime. Er sagdt mir, das he py tam, nicht mehr als zehn, oder ten thaler gaben! so! huh! so! mer zehn thaler fur das pest prass pan mooseek als never vas—unt er schust dold mir, py hell, zu gehen all der dime; unt I schust coomed recht schnell, gwick, py Herr Schmidt, unt dold vas I tid, unt you dold, schust als von leetle man, Jah! so? huh! so! I makes all ter poys wahl, fur dich unt trink huntert glass von pier. I schust pet mine prass horn da von—so! huh! so!—unt —”

To close the interview, I interrupted, “Is there any thing I can do for you, Mr. Ophelcide?”

“Ein-ander dime vill do Herr Schmidt; Ich Sorge met fur das geld heute, morgan est fruh genug—you say soon. Goot morgan; Ich vill sage der poys vas a fel von a heller Herr Schmidt vas! Ha! ha!—and to my great relief he was gone. I went back to finish my breakfast.

“How many foreigners did you entertain?” asked my wife, then giving me a scrutinizing look, said:

“Mr. Smith, you told me you were to quit that everlasting old pipe. You ought to be ashamed to smoke in presence of guests; and there’s the parlor curtains”—away she went, instanter, but was back in about two seconds, looking pale as a ghost, and breathing spasmodically—

“For—heav—heavens—sa—sake, go, Smith, if you—can cut—oh—dear!—cut your way through with a hatch-et, and let that great fog of smo—oke out. I can’t—oh—get through it to the windows—oh! ah!”

I went; was astonished; wondered why I didn’t see

it before, but thought I was too much absorbed with the conversation of Herr Ophcleide.

"What did that tobacco volcano want, any how?" asked Mrs. S.

"My dear, you know about as well as I do. Could n't understand a word he said; suppose it related to—"

"That everlasting nomination, I'll be bound," she quickly interrupted.

"Should not be surprised."

"I wish you had never got it."

"More do I. It was greatness thrust upon me, as the immortal bard says; I could not help it."

"Maybe you'd better decline," she said in a dubious tone.

"I will," I answered with determination.

I had finished my breakfast; was musingly balancing my teaspoon on the rim of the cup, thinking of the probable effect of my refusal to run, when I was again startled by the rattle of those coils of wire in the hall.

"There it is again! Rattle, jingle, rattle, from everlasting unto everlasting;" exclaimed my wife, rather sharply. "I won't go a step, and I think Mr. Smith, hereafter, when you hold a Sabbath morning levee, for convenience sake, if you can't afford an usher, you'd better take a seat on the stoop."

"Be calm my dear, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long.' I went to the door and was handed, by a ragged boy, the following note; the urchin stating peremptorily, 'Pap wants you to answer right off.'"

Mr. JOHN SMITH, At Home.

Bunkumville, April 7th.

SIR:

I taken mi penn in hand to inform you if so be you wantid to git electiond you wood better git mi cirvysis oll the Bois sez I am a Bully Boy two git 'rown 'mong um, pleeze cend 5\$ fiv dullers bi barrer an'

Mutch o Blige

Yores Expectfly

JHON GAY.

noty bean, I am a Applecant fur orfis of Strete inspackter an' want yow to rekleck me.

J. G."

I had some difficulty in deciphering this badly written, but characteristically modest communication. I did answer it "right off," by requesting the boy, to tell his father I did not transact any business on Sunday.

The heir apparent of the house of Gay, gave me a you'd-better-look-out-old-fellow glance, and went his way muttering, "I'll bet noodles pap'll wax him out'n his boots."

When I returned to the sitting room I found my wife with a new expression on her face. You've seen women replete with curiosity, though wearing that transparent mask of indifference that, I'm ashamed to say, but you know it's true, we delight so much to see; especially when we feel a petty vindictiveness; a boyish revenge, that will whip the smallest boy in school after the teacher has flogged him, or kick the cat sky-high after his mother has boxed his ears. Prompted by this manly spirit, I sat down, without saying a word, and pretended to read. I knew this state of affairs could not last long; was assured of its imminent rupture when I saw my wife eyeing, with intense interest,

my right vest pocket. Furtively glancing in the same direction, I saw the note of Gay, sticking half way out. I was at first vexed at myself for this carelessness, as I did not wish my wife to see what manner of correspondent I was honored with; however, quickly recurring to my magnanimous desire to take vicarious satisfaction out of somebody, I was glad. It was just the move to run her wild; a note, to her husband, and he evidently trying to conceal it. I saw all this: and as all considerate husbands will do under similar circumstances; did my very best to disarm (?) suspicion, by hastily thrusting the note down deep into the pocket, and turning a hasty, confused glance at Mrs. Smith. I then read on. I did not read long though. The move was not diplomatic; precisely the reverse, as it precipitated the crisis it was designed (?) to avert. The suspicion, instead of grounding arms and surrendering unconditionally, declared war forthwith. In the onset, Mrs. Smith adopted the old strategetic move, resorted to by so many men and women: that is, an intimation that she knew all about it; to prove the same, cites one or two known trivial facts in connection with what is desired to be learned.

“Mr. Smith, what ragmuffin of a boy was that?”

“Boy? Oh! That young gentleman? I think he’s a scion of an illustrious descent—very great descent. One member of the present family is an aspirant for political preferment;” I said, with that grim kind of humor that is not satire—rather a hilarity of desperation, and is decidedly American. You have witnessed it when a party of pic-nickers or hunters sally forth full of “great expectations” of a grand old time. A storm arises; they are apprehensive; bursts on them,

they are mad; beats heavily on them, they growl; comes down mercilessly, they lapse into a glum silence; increases in fury and discomfort; then suddenly the American mind reacts into this hilarity of desperation, when Americans can and do have fun, storms to the contrary notwithstanding. This reactive force, this hilarity of desperation impelled me to give my wife the above answer. She replied:

"Mr. Smith, you ought to be ashamed to carry on a secret correspondence with such people."

"Correspondence?" echoed I, giving a nervous twitch at my vest pocket.

"Ye-es, cor-res-pondence;" she replied, with a sneering drawl. "You need't deny it; didn't I see through the ell-window. I know all about it. What did you do with the note that scion of the illustrious house gave you? If it's not a secret correspondence, why don't you let me see the note?"

"Because it refers to that 'everlasting' nomination, and I thought it would be disagreeable."

"Oh! You are very considerate all at once; but as I am the sharer of your joys and sorrows, would you be so kind as to let me bear my part, if it's the latter; or rejoice with you if it's the former?"

This was a home thrust, and knocked me to rights. I relented promptly, and told her the whole truth: that I did get a miserable scrawl from a contemptible person by the name of Gay; in which said person just proposed to blackmail me, and then had the effrontery to ask my aid in getting a position, if I succeeded in being elected mayor.

"Gay? Gay, is it? Well, I never! Gay!" Yes, that's the very name," ejaculated my wife.

"What do you mean, my dear? Do you know them?" Without answering, she continued:

"It's a pity people can't let others alone," and Mrs. S. looked distressed.

All married women like their husbands to be prosperous, popular and renowned. They are proud of it. What a pity they unwittingly pride themselves on the very accidents of this life that are surest to prove destructive of their happiness. Because such fortunate men, in large proportion, sooner or later become the dupes of designing men or women; oftener of the latter. How many brilliant men, of great moral endurance, have at last fallen into the deftly woven silken toils of some fair, heartless charmer."

A.—"Please stop that mammoth auger and proceed with the narrative."

"Yes, yes. Well, after a short silence, my wife resumed:

"Yes, that Gay girl! She's very gay, I dare say. She is the very same pert Miss, I warrant, that Mrs. Thompson said that Mrs. Watson told her (Mrs. S.) was running after Mr. Watson all the time, when he was mayor, to get a situation in the free school."

Hello! thought I. Here's a complication. I told my wife she was mistaken; she would have to guess again.

"Guess! Guess, Mr. Smith," she continued, "guess, when you've been caught trying to conceal the note before my eyes. It's bad enough to be bothered out of my life with the everlasting nomination; but it's too bad, and more than I can or will stand, when an old married man, like you, goes to carrying on a secret correspondence with a young school marm."

"My dear wife you wrong yourself, your husband, and, what is far worse, you seriously wrong an innocent girl, who never harmed you or yours. I know Miss Gay, and—"

"Very likely," interrupted my wife, "and she must be intimately acquainted with you, to be writing you notes, you are afraid to show your wife, and sending them by ragged boys to my own house; it's more than—"

"I'll explain it all to you my dear, and then—"

"Why don't you show me the note then?" she again interrupted. "Why did you shove it down in your pocket so quick, when you saw I had discovered it? and then give me that guilty look? That's what I want to know?"

"Please let me explain; the note I got was—" here that thundering, snaky bell wire began to jump all over the hall floor in the liveliest possible manner. I was satisfied some excited hand was tugging at the knob end.

"Mercy on me! Another note, of course," ejaculated Mrs. S. "Hic thee Johnny, fly thee, on wings of love."

"Don't be silly my dear."

I started for the door, wondering if this was to continue all day. I dislike liars very much, but I believe I would have employed, for the rest of that Sunday, any number of ushers on the sole qualification of diplomatic lying. On opening the door, in popped, *sans* ceremony, a nimble Irishman, with a scarlet neck-tie with ample bow-knot, a sky blue satin vest, and shillalah—this was all the make-up I could note before he opened his mitrailleuse tongue on me.

“Tap o’ the mornning twil yez haner, me name is Patherick Flinnigin o’ the ould sthock o’ Flinnigins o’ Tipperary, an’ it’s yer haner’s silf as should know me all this whoile fur iver so long as may loiks yez remimber it was niver a sowl save Pat Flinnigan as dilved wid ther hod whin yez honor was afther bildin’ o’ this silf same risidince wherein yez are in this blissid minnit.”

Here was a half comma pause, and I struck at it frantically, and luckily hit it.

“Will you walk in, Mr. Flannagan, and be seated? You appear excited.”

“All thanks twill yer honor, but it’s mesilf as hasn’t a wae bit o’ toime for takin’ ov a sate, an’ yersilf is moighty bloind roight whan yer say it’s mesilf as has that silf same excited—got it rale bad the day barrin it’s the Sabbath—an’ barrin that same I’d a fetched ’im a clip as ’ud er sint ’im to grass quicker’n thray shicks o’ a shape’s tale by the howly St. Patherick, an’ his ane mither wadn’t a towld ’im fram Adam’s aff ax, at all. Shure—”

I made a snap shot at this thin pause, and pinned the word beyond sure.

“Has there been any difficulty? You are perhaps mistaken. I’m not the mayor of the city; only the democratic nominee, so far, and have nothing to do with enforcing the ordinances. I’ll direct you to the mayor’s hou—”

“Arrah! It’s mesilf that’s not sich a ninny as to not know the prisint mare. Faith an’ I’ve had siveral intrhroductions twill ’im, an’ it’s mesilf as hilped to git yez haner in the hairnis fur the galoorious ould dimocracy. An it’s this silf same laddie bock that’s niver

going back an yer haner, niver a toime, an' yez haner is mighty bloind roight whan yez think it's mesilf that'll make fra use o' me tongue, me vote, me poorse, an' be dad, me shillalah widal, whin nicissary, an'—"

Here I thought of a lightning interruption but gave it up.

"Yer haner I'm jist this blissid minnit, as loively as me pigs wad carry me, sthraight from the brewery, an' what-iver does yez think, but that, whin Tim Flaherty, Johnny Soolivan, an' Dinnis McGrath an' me-silf cam twil that same brewery, airly this blissid Sabbath mornning, whoiver wad yez bae afther thinkin' we should say, save that bloody blatherin' bla'gard ov a Blickman wad hookellbirry papers, an' a snoot for all the worrald as big as a meshannok paratie, an' that dirty dhrivin' tongue o' his, shoovlin out whappin lies faster thin ould Nick 'imsilf could do it at all, at all, an' all about yer haner thaking a we dhrap too miny ther night an' gittin in twill a scrimmige an' one o' the murtherin spalpeens handin' o' yer haner a paler an' the smiller." (Here Pat glanced at my nose but kept right on.) "The silf same worruds, the same I can soobstantiate by the tistimony o' Tim Flaherty, Johnny Soolivan an' Dinnis McGrath, shure. An' if so yer haner siz the worrud, I'm the laddie as'll sind 'im ter grass beyfore the sitting o' the sun, an' jist plaze ter give me the worrud," here Pat paused, gave me a look of earnest entreaty—"to jist say the worrud." I could not give Mr. Flannagan the "worrud." It was a sore disappointment to Pat. I told him it was wrong to fight, very wicked to fight on Sunday. I told him I was thankful to him for his self-sacrificing friendship and I would remember him in kindness.

"An' plaize yer honor yez doesn't think I come fur pay, at all, at all?" he interrupted, looking hurt.

"Oh! Not at all, Mr. Flannagan, I know you never thought of such a thing." I did know it then, and was thoroughly convinced before the end of the campaign, that I was correct in my estimate of Pat's character.

"An' I'm dooble sorra thit I can't git the worrud, whin I say how badly yez haner has been thrated," said Pat, eyeing my nose sympathetically; which nose I had not thought of for the perplexities of the morning; but can't say I lost sight of it, or overlooked it, because the latter was, by this time, a physical impossibility; it was too big to be overlooked. I told Pat it was only an accident, that nobody had struck me. I was so unsophisticated at that time, that I had not comprehended till the interview with Mr. Flannagan, what was meant by "handin' me one on the smeller." How much an old political bumper would pity and condemn such ignorance as this, at the present time.

"Will, an' yer haner, I must bay afther goin'," said Pat. "I'll thry an' kape yer advice; but I till yer haner, thit darty lyin' bla'gard 'ad bitter steer moighty shy o' Pat Flinnigin, because yez persaive thit I'll have to act in silf-definse—the same as an me own hook, shure. Good day twill yer haner, an' suc-ciss is the slogan."

"Good day Mr. Flannagan, I'll see you again soon." I closed the door and was going to the sitting room, when, hearing the hall door quickly open, I turned and—

"An' if yez haner wad not bay afther takin' affince, an' loike az yez moight know it's mesilf as is the lad

as 'as 'ad minny more than siveral thrials o' the var-tues o' the same, an' may be an' as yez a doether yer-silf yez know—but az I was afther sayin' a bit o' rah bafestik will sarve yer badly thrated nose a moighty good turrin. No aflince, good day." And Pat was gone before I could thank him for his advice, because I was confident he spoke from extensive and varied experience in that particular line of the healing art.

Patrick Flannigan is a character, a great many ob-serving politicians have seen, a true-hearted, impulsive, politically honest Irishman; ready at the "worrud," too eager, in fact, to do all he can for his party, wid his tongue, his vote, his purse and his shillalah, if ne-cessary; and he very often, rather too often, finds this self-same "necessity;" if he don't find it, he'll some-times make it.

After Mr. Flannigan had gone I walked back and forth in the hall a turn or two, thinking what trials the professional politician must undergo; happy in the thought that I would be freed from all these annoyances on the morrow, by my withdrawal; walked into the parlor and seated myself. I wished Pat had staid a little longer; knew him to be the only honest politician that I had seen since the "everlasting "nom-ination. I thought I would even condescend to tattle with him, so far as to ask him what else Blackman had said concerning me at the brewery. Wished Pat would return, or some one else would come; felt more reconciled to these interruptions; wondered why? They were not so terrible after all. Did wish again some one else, I didn't care a cent who, would come. Strange, is it not? Why such a great change from a little while ago—since that ragged boy brought that—

Ah! yes, J. Smith, Esqr., "there's the rub," that note. It took some time for it to get through my thick head then. I could see it much quicker now, that this great change was not because I liked these very annoying interviews in the parlor more, but because I liked the one awaiting me in the sitting-room, less.

A.—"Oh, John, there was nothing in all that. Your wife is a sensible woman, and she could see through it all when you showed her the note."

* "That is what I intended to do, but Pat's calling prevented, and I was possessed of that foolish dread that very sensitive, honest persons have of investigations. I have learned since, that I was intuitively correct, for the reason that big investigations of small matters generally make them worse. I have also learned that some of the most ruinous family difficulties have grown out of circumstances as petty, and suspicions as groundless as this; all on account of too much explanation. I concluded to get my hat and take a walk. Hat! thunder! where was it? Alas! what was left of it was in possession of the enemy. Its poor, battered remains were lying, not in state, but somewhere, I guess, in the sitting-room, or somewhere else, as my recollection of just where I carefully placed it at two o'clock that morning, was indistinct. Besides, if I had the nobbiest hat in Bunkumville, there was that nose. It might have been imposed on a careless community on a business day, but for a Sunday nose it was a disgusting failure. Also hadn't that mercenary brute, Blackman, reported all over town that I was drunk, and in a row, the night before. Ugh! How mean are some people! How the mighty are

fallen! There I was, John Smith; yea, honest John Smith, afraid to advance or retreat—wanting to run away from the face of man and the tongue of woman. Tired?

A.—“Yes, till you say something to wake me.”

“We’ll quit till to-morrow night.”

NIGHT V.

THE QUIET SABBATH CONTINUED.

“Where was I? Ah! yes, I recollect, the same eventful Sunday; a prisoner in the parlor, with no chance of escape. Above, no friendly covering; hat lost in the first engagement; in front a bulwark of a nose that could not be surmounted; on either flank a thousand eager spies; in the rear a domestic insurrection too formidable to be encountered. Envidable position for honest John Smith, nominee of the glorious old democratic party for the office of mayor of the city of Bunkumville. Only yesterday, and without spot or blemish; to-day, ashamed to go out, aye, and afraid to go into my own house. Twelve short hours (no, not so; they were the longest of my life) a candidate for an office that I supposed my friends had sought to confer on me as a reward of integrity, and behold the progress. Charged with drunkenness, riot, assault and battery, and what made me shudder then, and still hurts me, although I suppose men ought to become inured to such soft impeachments—suspected of marital infidelity. You can see how little I knew at that time of the world and its ways, social and political, particularly political. It struck me forcibly that if twelve hours of this brief (?) campaign could bring so many accusations, the criminal calendar

would be exhausted on me before I got half through the campaign. I was vexed; yes, mad, when I thought all these troubles had been brought upon me by presumed, or supposed friends. Of course I don't include my wife. I shuddered again when the question arose in my mind: what must you expect from your enemies? I grew desperate with these foreboding speculations, and in my desperation resolved that a Fabian policy or masterly inactivity would be ruinous; I must up and be doing. I would adopt a pacific policy in regard to the interneecine unpleasantness; cautiously approach the enemy with a flag of truce, and amicably adjust the difficulty. Acting promptly, I took that obnoxious note from my pocket, opened it as wide as I could, and holding it aloft as my white flag, I began to execute the movement.

One or two steps in the hall convinced me that my desperate resolution had not reached my knees, for they were manifestly shaky. No retreat, though; forward, Johnny. So I threw all the muscular vigor I could command into the next step, and—set my foot through about three or four coils of that detestable bell-wire, that the excited pull of Mr. Flannagan had jerked to the middle of the hall, where it had disposed itself, serpent-like, in anaconda coils, to entrap the unsuspecting victim. To extricate my foot, I was stooping forward, when the anaconda suddenly tightened his fatal folds, and—there was a booming thud—grand meteoric display—a scream from the rear hall—a hello! Smith! What's up? You hurt?—from the front. In rushed my wife one way, and my old democratic friend, Honore, the other. The latter had evidently taken hold of the knob end of the bell-wire just as I was try-

ing to get my foot out of the coils of the other end, and giving it a vigorous jerk (he always did everything with all his might) it suddenly broke the last fastening, and all that saved him a serious fall in front, was the fact that I was on the other end of the abominable wire to balance. I lost the balance, though I was up before they could offer any assistance, feeling, and I guess looking, rather dazed, for the fall stunned me, as my forehead struck the floor first. Honore gave me a painful look; he was distressed; my wife was distressed, and—so was John Smith, sorely distressed. My wife said:

“Mr. Smith, you’d better go to bed.”

“Perhaps you would feel better after a little sleep,” remarked Mr. Honore.

This, I mentally resented, as a delicate intimation that I was still under the influence of liquor; I asked my wife to let me have a few moments undisturbed conversation with Mr. Honore; to which she reluctantly assented.

We went into the parlor and closed the door, when Mr. Honore opened the conversation thus:

“Friend John, I’m afraid my experiment will be too hard on you; that is, it will come too near using an honest man up, to run him, even once, for office, in the shortest campaign you can get up. You are too candid; too honest; and what disqualifies you the most, is your extreme sensitiveness.”

I knew the last disqualification I possessed to an eminent degree—about the others, let those who have had any political experience, judge.

I told Mr. Honore that I knew from my brief (it seemed an age) experience, that politics was not my forte; that I had already written a card of withdrawal, to take effect early on the following morning; and requested him to please hand it to the editor of our paper, with instructions to have it out by daylight, in an extra, and to send in the bill at 10 o'clock for settlement. I further stated that I disliked to trouble him on Sunday, but desperate diseases required desperate remedies; also, prompt action was necessary for the benefit of the party, and delay was more than I could stand; for I verily believed if I didn't get relieved from the harrassing responsibilities of that detestable campaign, by daylight A. M., I should have to be sent to the mad-house, if I didn't commit suicide in the meantime. Why, Mr. Honore, I continued,

"I was nominated only last night, and I feel like I deserved the penitentiary this morning. Every time I approach that front door I fear the entrance of an officer, with handcuffs. I have been charged with drunkenness, inciting riot, committing assault and battery, and the Lord only knows how many other crimes, till I *feel* like I ought to be a criminal; and now tell me candidly, how do my *looks* correspond with my feelings?"

"You ask me to tell you candidly," replied he, "and I will. I must say if you were arraigned on any or all these charges, your only safe plea would be, 'previous good character,' because your looks, just now, would be equivalent to confession in open court of your guilt."

I thought as much; for I had been afraid to look in a glass.

"Don't be discouraged though," continued he, "for I want you to run. I will make all this right by morning; and as a friend, I ask you to reconsider your withdrawal. I am, to a great extent, responsible for your nomination. I wanted this time, and will have a good man, or none. I know our own party does not believe, with any candidate, they can succeed; that they say you are not available, as they call it; which means you must be everybody's dog, to be patted or pelted. Don't do anything—but I needn't tell you that—I was going to say, that involves the semblance of a compromise of honor, self-respect, or refined sensibilities. Now, friend John, for my sake, if not your own interest in the success of the party, make the race."

"And sacrifice myself?"

"I'll stand by you and guarantee victory," he exclaimed.

"Mr. Honore," I replied, "you have been, you are now, and I hope you always will be my best friend. A friend whose advice I would follow; whose requests I would grant quicker than those of any living man; but I can't stand these vexatious charges and maintain my self-respect. Therefore, if I must sacrifice my manhood for the office, you know my choice; or again, if I must slur over my conscientious line of demarkation between right and wrong, then give the petty office to some pliant, easy-virtued simpleton."

"Hold; my friend John;" he cried, "right there where the intimation is, that I would ask you to do wrong. You know I don't mean it, and you should not think so."

"I don't mean to say that *you* want me to do wrong,

said I, youk now, though, how a strong partisan will overlook things.” -

“The things that shock you so now,” he replied, “you’ll come to look on as petty after awhile,”

This was quite true. I have witnessed much heavier transactions since, but I knew the operators began on a small scale at first, and gradually extended their business. I told him at that time, and have thought, from subsequent observation, how truthfully, that there was where the mistake was made in social, political and religious morals—the first peccadillos.

“John, you are right as usual,” he answered, “and if I didn’t know the current of your moral nature was too strong and deep to be swerved by petty obstacles, then I would not say another word, except decline; for I know it is not only dangerous, but too often fatal, to subject weak, pliant and partially rotten material to such strains. You are not made of such material, and we are sorely in need, just now, of the opposite kind; therefore, we must use you; you must run this time.”

I told him I would study the matter over, and give him an answer by six a. m.

“It must be six p. m. this day,” he said, “and now I must go. I did not come to discuss politics, but to see if you were as badly used up as Blackman was reporting.”

I told Mr. Honore I had learned what, or a part of what Blackman had said—told him of Blackman’s and Sleek’s early call, and what transpired; also how I spurned Blackman’s proposition and aid, and loaned Sleek money to pay his preacher.

“Ha! Ha! You did? That was a good act, but can’t say so much of the loan,” he replied.

So

JOHN SMITH, DEMOCRAT.

Here the hall door opened suddenly; some one, I thought the milk boy, came in unceremoniously; walked down the hall half way, then returning knocked lightly at the parlor door.

"Come in," I called.

In stepped another boy. He looked rather timid, or confused; refused a seat, and awkwardly fumbling in his pockets, drew out a crumpled paper, which he replaced hurriedly, and took from another pocket a folded note. This he handed me. There was no superscription, so I opened it and read:

"DR. JOHN SMITH:

I am sick a bed for two or three days past. I thort to change my doctor and I hav been employin' of Dr. Swettam and doant do me a might of good he has got all my money and left me to starve with no vittuls nor nothin' to eat these 2 or 3 days wood you come down tomorrer and see me?

Yours truly,

WILLIAM ARNDUL.

P. S. doctor wood you be so kind as to lend me a small might of munny twel I am able to git round agin?

W. A."

I gave this boy about all the money I had left in my pockets, something less than two dollars, in small change; told him to tell Mr. Arndul I would call next day, and see him. The lad seemed agreeably surprised at the reception of the money, and hurried away.

"Friend John," remarked Honore, "I fear you are being victimized. Was that a charitable contribution? A commercial loan? A political loan, which is repaid if the borrower can't help it, e. g. yours to Slek this

morning; or lastly, is it the first installment on a progressive contract?"

"You ask too many questions at once," I replied, "about this small sum I just gave the boy; tho' asked as a loan, I regard as a charitable contribution to a sick and destitute man, deserted by his heartless doctor. Whether the man is deserving or not, I can't say, all I wish to know is, that he is in need of help. You and I are too much alike on this subject to dispute. Neither of us like extra-discriminating charity. That is only true charity that is blind to every thing save the necessities of all sentient beings. About Mr. Sleek's loan; he can hardly have the knavish affrontry to swindle me in that cold-blooded, hypocritical way. How about your progressive contract? What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you John," he said, "as well as I can explain it. You have done, when you were a small school boy, those examples in arithmetical progression, where the blacksmith shoes a horse for a penny for the first nail, the money doubled on each succeeding nail; or where, the simple minded farmer agreed to pay his hand one grain of wheat a day, and double every day throughout the year. The results are astonishing, yet there are examples of that same kind, not arithmetical, that are far more astonishing in results than the old familiar mathematical ones. Some of the most startling examples of the progressive contract are found in politics."

"But what do you mean by paying the first installment on a progressive contract?" I insisted.

"Just this," he answered, "when you make one, and make the first payment, you rarely know yourself that

you have such a contract, or have made any payment on it. Your eyes are progressively opened to the fact, while your pockets, at a uniformly accelerated ratio, are depleted by virtue of the contract. Let us take, for illustration, the progressive political contract. It is generally made thus: a political dead-beat, or bum-mer, having a nuncupative influence with a questionable class of voters, approaches the innocent candidate, and very confidentially tells him that he (the bum-mer) knows just where, and exactly how, to secure several votes, provided he had a little change to treat the boys, you know. The candidate, thinking, in the extreme verdancy of his unsophisticated soul, that this is the first and last of it, readily, and even gratefully, hands the bum-mer a certain sum of money, varied according to circumstances and ability. Let us say \$5 for the average, for the range in grade of these bum-mers is wonderful, running from twenty-five cents to \$100,000. You pay your first installment of \$5 gratefully; next day, or week, as the case may be, pay the second installment of \$10, with diminished gratitude; the third payment of \$20 is made *sans* gratitude; the fourth of \$40, with suppressed ill-feeling; the fifth of \$80, with manifest displeasure; the sixth, and probably last, of \$160, is likely not paid, and leads to open rupture between the contracting parties. This rupture is foreseen, and its time and place adroitly selected by the skillful operator, for this is his best stroke. He gets you near a group of your political opponents, and makes the demand for the final installment, which, being repudiated, he states that you are too stingy to be elected, and IF YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO BE BOUGHT (very loud) with any small sum (sotto voce)

YOU ARE MISTAKEN (*fortisimo*). Now, John, you see that the skillful bumner has managed, at the beginning of this progressive contract, to work on your gratitude; intermediately, on your endurance of imposition, and lastly, on your apprehension. You can see that, in the last interview, he has managed to convey the impression to the bystanders that you have just deliberately made a proposition to buy him, while, at the same time, he has impressed you with the necessity of the purchase. So you have either got to buy, or not. If you buy, you must comply with the terms of the contract, and be fleeced unmercifully to the last hour of the campaign, and during, and even after the election; for the thoroughgoing, scientific bumner is like the horse-leech, he'll bleed you as long as there is a drop left. He'll come after the election and arrogantly demand the best place in the gift of his victim, and threaten to expose him if he don't comply. Yes, he'll demand the next best place for a friend. If, on the other hand, you refuse, at any time during the progress of the progressive contract, to carry out its provisions in good (?) faith, then ye virtuously indignant bumner straightway denounces you as a fraud, a bargain-and-corruptionist. In this abuse he's encouraged by your opponent (if he is a mean man), who enters into the same sort of progressive contract, and is bled to a greater extent; for although the campaign is shorter, the bumner's demands must be correspondingly greater; for "ain't it a progressive contract?" The worst feature of this progressive contract political, is this: the opposing candidate who undertakes to carry out this arrangement, is either mean and sharp, or mean and dull; mean any way; mean all the time."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"If he's mean and sharp, he's willing to pay enormously to have you unjustly abused. Because he knows the bummers insincerity. Knows his motive, and furnishes it with money. If he is mean and dull, he thinks, poor fool, he's found a true political friend, who openly denounces you; did it before he asked pecuniary aid; must be sincere and efficient, because he wants to do all in his power to defeat you. So the mean dull man fills out his contract at a large figure, to have the bumper go on in his abusive course. A sharp good man would not only not pay such a price, but no price at all, to have you unjustly villified. A dull good man might not object to the abuse, because he would not be wise enough to see the injustice of it, yet he could not be so silly as not to know that it is wrong and unlawful to pay men money for electioneering purposes. Ergo; it is mean, it's criminal for a political opponent to finish one of those contemptible progressive contracts."

"Why do you tell me about these bummers?" I enquired. "Do you think I can be swindled by them?"

"I don't know, John," he answered. "The sharpest men are wittingly or unwittingly imposed upon by them."

"If I run I'll watch them," I added.

"You must excuse me yourself," he continued, "and apologize for me to your wife, for such a visit, at such a time, on such business."

Mr. Honore arose to take leave when, it occurred to me to ask him:

"Who was that boy that interrupted us?"

"John," he replied, "you should have known him by his ear marks."

"What marks?"

"Didn't you notice he had on his clothes, face and hands some inky stains?" he asked.

"Yes, but what of the stains?"

"They show he's the devil; an odd day for such a visitor! I mean he's the devil of the Republican office. Let me see the note he brought," continued Honore. "You'll have to watch these fellows."

"The note! I—I-wrapped the small change in it and gave it back to the boy," I continued.

"You did?" He queried, concernedly.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Maybe nothing," he replied. "Tho' I advise you to keep all original communications for future reference, or use. You may sorely need some document of that kind, hereafter, to which you attach no value or importance now. This is business in politics as well as commerce."

"I guess the boy will take it back to the sick man, just as I gave it to him." I rejoined. I then told Honore the contents of the note.

He smiled, and remarked:

"There's a fishy odor about it, John, but may be nothing at last. Yet, keep both eyes and ears open, and also don't forget to keep all such papers. Good morning. Send notice of your consent to run this p. m., if you please."

He went away. He was a good man, an intelligent man. It was surprising how much he could accomplish in a very short time. As Phillip said of Napo-

leon Buonaparte, you could truly say of him, he had an "energy that distanced expedition." He never temporized, or compromised with wrong. If it didn't come right promptly, he compelled it by his (to me then) unaccountable power. All his efforts were admirably herculean, and eminently successful. Alas! Alas! Not a half score of years have gone since then; he has gone with the years, and left no discernable vestige of his influence behind. He must have had cotemporary co-workers all over the political world. Where are the fruits of the labors of this noble band? An echo from the hollow world mockingly answers: Where? In that short interval of time, I have lived to see, not only the god-like efforts of such heroes come to naught, but many, aye, too many of the men themselves, fall; fall like Lucifer, to rise no more. We have only to look around us to see, to-day, such noble men, when once embarked on a political sea, risk, with perfect confidence in their virtue, the outer feeblest circle of the maelstrom of corruption; thinking, when they have made this one round, they can easily extricate themselves, and spread their sails for a straight course on a level sea. Oh! what a terrible mistake is this risk, of the outer feeblest circle. The proverbial first glass of the drunkard is safety in comparison; for the ruined victim of the bowl has little or nothing to do with the framing and the executing of our laws, which have become, instead of the machinery of justice, a labyrinth wherein criminals may hide with impunity. A glance now over our political sea, shows its whole expanse a vast whirlpool, with the venturous barks, large and small, dotting the funnel-shaped surface of the destructive whirl,

from the outer feeblest circle, to the engulfing vortex of corruption.

A.—“John, when we were boys, and studied geography, we were filled with wonder when we gazed on the few concentric circles, that marked the great maelstrom, on the Norwegian coast. We then read with bated breath and intense awe of the insatiate maw of this mammoth sucker-in of whole fleets. The world then took the same desperate view. Exploration and time have proven it a myth; divested it of its terrors, and found it to be nothing more than a deflection of the N. E. branch of the Gulf stream, by the cold abrupt check it gets on the rugged coast of Norway from cooler counter currents. When we have more time, and explore more thoroughly your whirlpool of corruption, maybe it may prove to be a deflection, of a comparatively small stream of immorality, highly heated with human passions. When it is forced into the broad and cooler depths of the political ocean, it will be chilled to a chaste temperature. Then our serious view of this moral whirlpool, like our boyish idea of the great physical bugbear, will be changed from one of awful contemplation to one of hopeful rejoicing, that we were mistaken, deluded, misinformed.”

“I do hope you are right.”

A.—“More do I. I’m sleepy, let’s quit till tomorrow night.”

Amen.

NIGHT VI.

A VERY QUIET SABBATH.

In the last chapter I skipped, after Mr. Honore left, all the recollections of the canvass, and came square up to the present day. I must go back and pick up the broken thread. I was yet in the parlor; it was only ten o'clock on that interminable Sunday. I was thinking of the advice Mr. Honore gave me concerning dead-beats, bummers, progressive contracts, and the preservation of original papers. I didn't see there could any harm grow out of the note, I gave back to the boy, with the money wrapped in it. I supposed it would redound to my benefit, rather than injury, if it were shown. So far, I had received but two notes, and my wife had the other; so I was safe enough on original communications. The bump on my forehead pained me; I could feel that it was growing. My nose also needed some attention; nor had I shaved. As I had quite determined (just to please Honore, you know) to run for the office of Lord High Mayor of the city of Bunkumville—my physical damages must be repaired, and my personal appearance greatly improved by the next day. How different were my feelings! An hour ago I felt like a felon; imprisoned in my own house; enemies in front; enemies on either flank; and I wont say a dreadful enemy—but a dreaded unpleasantness

in the rear. Behold, honest John Smith was "himself again!" Mr. Honore would rout the front and flank assailants, and that note, bless it, had, ere this, pacified the domestic foe.

Full of the pride of vindicated innocence, I marched boldly into the presence of my humiliated —

Whe-ew! Not much humiliation, nor amelioration, nor pacification, nor any other than an unmentionable ation, in that countenance. The look she gave me put to rout all my manly purposes instantler, and it was so sharp that I could only think of shaving. With a feeble effort at dignified indifference, I asked:

"Mollie, dear, is there any hot water?"

"Yes, dear Johnny, there's plenty for *you*," she answered.

I didn't like the emphatic 'you,' but continued, "Well, deary, let's have it; I want to shave and fix up. I have concluded, after a conversation with Mr. Honore, to run."

"Run? I would," she said, "I think you had better start now, and run till you get out of the State."

"Why, what's the matter? Still mad about that Gay note? Don't it explain itself? You've read it, haven't you?"

"Read it! read it, havn't you," echoed she; and thrusting a folded slip of paper, rather spitefully, towards me, asked scornfully, "Have you read *that*? That's hot water enough to shave you, Johnny."

I opened the slip and read—

"Johnny, come this P. M.

SUSIE. '

"Only this, and nothing more."

"Where did you get this, Mrs. Smith?"

"Where did *I* get it? That's a nice question for you to ask, she replied; "I suppose it came from another scion of some other illustrious house, and relates, of course, to the everlasting nomination. Pray, when did Susie nominate you, Johnny? Was it at the democratic convention, the beer-hall convention, or a *confidential* convention held by you and Susie?"

This *was* hot water, and getting too hot to endure. So was I; and asked rather angrily—

"Where did you get this piece of paper, Mrs. Smith? Please be so kind as to answer my question."

"I found it in the hall," she answered, "where you tumbled down and dropped it; and you can't deny it."

"I do deny it, most emphatically; and will take an oath that I never saw it till you handed it to me."

I saw her waver when I spoke of the oath, for she never doubted my truthfulness—till I got that "everlasting" nomination.

She rallied with the question:

"Then you say you didn't have that note?—no note in your hand when you fell down?"

"No. I did have the note I got from Mr. Gay in my hand; it was open; a much larger paper than this; I was bringing it to you to read, when Mr. Honore tripped me with the bell-wire. The note must have fallen on the floor, and, of course, you got it, and read it."

"Of course I did no such thing," she replied.

I again felt in all of my pockets; but the note was not found. I did not remember having it after the fall,

or seeing it; but supposed, beyond doubt, Mrs. Smith had picked it up before she left the hall.

"You didn't mean that I should read it," she poutingly said, "and you didn't mean to let me know that Miss Susie —"

"Thank the Lord! The blessed old, much-abused bell-wire began to dance a hornpipe, with a longer range than heretofore, on the hall floor; and although I am opposed to taking any kind of notes on time, I wanted badly some time on this last incomprehensible note. As I started promptly (people should answer such calls promptly) to ascertain who was at the other end of the wire, my wife fired a parting shot:—

"If you get any returns," she said, aggravatingly, "from Mollie, or Katie, or Sallie, or"—the rapid closing of the door counted out the other precincts.

In my haste to flee the fire in the rear, I forgot, and if I hadn't, I would have been reckless of my dilapidated nose; as also, the increased size and varied hues of the contusion on my forehead; for the bump resembled the half of a large, mottled, mogul plum; while the royal purple fringe that ornamented my magenta nose, had gradually widened outward and upward, till it reached my under eye-lids, giving them the appearance of two tiny, dark, dismantled hulls, anchored on a crimson sea. My heart, all right, gave an audible throb when I opened the door and confronted Elder Coldman, our village apostle of temperance. What on earth brought him? Wasn't my cup of misery running over without this deluge? I stammered, for I could not, with the recollection of the one fearful glance I had given the mirror, speak like a man:

"Wa-walk in."

He did, with frigid dignity; eyeing me with a you-are-a-guilty-wretch look that did not at all increase my self-possession. "Be se-seated, M-Mr. Coldman," I remarked, with that manner and apparently, yet worse than consciously guilty accent and tone that mislead so many detectives.

He gave me a condescending bow, and still with his leaden eyes fixed on my face, in a far off, harp-of-a-thousand-strings enunciation, said:

"Me-ister Sme-ith, I ca-alled the-is Sah-ba-day me-orning to as-certain ah, the *status quo* of ye-our te-emperance per-inciples ah, ahem, ah."

Here he stopped short; gazing fixedly at my face, and taking license (though he was opposed to license) therefrom, to address me as a common drunkard, he continued:

"He-ow long ah, Me-ister Sme-ith ah, is it se-ince ye-ou ha-ave fe-allen ah, into the te-oils of the te-emptah ah? I was not aware ah the-at—"

I could not endure this contemptible twaddle a moment longer, although I knew I was getting redder in the face, and thus increasing the weight, or rendering cumulative, as the lawyers say, the only evidence this miserable galoot had of my intemperance; so I blurted out:

"Mr. Coldman, if you come here, in my own house to insult me, we will terminate this interview, without another word; and you will greatly oblige me by never calling again; unless you learn to judge me, not by my accidentally bad appearance to-day, but by my well known good conduct all the time, heretofore."

"I ah, beg pa-ardon ah, Me-ister Sme-ith ah," he

replied, manifestly disconcerted at the incompatibility of my language with my facial indications. "I ah, merely ca-alled, Me-ister Sme-ith ah, to ascerte-ain yu-ah per-zishun in re-gawd to ah the ah gal-o-rious ke-ause of ah, tem-prance ah."

The elder ceased speaking, drew a long sighing respiration; interlocked the long bony fingers of his wrinkled, parchment hands across his long, thin, consumptive chest; gave his leaden eyes a sanctimonious roll toward the ceiling, and mused; if I had let him. I disturbed his pious reverie with the assertions, that I did not know the issues of the canvass: that I knew I was the democratic candidate for mayor; was a temperance man; and if elected, didn't propose, officially or otherwise, to encourage intemperance; to which he replied:

"Ya-es ah; but Me-ister Sme-ith ah, I ha-ave fou't ah, the he-idray he-eaded me-onster all me le-ife ah, and Me-ister Sme-ith, I can ne-ever, no ne-ever ah, ge-ive me-y suppe-ort to any ca-andidate ah, tha-at we-ill ne-ot refuse ah, to gre-ant license ah. Can I ca-arry the gul-ad, te-idings to me-ey me-any fer-ends ah, tha-at ye-ou are oppo-sed ah, to ger-ant-ing licenses ah?"

"Mr. Coldman, the mayor's duty is legally defined. The people, through the council, make the ordinances. If I am elected mayor I shall discharge the duties of the office faithfully. This is all I can promise."

"The-en, Me-ister Sme-ith ah," he continued, "ye-ou air ne-on-committal, and ah I ha-ave resolv-ed to ne-ever, no ne-ever ah, suppe-ort any ca-ande-dat ah, the-at we-ill ne-ot ke-ome sqe-arely aout ah, agin the ho-u-osts of sat-in and de-clare ah, for the Lud ah.

Ge-ood me-orning, Me-ister Sme.ith ah. I must be ge-oing, it's abe-out se-arvice te-ime ah; ge-ood me-orning, and me-ay me-y He-evingly Fe-ather be-less ye-on ah, and ber-ing ye-on ah, te-oo see the r-ight we-ay ah—ge-ood me-orning, Me-ister Sme-ith.” And the great temperance reformer (?) walked sanctifiedly away.

Good riddance. Is it any wonder that intemperance is so widespread over the land, when such reformers as he undertake to convert the world from drunkenness? Such men as Coldman are naturally repulsive to the usually generous-hearted man, who, of all others, according to the world's experience, is the probable victim of intemperance. How can such long-faced, cold-hearted men influence the warm-hearted, generous souls who are the sufferers? They can't understand the efforts of such unsympathetic people, that have no Christian charity for anybody but themselves, and are the worst qualified and most meddlesome to reform their erring fellow-men. A close observer of the temperance move, from the Maine Liquor Law down to the present day, must have seen that such canting hypocrites have done far more harm than good. It is not disputed that they are in earnest; it is not denied that they are vigilant and industrious, but it is questionable whether or not we'd have a temperance millennium if they were retired from the ranks of reformers, as cumbersome supernumeraries. If a man is committing burglary, arson, murder, or any other crime, it is natural for him to resist, if roughly assailed. Why don't sensible temperance men understand this palpable trait of human nature, when dealing with the question. Why do they stand aloof, and throw red-hot shot at the ine-

briate and saloon-keeper? Why not draw nearer (they won't hurt you) to them? Why not treat them as fellow-beings; not as criminals, but unfortunate and misguided men, in social and business relations? Give them to understand, by word and deed, that you do not, pharisaically, raise an impassable barrier between yourselves and them; cutting them off from all sympathy, on what you (so do they) consider the right side. There are many noble-hearted men and women who have vaulted over this high wall and slimy ditch, and worked wonders; did, in fact, all the good that ever has been effectually done. Had they adopted the long-faced, long-range battery plan of attack, they would have succeeded in arousing resentment; nothing more. You see I was tempted to kick Mr. Coldman out of my house. He had heard that I was drunk the night before; I admit I took too much beer; but this was accidental in my case. Yet Mr. Coleman, after his kind, must come at the most inopportune time, and in the most repulsive manner, to essay my reformation. He came full of suspicion of all kinds of evil, and was running over with all manner of uncharitableness. With what he had heard, and the sight of my face—the face innocent; and the hearsay, grossly exaggerated, his first question was, “He-ow le-ong ah,” (I can't repeat his abominable nasal slang) was it since I fell into the toils of the tempter? When the canting old hypocrite *knew* me as a temperance man.

A.—“Oh, John, the temperance harp has been one of ten thousand thousand strings, and all the strings have been worn out and tied so often, that there is not a musical tone left in one of them. End your lecture, and proceed with the narrative.”

I forgot these views were out of date; as you would say of an old note, outlawed. Well, to resume; after the great apostle of temperance left, I sat in the parlor, pretty much in the same fix I was before Mr. Honore cheered me up; that is, rather constrained. My wife's last words, "if you get any returns from Mollie, Katie, etc." were still ringing in my ears. I was wondering this time how I could approach the domestic foe; I had no flag of truce, no nothing; what should I do? When men are at a loss, mentally, as to what to do, they grow restless, and try to compensate by a little physical exercise. I thought I would examine the bell-wire and see how much damage it had sustained. Thought, if it wasn't Sunday, I'd take it out; anyhow there was no harm in just coiling it up around my arm nicely, and putting it up close to the door. I had it in my fingers, when a sharp jerk at the knob end caused me to let go very quickly—it cut one of my fingers. I was glad, though, to have somebody come, because I was in no great hurry to go back to the sitting-room. Opening the door, the Rev. Mr. Bonham, our preacher, that is, the minister of my wife's church, (I belonged too, but wasn't regular, because, during the war some of the hottest engagements were fought in that little sanctuary,) walked in.

"Good morning, brother Smith."

"Good morning, Mr. Bonham; come in, and take a seat."

"All quite well to-day, Mr. Smith?" asked he, dropping the brother, when he had a fair look at my face.

"Very well, thank you," and the reverend gentleman looked dubiously at my face and hand; for the cut finger was bleeding through my handkerchief,

which I had hastily wrapped around it. He came in with the mein and gait of a man heading a funeral procession. I didn't feel encouraged yet; although I had always heard that pastoral visits were for the purpose of cheering up and consoling the down-hearted and disconsolate. As I before remarked, I didn't, as yet, feel much cheered up, nor consoled, to any great extent; but thought there was a silver lining to this cloud that would pan out satisfactorily. I spoke as hopefully, as blandly as possible, and asked him if there was anything new.

"Nothing special—but" (here his facial expression said, as unmistakably as the oral could have said to me, John Smith, the half wasn't told me) "but I learned you were nominated for the office of mayor last evening. I presume it is true, is it not?" Another look that said, you resemble the nominee of some pot-house caucus.

"Yes, sir; my democratic friends so honored me last night," I answered, thinking, now the stream of ministerial consolation was going to burst forth.

"I hope, (with a falling inflection) if elected (with rising ditto) you will make us a good officer." (doubtful on good.)

"If I am elected I will discharge the duties of the office faithfully and honestly," I answered.

"There are so many evils, Mr. Smith," he resumed, "in connection with office-seeking, that I fear very few men can resist them all," (the inflection on few ousted me.) There is the reprehensible practice of patronizing saloons, and kindred places, to make votes. I could hardly believe, Mr. Smith, that you would adopt

or encourage such methods of securing the ballots of your deluded fellow-men."

"No, no, sir. No, I rather stammered. No, I have never done—nev—never approved or en—encouraged such practices."

"I am glad to hear you say so," he continued. "Brother Coldman, good soul, was deeply concerned about you, and urgently requested me to call after service; I came before, having sufficient time, to see you. It is contrary to my principles to visit on the Sabbath, and very painful to me to meddle with personal matters, but from what good brother Coldman told me, I thought it was my duty as a Christian minister to call on you as soon as possible, and satisfy myself. (Here I thought of the dueling code, he demands satisfaction, where's my consolation?) You must have fallen into bad hands last evening. Were you actually knocked down three times, by those drunken ruffians?"

"Knocked down three times!" echoed I. "Who told you such a story as that, Mr. Bonham?"

"I understood our worthy brother Coldman to say that you were enticed away to a drinking saloon, overcome with strong drink, set upon by a number of intoxicated men, severely beaten; yes, knocked down three several times," and Mr. Bonham concluded with a glance at my *tout ensemble*, (for, my friends (?) had not allowed me time to shave or dress) that plainly said, and I believe it all.

"If Mr. Coldman told you that, he wittingly or not, told what is untrue."

"Ah! indeed!" he exclaimed, "could it be possible, that good brother Coldman would misrepresent? I

have always had implicit confidence in his veracity. He's such an earnest worker in the great cause."

"He may be an earnest worker, but he's very unskillful. It would require the rarest ecclesiastical talent to correct the blunders of such a laborer. He should be, or try to be, truthful and candid." This, I said in a nettled tone, for it was apparent that Mr. Bonham had prejudged the matter from Coldman's statements.

"You are too severe," he resumed. "Are you quite sure brother Coldman misstated the facts?" This insulting remark was accompanied by a scrutinizing look at my disfigured face.

"I have said as much," I answered rather hotly; "and, Mr. Bonham, I think my word is entitled to quite as much credence as that of Mr. Coldman; however, I do not wish to discuss our relative veracity."

"Oh, no offense; no offense, Mr. Smith," he exclaimed, "none whatever; but you know a minister has to speak plainly on such topics, and —"

"Mr. Bonham," I interrupted, rather angrily, "your calling as a minister does not confer the right to come into a man's house, and talk to him as a liar and common drunkard, with no better evidence of these grave assumptions than the exaggerated tattle of a meddling hypocrite, and the disfigured condition of my face."

"Mr. Smith, you are excited," he replied, "too severe; I meant to say that brother Coldman is a very consistent Christian. I never have known him to depart from the straight and narrow path."

"Yes, I think," I added with asperity, "that such a path would suit his soul; the narrower, the better, for

it would be doubly lost, here and hereafter, in the broad way."

"You are sarcastic, Mr. Smith," he said; "Brother Coldman was only discharging a Christian duty, and it does not become you, Mr. Smith, under the circumstances, to disparage a godly man when he—"

"Mr. Bonham," I interrupted, "you must excuse me, but I cannot listen to such remarks. They are full of the assumption that I am not a truthful man, while Mr. Coldman is immaculate, when I know he has misrepresented me grossly, and sent you here to lecture me in this, I must say, ungentlemanly manner; all because you both eagerly jump at the most uncharitable conclusions, without once asking for an explanation of reports and appearances, so condemning to me."

"Ahem! Ahem! I think," he replied, with dignified asperity, "from appearances, that Brother Coldman could not have been so very far from the truth in his assertions."

I was too angry to trust myself to reply to this. After a moment's silence, I said:

"Mr. Bonham, this is my home; to-day is Sunday; you are a minister, I'm told."

"I am quite apprised of those facts," he replied.

"I thought you had lost sight of them, from your remarks."

"Not at all, Mr. Smith," he resumed, "you must have overlooked the fact, that ministers have, by virtue of their calling, rights and immunities not vouchsafed to ordinary individuals; and in accordance with a time hon—"

"Mr. Bonham," I interrupted, "I do not recognize, nor will I tolerate, the exercise of any such rights or

immunities in my own house; and you must waive them, or I must dispense with your company."

"Very good, Mr. Smith," he said, rising. "You order me out of your house; order the preacher out! I can comprehend now why good Brother Coldman was so shocked, and anxious about your appearance and conduct. I am truly sorry a man that was so well spoken of by his neighbors, should fall into such bad ways. I hope, Mr. Smith, you'll soon recover from the baneful effects of last night's potations, when you will be enabled to see the right, and come and make due apology and acknowledgments with a contrite heart, and spirit of Christian humility. I will now comply with your request, to leave your house. Good morning, Mr. Smith. Give my loving respects to Mrs. Smith; poor sorrow-laden soul; how my heart bleeds for her."

A.—"Rather disagreeable phase in the canvass, John. Why don't you go on?"

"I was thinking: first, how much I wished to assist his departure with a very heavy boot; secondly, whether or not, I ought to apologize to the good, sensible men who constitute the ministry, for calling this miserable sham, a minister. The churches, religion, the world would be far better without this class of blundering pretenders."

A.—"Maybe you think preachers should not meddle with politics?"

"Oh! no. On the contrary, I think they have the same rights, and as a learned class of good men, a better right, than bad, ignorant men, to shape our politics; but you can see my meaning. I think they'd better keep out, if they have to go in, in this blunder-

ing, intolerant, exasperating way, as illustrated by Mr. Bonham."

A.—"Was he on the opposite side?"

"Yes."

A.—"I'm tired; let's take a rest till to-morrow night."

"No. Day after to-morrow night. It's Sunday you know, to-morrow."

NIGHT VII.

END OF OUR QUIET CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

A.—“That caption is *double entendre*, John.”

I apply it, singly, to that particular Sunday in my campaign; if reflective people wish a general application, the End will be sadder to them, generally, than it was to me specially, but none the less true.

After Mr. Bonham left, the situation was gloomy. Two new foes in front; either far more formidable and implacable, than Sleek or Blackman. The new complication in the rear, brought about by the loss of the Gay note, and the unaccountable substitution of that pestiferous hand grenade: “Johnny, come this p. m. Sussie,” seemed to preclude the possibility of a satisfactory adjustment in that quarter. You know what great and discriminate reverence, women have for reformers and preachers. I had virtually ordered out of my house, not as reformers or ministers, but as frauds, the so-called apostle of temperance and the hypocrite, Bonham; was there ever such temerity.”

A.—“John, your wife would only ask an explanation, in regard to the treatment of the men; and so far as the notes were concerned, she was not childishly unreasonable?”

“It is easy enough to talk, but you try, with the impedimenta of your first serious misdemeanor crush-

ing you down, to cope with a woman, when she's armed with an inexplicable note, and occupies a base affording a solitary inference. Why, bless your soul, man; she'll go to work, with such flimsy material, and fortify her position with tons, yes, tons of unassailable, cubic facts. For a demoralized husband to assault such fortifications, when he's 'totally disarmed,' and there's a tattling 'guard stationed in every house,' it's folly—sheer madness. Let me say, my wife was not a quarrelsome, nor more than ordinarily unreasonable woman. You understand this was the first time, she ever had any reason that is, a woman's reason, to think I was not a model husband. Also, by way of self-justification, I will state it was the first time ever the shadow of such imputation fell across my mind. With these explanatory remarks, you can comprehend why I was so full of apprehension; so morbidly sensitive, and also account for my strong way of expressing as trivial a thing as the rattling of a bell-wire. Even now, I have associated with the ominous sound of that wire the alarm of the rattlesnake; the music of the first clods on your friend's coffin lid; the long roll of the drum at mid-night; death knells, and all such highly entertaining 'concordance of sweet sounds.'

I have been seriously impressed with the idea of writing a scientific disquisition on the influence, religious, moral, political, social and domestic, of bell-wires. You see, that quiet Sabbath, that detached bell-wire was my telegraph line; I held shares enough to monopolize it. It was my medium of communication with the outside world; and although the despatches were like war messages, I then preferred a communication over the wire from the outside world,

to parol intelligence from within. I wished earnestly to pacify Mrs. Smith; it was dinner time, and I found candidates could be wolfishly hungry for something else besides office."

A.—"Why didn't you go armed with the courage of conscious innocence, and quiet, or stand the storm."

"Conscious innocence to inspire courage, or as a weapon of defense, may do well enough to talk boastingly about remote from the seat of war, but I would feel sorry for the man who would risk it, under such circumstances. I know it will do to face any number of male accusers; it will carry a man bravely through the trying ordeal of a protracted judicial investigation; but as a weapon, offensive or defensive, against a woman who is armed with a suspicious circumstance, it's simply not worth a red.

The hunger and unpleasantness combined, made me sullen, like an ugly boy that goes out after a drubbing, and throws himself prone upon the earth and wishes he could die, with the mental reservation of mocking his grief-stricken parents when they weep over his corpse. I wouldn't go to dinner—I'd starve—yes starve to death if necessary, and then she would be sor—"

"Mr. Smith, dinner's ready, and if you want to eat any thing you'd better come along. I should think you'd be hungry by this time."

Ever glorious woman! The first to relent; the first to forgive. There's nothing like a stalwart determination to bring a woman down. There was no question about my wanting something to eat, anything, and now that the sacrifice of manliness (?) in so doing, was removed, I marched forth, like a conquering hero, to

the banquet. I ate savagely, and felt more civilized. I arose from the feast, and imperiously waving my hand, remarked:

"I fain would sleep, and would not brook disturbance."

"Disturbance!" echoed my wife. "Mr. Smith are you stark mad? or haven't you recovered from the influences of last night?"

"I reck' not," I jocosely replied. "The great nominee must sleep."

"The great catsfoot!" she retorted. "If you think I'm going to run to that hall door five hundred times this afternoon, you are out of your reckoning, awfully, Mr. great nominee."

"Can't you pull that abominable bell-wire in, or out?"

"I've tried to pull it in and out too," she answered; "but it wont come in for the knob, nor out for the tangle you've tied in the end of the wire."

An idea struck me; why hadn't it struck before. My order slate. "I shall employ the odylic influence," I said, "that great minds exercise over smaller ones, at a distance;" firstly, to conceal from her the mean dodge I was going to practice on my friends; and, secondly, to inspire her with respect for my greatness of mind, when she would be wondering at the success of the ruse.

"Odylic humbug!" she quietly responded—"you'd better have employed some cephalic force and kept out of that everlasting nomination."

I paid no attention to this last pettish reply of Mrs. Smith, but went out from her presence and got my

large order slate, on which I wrote in a large legible hand—

DR. SMITH,
ABSENT ON PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS,
TILL MONDAY.

I suspended this on its hook, outside the hall door, locked the door securely, and went to bed. It was difficult to reconcile myself to the lie—no, prevarication—for it was not in strict accord with the character of honest John Smith; but you see, I was desperate for sleep. In my exhausted condition there was no trouble to fall into a sound sleep.

I slept, perhaps, five or six minutes, when my wife aroused me with the information that there was a tramp at the back door; he had knocked at all the doors and windows in the house, and she was afraid of him. I got up mad enough to fight, thinking the scamp had read the slate, and concluded my absence afforded him a good chance to pilfer. I took my cane and went to investigate. My thieving tramp proved an honest old gardner, whom I had employed every season for years; a faithful hand and friend. I knew he could not read the slate, and from his persistent efforts to see me, he thought he had something very important to tell me. These thoughts toned my voice, and wrath, so I could quite calmly ask:

“What is the matter, Thomas?”

“Oh, zur! yon Blockman was ower bod, ees tellin’ all manner ’o lees aboot yous; an’ I ’lowed it was me bounden dooty to coom mesen an’ teel yous; an’ whan I daneed ’is lees ’e wished sore to poond me ”

"Never mind him, Thomas; he's a bad man; he'll get repaid for his wickedness," I replied.

"Weel, yous honor do noot about it?" he asked.

"No, no; give him rope enough, and he'll hang him self."

"I 'ope so mysen; beg parden for distoorbin yous 'an the leddie," and bidding us good day, Thomas departed.

I felt myself lapsing into that nervous irritable state, the result of constant worry and exhaustion, where insomnia occurs, when sleep is the only remedy; where, as in *mania a potu*, or other manias, the patient must sleep or die. Having an unexpected interval of at least ten minutes, free from disturbance outside, and not sleeping, I felt some uneasiness about my case; and in my anxiety, I took a dose of chloral; very, very foolishly. Never having taken the villainous drug, totally unused to it, I was soon very calm—drowsy—I—elected? Yes, by overwhelming majority. Honesty is the best policy—Hon. John Smith, Lord High Mayor of Bunkumville—New York—20,000,000 inhabitants—Thrilling scene in State house—Governor's office—Petition of one Blackman for pardon to his excellency, Gov. John Smith. His excellency reluctantly signs pardon—reminds petitioner of some dirty work done years ago by petitioner against His Excellency—tears, etc.—Speech of Senator Smith, of Illinois, in congress, against corruption in high places.—Tell 'im to leave dozen copies—good book—Biography of His Excellency Hon. John Smith, L. L. D., M. D., F. R. S., President of the United States of America—bound in embossed morocco—extra gilt—thribble gilt—

edge, spring-back, copiously illustrated frontispiece of fine steel portrait of his excellency—marginal notes and references, complete in 12 volumes, quarto. “His Serene Highness and Unequalled Excellency The Honorable John Smith, D. D., L. L. D., M. D., etc., President of the United States and Mexico!—was born on the 22d day of Sept., A. D. 1830, “of poor but honest parents,” in the obscure village of Athens, in the State of Al——

Bang! Crash!—Hello! what’s up?

“Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!” screamed my wife, “do get up and stop that senseless jabbering. There’s some wretch drunk, and banging at the hall door. I believe he’s broken that stained glass transom, for I heard an awful crash; for mercy sake go and drive him away.”

“Madam, do you address His Excellency Presid—” I began, about half awake, and full of chloral—“President of these glorious United States in such disrespectful terms as —” Here I got a sound shaking, followed by —

“John Smith, I believe that everlasting nomination has run you raving crazy—President of the United States! You are a nice looking President.”

“Madam, I just reluctantly signed the pardon of one malefactor; you should be ’stremely cautious—the Governor, you know, can”—another frantic shake, for my wife had got seriously alarmed, and uttered a harrowing cry, that fully aroused me.

“My God! has my poor, poor husband gone deranged?”

“Then I’m not President, nor Governor,” I said, smiling bitterly—“I’ve only been dreaming, my dear; don’t be uneasy.”

"Mr. Smith, do go and drive that wretch away. I can hear him fumbling around there yet."

"Yes'm," I meekly said, and obeyed.

To have such a dream realized in such a way. Jerked suddenly from the top round of the ladder of political ambition, and falling "*ker-whap*" to the earth, and then dragging yourself off to the front door, to find a wandering minstrel from the band of Herr Ophcleide, so drunk he couldn't stand, sitting on the stoop, with an E flat bugle mashed as flat as a pancake, by his side, the slate frame in front of him for a music rack, and the bell-knob in his mouth, with his cheeks distended, and his eyes protruding, in the effort to force wind into, and music out of the knob.

"Smash 'r up—she doan mu-sic-hic-ate wuff cent—fine ins-ment, too"—he remarked, as I opened the door, and encountered that exhaustively vacuous stare that belongs to nothing but a soulless, idiotic "drunk."

"What do you want here? Why can't you let Christian people alone on Sunday? Why did you break that slate?" He explained—

"I guess, boss, I pull er slay out 'an struck er do bell on horn, or struck er horn non ic er pull out wiff er slay bell, or slay'd er horn pull out on er struck bell, or, damfinowhi —"

"Oh, thunder! You take your battered horn, and your battered self away, quick, or I'll have you sent to the calaboose." This last word reached his comprehension. He asked me to help him up. I did, and giving him his battered horn, helped him out of the gate. He staggered off, singing, or trying to sing, "Won' g'ome ell mornin'," accompanying himself on the collapsed bugle, with an occasional blast that re-

sembled the bray of an asthmatic donkey. I saw him on his "winding way" meet several ladies and gentlemen, en route to afternoon service. Fancy their comments. I picked up the pieces of the slate, threw them away, replaced the bell-wire and knob, took my slate frame in the house, with a hopeless view of the chance to sleep.

"A.—How about your odylic force?"

"The influence was destroyed with the slate. My want of sleep was growing imperative; my head ached woefully, and must get worse unless I slept. What should I do? I couldn't go away from home, nor could I sleep at home. In this reckless state I cared for nothing but a quiet sleep of several hours. In my great need I verified the old adage, "necessity is the mother of invention," in the conception of the following plan. Without apprising my wife, I went to the rag-bag and fished out, what I supposed was two yards of black crepe, but found it grenadine—any way, enough like mourning to suit my purpose. I tore off three or four long strips, and tied them to the bell-knob; investing it with a funereal aspect that would paralyze with respect the most ruthless intruder, and awe him back from a wanton violation of the sanctity of a grief-stricken household. And to make assurance doubly sure, I fastened on the slate-hook a large card, inscribed:

SAD BEREAVEMENT, *somni.*

A DEATH, *nisi.*

JOHN SMITH, *somnit.*

With this death's-head device to "fright the souls from weak adversaries," I composed myself as best I could,

to sleep, without the choral, as I didn't wish any more ambitious visions to be so disagreeably dispelled. I was still somewhat under the influence of the drug, and with its assistance had almost time enough to get a little drowsy, when in popped my wife:

"Mr. Smith, there's an Irishman tiptoeing around in the yard like he was walking on eggs, or wanted to steal something. He's crying, and drunk or crazy."

"Dear me! can't you send him off without disturbing me?"

I did open the back door when he knocked, but I wouldn't have done it for anything, but he tapped so gently," continued she, "that I thought it was sister Sharpnose—and when I opened the door there stood an Irishman, with his hat in one hand and a club in the other. I knew he was crazy the first words he spoke; so I shut the door and locked it. He's moping around out there now."

"What did he say," I asked, a ray of light penetrating my chloralized brain.

"Oh he is crazy as a loon," answered my wife. "He said, 'Big pardon, but whenever in the wide world did it happen? Honest sowl was worse hurt than he thought from them mutherin rascals. When is ther wake?' and then he began to cry like a baby, and I was scared, and shut the door. You had better go and get him out of the yard; I can't rest till he's gone."

I saw quite through: told my wife to remain in the house, which was altogether unnecessary. I found, as I expected, my friend Flannagan, who had seen in passing, the black drapery in front, and stepped in to read the card. He couldn't read the Latin half, and of course, had no clue to the dodge.

A.—“No, nor nobody else could, or should have had. Whatever made you do such a silly thing?”

I have wondered myself. I think, though, it was due, in a great measure, to the effects of the chloral. Although I would have given any thing for sleep then, yet I don't think I would have done such a foolish thing as that, when quite at myself. I repented hastily, as you'll learn. When I opened the door and stepped out, Pat staggered back, with the first and only expression of terror I ever saw on his face: assuming an attitude of defense and brandishing his shillalah, he exclaimed:

“By the howly jimpin Moses! Kape back! I'll foight a whole rigimint o' brathein men o' flish an' blood, but niver a did corpse, shure.”

I thought I heard a shriek of alarm through the window; heeding it not, I smiled; extended my hand to Pat, telling him it was all a joke, to get some rest; to sleep, free from interruption. He looked closely at my face; cautiously took my hand, and finding it warm, gave it a hearty squeeze, and joyfully said:

“By ther powers, an' it's yez own silf quick, an' not did the laist bit in the worruld, an' aint it Mister Flin-igin as is glad. Och an' yez know nothing aboot jist how me sowl was sthricken down wid grafe, when I was passin', and see thim morernin' wades hangin' an yez door, an' thin ther carud. Whativer did yez say yez was intirely did for?”

I explained to Pat that the card read, with the Latin, “Sad bereavement of sleep! A death, unless John Smith sleeps.”

“An' does yez honor s'pose a mon's goin' to sthop

to stooody Latin whin 'is bist frind is did?" naively but very sensibly asked Pat.

"That is very true, Mr. Flannagan, and I was foolish in doing such a thing; I did not wish my wife to know it, you see now, why she did not understand you. I wish, as you go out, you would quietly remove the card and drapery; put them in your pockets and throw them away after you have gone. I'll try to sleep."

Pat who was alive to anything that promised fun, replied:

"Och! an I niver wad tak 'em aff twill I did slape; shure an' it's a good joke—but it's mesilf as was jokin' in rale airnist in me grafe, shure."

"Mr. Flannagan, it's best to take the silly, deceptive device down; I wasn't at myself when I put it there."

Pat gazed enquiringly at me, and replied:

"Had a wea dhrop too minny ther day? Ach an' that's all O. K. wid Misther Flinnigin, but let thim morernin wades stay a bit. I'll till inquiring frinds it's a foreign rilation as is did, an' yez want a wea bit o' quiet in yer grafe twill the morrow, an' not be afther distoorbin ov yez; thit's the virra ticket, shure; lit 'em sthay."

I did let them stay. Pat went away promising to satisfy all enquiring friends. I let him go with the conviction that I was drunk on whiskey, knowing I could trust him. What would Coldman and Bonham have done with less evidence than Pat had? I shudder to think.

After telling my wife who it was, but not exactly why it was, and assuring her the person was not drunk

nor crazy, I went back to bed, with great confidence in Pat's "tilling all inquirin' frinds it was a foreign rilation as was did," and asking them not to disturb me in my grief till morning.

I presume I had got about half asleep—I was dreaming of an election riot at the polls—thought Jones, my opponent, had strnck me a blow—starting up to resent it—my wife interfered and—what?—how?—who?

"Mister Smith! Smith! There's somebody at our gate fighting," exclaimed my wife. "Don't you hear 'em?"

I listened; sure enough, I could hear voices in angry altercation. Mr. Flannagan's, on a high key, came distinctly:

"An' I'll knock aff the hid aff'n yez an' yez put yez foot in thit gate shure. Don't I till yez all the toime, it's not the laist bit ov 'imsilf as is did, at all, at all, but a foreign rilation as lives abroad—an' whativer yez want to dig a grave in this counthry, to birry a mon as lives in the ould counthry for, is more nor Pat Flinnigin un'erstan's, shure."

I was pretty well aroused by the time I reached the door. I found Pat guarding the gate, while the sexton stood at bay, with the threatening aspect of a baited bull. When I appeared at the door the sexton seemed somewhat startled to see me alive. He could n't read the card from where he stood, yet his quick eye for business had caught the signal of distress, and he wanted to be on time as an applicant for the probably unfilled place of grave-digger. I heard him tell Pat he was as good a democrat as any other grave-digger, and had as good a right for the favorable consideration of his claims on the party. Asserting this

loud enough for me to hear it, he made an attempt to pass in, when he was roughly shoved back by Mr. Flannagan, who said:

"An' yez doant go a fut in, an' barrin its Soonday, an' I doant moind a hooter fur thit, an' 'is honor'll give me the worrud an' I'll bate in twill thit thick hid o' yez, thit it's not one, as I've bin tillin ov yez all the toime, ov the immagiate household of 'is prisint family as is did, but a foreign rilation as lives abroad, an' rilatid twill 'im at a distance"

Then directing his remarks to me, Mr. Flannagan resumed—

"An' doant yez think, yer honor, thit ther blatherin', bloonderin' corrupts planther kapes on thryin to dig a grave in this counthry for a did foreigner, that's this blissid minit livin' in the ould counthry! Did yez iver say such an arrant fool in all yer borrun days? shure!"

I went to the gate and explained to the kind-hearted, considerate sexton; also added my regrets, that I could not then give his claims a favorable consideration, as I had no urgent need of a grave at home or abroad; but if death did create a necessity for his appointment, he should certainly have the place, foreign or domestic. To enliven his hopes, I finally told him if I should be interrupted five or six thousand times in the next ten hours, to please call early the next morning and take my measure; also, I'd use, in the mean time, all the influence I possessed, in his behalf, with any democratic corpse I knew to be sound.

This "disappointee" went slowly away, with a very grave aspect, gratefully murmuring:

"Old reb-l-n't care-'f-was dead; dr-nk ev-r s-nce

nom-tion, 'counts f'r put-g crep-'n do-nob," and the emphasized words ceased to be audible.

Satisfied, by this episode, that my crazy chloral device was not only cruelly deceptive, but, with Pat's vigilance, pugnacity and shillalah added, was also extremely hazardous to any solicitous friend who might call to enquire who was dead, I determined to remove it. I thanked Pat for his services; told him I would not require them further, and he went away.

As I went in, I tore off the card and strips of grenadine, stowed them in the parlor grate, and sought my couch for repose.

I dozed—slept—it seemed about one minute seventeen and a half seconds—when my wife stood over me pale as a ghost, holding a paper toward me—was I dreaming—no—I rubbed my drowsy eyes open—looked again—she spoke in a scared, tremulous voice:

"What, for mercy's sake, does this mean, my husband?"

I reached forth my hand and took the paper. Here it is—it was saved:

"BUNKUMVILLE, HOLY SABBATH, April 5, 1868.

"MY DEAR BEREAVED SISTER:

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Look to Him in this your great affliction. He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. Although the departed hath strayed; notwithstanding he hath hardened his heart and banished from his presence the persons and counsels of the wise unto salvation, I will come unto thee, poor bereaved and sorrow-stricken soul, and commune in regard to the customary religious services and other rites due to a final and Christian disposal of his mortal remains. I will call after tea.

"Yours in Christ,

"G. F. BONHAM, D. D."

I don't like to abuse the Lord's name in this way.

[A.—“If you publish Bonham's note to your supposed widow to show his sanctimonious phraseology as the ‘livery of Heaven stolen to serve the devil in,’ then its all right.”

“That is exactly what I do mean. In explaining this note to my wife, I had to tell her of the badge of mourning I had so unthoughtedly stuck in front of the house; but I was at a dead loss to conceive how Bonham had so soon acquired this, to him, certain knowledge of my death. I was not surprised, after he got the flimsiest shadow of a rumor, at his taking it for granted that I was dead, and acting, as usual, promptly and vigorously on the fact; but how he got the faintest murmur of a rumor, was astonishing. The only way I could account for 'it, was a belief then, which subsequent observation has confirmed, that all persons of his ilk, are ever on the watch for something bad of their neighbors, and have a secret signal method of communication that beats the electric telegraph for swiftness. I only told my wife as to how the note came. I thought that was enough at one time; I reserved the “driving out of persons and counsels of the wise unto salvation,” for the next day. She went to see about supper. It was drawing close to night. I was happy in the thought that I might, possibly, get to sleep a few minutes during the twelve hours of darkness. I was so completely exhausted that I must have slept a real good snooze of thirty-seven or eight seconds, when I was aroused with the pleasant information that the undertaker had arrived.

Haines? Yes, he was the democratic undertaker: his claims, at least to audience, could not be safely ig-

nored. Besides, as the dead animal contractor of the party, he was 'round lookin' up his carcasses. My wife had told him on the threshold that it was a disagreeable(?) mistake; there was nobody dead in the house or family. She couldn't mislead *him*. He insisted on seeing for himself; and with that detective shrewdness that belongs to the wily politician, he forced an interview with the supposed corpse, to arrange the political wires so that I could do no postmortem electioneering with, nor bestow any posthumous patronage on the opposition undertaker.

Here was a serious dilemma. I knew I should lose his vote for thus deceiving him in not dying, and I couldn't see the good of the vote if I hadn't disappointed him.

I guess other politicians have been similarly situated. I know many voters want you to do, what you would die before you would do, to get their votes. The best I could do, was to encourage him with the hope of future emoluments. I assured him, if I were actually dead, I couldn't forget his claims on the party, and would certainly secure his services for a sound democratic funeral. I entreated him not to be discouraged at this temporary check: that some other applicant's loss, might be his gain, for if I couldn't do anything for him then, I should probably die, trying to do for hundreds of others, hereafter, and then he could come in. Further, I would speak, anyhow for his services on the day following the election, to superintend my political obsequies.

He was not in the humor to joke. He walked away with the trained professional dead march step, saying, he didn't like to *undertake* that kind of a job.

It was dusk. I took a cup of coffee to quiet my aching head. Seated myself in a rocking chair, in the sitting-room: wondered why the democratic coroner and his democratic jury hadn't called to hold inquest; thought he'd better hurry or there would not be enough of the cadaver left to afford a basis for investigation. I supposed the sheriff might have strained a point and served some writs on me. No democratic commission of lunacy, and such an unprecedented interval of rest: nearly five long minutes. I began to get uneasy; something must have happened to two or three hundred of my democratic friends—hark!—there was the rattle of the bell-wire.

It was Mr. Honore called to learn if there was anybody dead in the family. He lectured me on practical joking; I explained; told him I would run for the office, dead or alive. He admired my pluck, and soon left, like a sensible man. My headache was excruciating; I asked my wife to bathe it with cold water. She placed, barber fashion around my neck, a piece of white goods, to save my clothing from wetting. While she was pumping the water, somebody impatiently rattled the bell-wire. Without the lamp, I hastily answered the call; not thinking of, nor caring for my shroud-like vesture. Jerking open the door, I confronted—no I didn't—he tumbled backwards off the stoop, with a horrified cry, "Lord save me, sa-ve-me," and rolling over and over till he reached the gate, sprang over it, and ran for life down street. Who was he? I returned; my wife was waiting, and reproved me for going to the door in such a ghostly garb.

"Who was it?" she asked.

"I don't know; he was in too great a hurry to tell. It was somebody that took me for a ghost, certain."

"I shouldn't wonder if it was Brother Bonham; he said he'd call after tea, and arrange for your funeral," said Mrs. Smith, with a tinge of humor.

"Now I recollect, it certainly was the brother; 'twas his voice, dress, and figure. Well, he kept his word; he called. Wasn't that the wire again?"

"No, I hear nothing," she replied.

After my head bath, I felt much better. Slept in the chair several minutes. I was aroused to consciousness this time by the repeated screams of a strange female voice. I started up in my chair; my wife was cowering near me, when in rushed Miss Slygroove, the old maid of the neighborhood, who had a "talent" for funerals, (but she never would go to weddings;) screeching, I called that:

"Murder! Fire! Ghosts! Robbers! Save me!" at every frantic bound. Rushing into our startled presence, with hair stream—. No! she had been scalped! sure. I never saw her before without a heavy suit of hair; but now her bare poll gleamed with the sheen of a peeled onion.

"Why, Miss Slygroove, what's the matter?" asked my wife.

"Oh! oh! That dreadful wretch; he tried to kill me. I just escaped him by losing my bonnet—" reaching up, to adjust her hair, finding it gone, she fainted dead away. I applied restoratives, but she pushed me savagely away. My wife sent me away, till there was an improvised coiffure. When her nerves quieted down I had to see her home, a few rods away. As the assassin, who had captured all the head-

gear, was supposed to be prowling near, we went by the back door, the way she came. My wife lighted us. When near the gate, I saw a mass on the walk about the size of a Newfoundland dog; 'twas the lost baggage; and, stooping to pick it up, we both tripped and fell. She yelled "murder!" and floundered around like a decapitated chicken, while I should have run if my wife hadn't been there with the light. All was made right. The despoiler of Miss Slygroove was that same bell-wire. That crushed-horn visitor had returned at night, jerked the bell-pull, fell over backwards down the stoop, and revengefully tied the knob end to the trunk of an evergreen, just high enough to snatch a person bald.

Tired? Let me say, I didn't hear another word of my death during the canvass.

A.—We'll rest till to-morrow night.

NIGHT VIII.

MONDAY MORNING.

I had tried Mr. Flannagan's "rah bafestik" to my "badly thrated naws," and the neighboring implicated parts, with good result. I presented a passable appearance the next morning. I felt much improved in body and spirit; had been interviewed only three times before breakfast, and acquitted myself in a more conciliatory manner than on the preceding day. My wife was sorely distressed when I told her of the disagreeable interviews with Mr. Coldman and the minister. She was filled with awful forebodings of the direful effects of Mr. Bonham's wrathful influence. I tried to explain to her that I had been forced, much against my will, to speak harshly, because the preacher had taken, or rather mistaken as the inherent right of a clergyman, the privilege of insulting me in my own house. It was no use; she, like most people, the women especially, sided with the preacher on that foolish, and often injurious assumption, that he can do no wrong. The same dogma was forced, by kingcraft, in the dark ages, on ignorant and oppressed subjects. I seems to have been transferred to the clergy. However, the laymen of the later ecclesiastical, like the subjects of the former imperial custodians of this absurd prerogative, have learned, long before this time, that

the royal purple nor the sanctified surplice are always proof against the allurements of sin.

A.—“Don’t begin a chapter with that mammoth moral augur.”

I will not. Let’s see. Only three interviews before breakfast. I felt lonely—deserted. Mrs. Smith was not communicative. We had, formally, and in gloomy silence, sat down to breakfast. So far as I was concerned I felt a strong inclination to be social; would have ventured a remark or two, but Mrs. Smith’s aspect was too forbidding. I saw directly my wife wanted me to say something; then I wouldn’t. How pettishly mean, yes, even to himself astonishingly mean, a man can act under such circumstances.

Hark! there was a knock at the door; I missed sorely, the rattle of the old bell-wire. I went in a hurry to the door, where a smart boy, I knew to be in the employ of Mr. Honore, handed me this document. Here it is; I saved it with all other original communications, as per his advice:

BUNKUMVILLE REPUBLICAN—EXTRA.

HONEST JOHNNY BACKS DOWN!

FLEES FROM THE WRATH TO COME!!

*Fell into the hands of the Phillistines Saturday
Night.—Not enough of him left to Run!
Requiescat in Pace!*

“We learn from undoubted democratic authority that the *hon.* (?) Dr. John Smith has declined to run. From authentic reports of Saturday night’s, and, *horribile dictu*, Sunday morning’s revelations, we are not sur-

prised at this timely withdrawal of the *Honorable J. S.*; *Verb, sat, sap.*"

"LATER.—Has the hon. j. s. been to see the sick (?) man? !!!"

This miserable, dirty, lying emanation from what I had, hitherto, considered a fair-dealing adversary, was endorsed with pencil, in the bold, honest hand of my friend Honore:

"Friend John, did you authorize any one to publish your withdrawal? Answer forthwith per bearer.

HONORE."

I hastily re-endorsed—

"No! It's an enemy's lie. J. S."

The messenger had got as far as the gate, when I heard a loud cry on the sidewalk. Partly re-opening the door, I looked out, and there went the identical printer's devil whom I had suspected of purloining the Gay note, with his arms full of extras, bellowing at the top of his voice:

"Ere's Pudkin Extra; all 'bont 'scraceful rite, vi'llation Sabbar an' 'ithdrawal of J. S. Squire—'Ere's yer extra nummer two—Bribery 'n Kruption!"

He yelled louder in front of my house than anywhere else; saw me peering through the interspace of the door and casing at him; placed his thumb to his nose and twirled his fingers at me, the little abandoned reprobate; and throwing a batch of the wretched extras over into my front yard, went on yelling, his voice growing fainter and fainter, till it died away in the distance. My ear had caught the words, "bribery and corruption." What could it mean? There was nothing of the sort in the extra I had seen. Could this be another? Yes, I had heard the words, "number two."

Then they had published, this early, two of these villainous things! I must see number two; guessed it to be with the batch the boy threw over the fence. I hadn't finished breakfast, was not dressed, save slippers, flaming dressing gown, and bare-headed; it was early though; yet I looked up street and down street with an impulse very like that which prompted Moses, when he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand, to look this way and that, to see if any man came; I rushed down the stoop, into the yard; seized half a dozen of the contemptible things; and hastily retreated into the house, with the conflicting feelings of a man who had just risked his life, to preserve his death warrant from destruction.

Here's the identical paper I saved, of the several I captured in that sortie.

REPUBLICAN EXTRA, NO. 2.

HOW IS THIS?!

WHY IS IT THUSLY?!!

LET HONEST JOHN RISE AND EXPLAIN!!!

'DO, JOHNNY BOOKER, DO!'

HELP DIS NIGGER FUR TO SEE FRU DIS.

After striking off our first Campaign Extra this a. m., the following very confidential communication was handed to us by one of our most reliable press reporters. Comment is unnecessary:

Sunday, April 4th, 1868.

HON. JOHN SMITH.

Sir: I take the liberty to state to you that if you wish to be elected, you could do no better than secure my services. All

the boys will tell you I am very influential. Please send me that \$5, five dollars and

Oblige Resp'ly.

P. S. I am an applicant for the office of Street Inspector, which, of course, you cannot overlook.

We withhold signature, as it is one of our prominent citizens.—ED.”

It struck me that I had read something like this before. Could it be possible that this was the Gay note so respectfully dressed that I could not, at first, recognize it? No, thought I, for the editor stated it was handed to him by a reliable press reporter. Was it the devil clothed in the garb of a reliable press reporter for a sinister purpose? Why withhold the signature? Was this done to conciliate the dishonest scamp Gay, and leave the slander, to attach promiscuously, or specially, to anyone, or all of my political friends? Any way, it was not agreeable to be misrepresented in this aggravating manner. I began to get in a bad humor. I stepped into the parlor, in a quandary as to what course to pursue; holding the batch of extras in one hand, and performing the ordinary scratch of perplexity on my head with the other—a rustle: enter Mrs. Smith. I was frightened when I saw her expression. What was it, there was no dreadful telegram announcing the death of her mother—all her relations—may be the last hatched brood of spring chickens had met disaster—or some sacrilegious foot had trampled the tulip bed, all equally dreadful. I was not kept long in suspense. She had profited by the extra efforts of the devil in front of our house, and making a sortie from the rear, had captured the remainder of the ex-

tras. She had read Nos. one and two, and, woman like, concluded all the rest were different, and worse.

"Disgraced! Yes, that's the word, Mr. Smith." She began in a measured tragic tone. "Disgraced! And all for this everlasting nomination. To think you would stoop so low as to bargain and intrigue with a set of corrupt men, all for a few votes. Worse than all," here her voice became tearful, "that drunken brawl you were engaged in Saturday night, is published all over the United States by this time. I knew it would be so, and any sensible man ought to know, that those 'forty thieves,' that brought you home as they did, would blow you to the four winds by this time."

"My dear, you are too sweeping in your denunciation of my friends; they are not all thieves. You are ex—"

"Friends! Friends! Too sweeping!" she continued, hotly indignant. "If I had a besom of destruction, I would want to sweep them where you would never find them again. They are worse than thieves. They betrayed you into drunkenness, riot and all sorts of meanness, and if you want to excuse them, you can do it, I wont. 'Birds of a feather.'"

"My wife," said I, "this has simply been an unfortunate occurrence, magnified by evil minded persons, to injure me in this election. I can make great allowance for your eagerness in defense of your husband's good name, but just now, your zeal is in advance of your discretion. Please quiet yourself; it will all come right in time."

"Don't tell me it will ever all be right. You know

when a man or woman is once slandered, innocent or not, they never get over it"—she truthfully answered.

It began to creep through my dull brain that I had relied too much on my previous good name to carry me through this ordeal. Fact is, I never dreamed that such gross, such slanderous misrepresentations, could be raised out of such trivial matters. I was feeling serious about the turn affairs were taking, and hoped the worst was over, when I was startled by a resounding knock on the hall door. I went quickly to answer the summons, and ushered in Herr Frederick William Ophcleide, of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, with his mammoth meerschaum in full blast, resembling the smoke-stack of a forty-ton freight locomotive under full headway. Following closely behind, was an attenuated Teuton, wearing the unmistakable green cap, with front-piece ample enough for a cow-shed, underneath which awning was a huge pair of green goggles, showing like the eyes in a diver's suit; the goggles resting oppressively on a nose that was purple from indignation, or something else; said nose, in its turn, well supported by a massive yellow mustache; which latter, for length, breadth and thickness, was a marvel of hirsute exuberance. It might aptly be called a predominant, domineering, or overwhelming mustache; for it monopolized, completely overshadowed the mouth and chin below, concealed the cheeks by its defiant flank extensions, and lifted the nose, even with the superimposed weight of the goggles, to an angle of forty-five degrees. From pressure, above and below, the nose had lost in longitude, but gained proportionately in latitude, till the nostrils were broad and vertical; in short, that nose was turned up; not, perhaps, at

the odorous suggestions of lager, tobacco, krout, onions, nor Limberger, that played hide-and-seek in the fastnesses of that mustache; but from the obvious fact, that it had not strength enough "to come down on" that formidable mustache.

"Goot morgan, Meester Herr Smidt, goot morgan," blandly began Herr Ophcleide. "I prings mein freund—fren you sagen all der zeit—das vas time auf Englische. Er mit kommen, oder dat vas coomed mit mir. Dis est Herr Owgoost Freederick Wilhelm Trombone, von Noo Yok Seety, nicht mehr oder more lang als zwei—you say two tree wochen—week so!—huh! so! Sie sehen das vas you sees—er ist vun vom der besten moosisherns, you nennen—call heem als never vas, all der dime, so! huh! so!"

I discovered from the attitudes and gestures, Mr. Ophcleide was introducing Mr. Trombone, who stepped forward, extending his left hand rather straight from the shoulder, which I was on the point of shaking, when I discovered my mistake. He had only reached for the margin of that front-piece to his cap, which securing, he then formally extended his right hand, remarking—

"I am verra happy for make yure frenship, Meester Smidt."

I was wide awake to the necessity of doing something; I wanted to get out in town; wanted to see and talk to the people; but, bless your soul, just at this time I didn't want to see Mr. Ophcleide. I was curious, though, to know what brought him. I soon learned, through his interpreter, Mr. Trombone. When seated, I asked what I could do; told them I

was in a great hurry, and would like to serve them as soon as possible.

Mr. Ophcleide, seated on the same protesting sofa, had, with a few whiffs at his volcanic pipe, gotten up a fair representation of a London fog—except the smell. He didn't seem at all in a hurry; on the contrary, looked as though he had taken his seat for the day. With a dignified wave of the hand to Mr. Trombone, he said:

“Sie sprechen Englische besser als Ich; you dalks mit Herr Schmidt 'bout der gondragdt.”

“Meester Smidt, I vas poor moosisheen, and haf too make mine life, so long as I live, mit moosik. You tells Herr Ophcleide, you say so, go py der peer carten and blay goot moosik mit der prass pan, for make my election.” Here Mr. Trombone paused a moment, then resuming—“Das vas Soonday, and ve blay all der time plenty good moosik, and you say to Meester Ophcleide dat he comes dees mornin' for hees pay, de money—and we comes.”

“There must be some mistake, gentlemen. I didn't make any arrangement or contract with Mr. Ophcleide to furnish music at the beer garden, I replied, rather astonished.”

At this Mr. Ophcleide, straightening up with a surprised expression, and removing his pipe from his mouth, rather exclaimed:

“So! Huh! So! Herr Schmidt, sie sagen oder you auf de Englische, say you sie machts nicht der gondragt?”

And in a raised tone he continued—

“I makes—kein vas sie nennen—call heem arrange-

ments, aber ein gondragdt; vat you spachen mir—oder vas you sait py mir—ven I say shoost so pout Shones—he vas no goot—no py moosic—und Ich—oder I shoost coomed py Herr Schmidt, und vat vas dot vas you say oder sagen—py mir py tam? Sie oder you say *Yah!* Das vas all der zeit—der time vas sie sprechen mit mir, sait to, vas you nennen heem, unt I say dat you vas von goot, von fell von a heller, und Shones vas Spitzboobie—unt den sie, oder you shoost als von leetle man, vat vas das you say—py tam—you schust say YAH all der dime, unt dies zeit—dies time you schust say *nein*; vas you call dot?”

Mr. Ophcleide's voice was loud enough in its softest tones for a stump speaker in a riot, but at the conclusion of this lucid explanation of the “kondraght, that I never dreamed of making, it was in volume and tone equal to a sea captain's trumpet in a storm.

“Mr. Smidt, you vill no sheet der poor moosisheen?”

And Mr. Trombone gave me a piteous look and wiped the moisture from—one eye of his goggles—while each emphatic, vindictive whiff Mr. Ophcleide gave his huge pipe, popped like a champagne cork. I saw the latter gentleman was preparing to fire another volley, with increased energy; saw the painful though desperate effort he was making to “wreak his thoughts upon expression,” and taking advantage of the lull, told them, with the last particle of good humored patience that I could squeeze out of my better nature, that there was some mistake, some misunderstanding. That I wished, any how, to postpone the settlement of the matter to some other time and place; for I could hear my wife walking uneasily in the hall. Rising from my seat I told Mr. Ophcleide I would see him at

my office at ten o'clock, where I would give him full satisfaction. This last word was unfortunate, because Mr. Ophcleide, according to the common American acceptation of the word, took it that I had challenged him to mortal combat. This I inferred from his concluding remarks, and got confirmation afterwards:

"Meester Johannes Schmidt,"—the Herr was now ready to go—"you das vas sie-macht slagdt—oder fite mit mir, den Ich fite nicht mit der tam pistolen aber ein goot—vas sie nennen swort, I sees you all der dime, unt I schust pet, py tam, Ich vill make you gone so det als you never vas pefore. I sehe, oder sees dot marshall, und der shudge, mit der law, py ihnen, oder you, und den you bays der gondragdt py ter prass pan, und Ich denke—thinks ein man vat vas nicht der gondragdt bay, vas nicht so goot als er never vas. So! huh! so! Coom, Herr Tromboorn, nichts cum daraus von Herr Schmidt. Hon-o-rable—Pfui! Pfui!"

I did not understand all Mr. Ophcleide said. I did comprehend his going, and was glad. I opened the parlor windows wide this time; sat down a moment in the murky gloom, and felt like I was unfortunate.

"Hello! Doctor!"

Looking through the dense clouds of tobacco smoke, in the direction of the voice, I indistinctly saw the face of a neighbor, with a frightened expression, peering in one of the open windows. "Come in, Charley. What's the matter?" He coughed and sneezed, and answered—

"Oh, no! Hav-havn't time. Saw the smoke rolling out the windows, and (cough) ahem, and thought (atchee) the house was on fire, (atchee-oo) it's tobacco smoke, ain't it?"

"Yes, a highly concentrated, a condensed article, most too solid for smoke."

"Ha! ha! ha! It does strike one so. Arn't you afraid a slight change in the temperature will precipitate a shower of—ambier?" quizzed Charley.

"Yes, and lager beer, too."

"I heard this morning you had declined to run; is it so?"

"No; though I feel like running anywhere to escape the canvass. Come in, and cheer me up," I said, willing to sacrifice the remainder of my breakfast to chat a few moments with as lively a companion as Charley.

"Havn't time; must go. Just in time; here comes a messenger to the front. Good morning;" and the light-hearted Charley was gone.

I answered the knock; was handed, by a neatly dressed boy, a neatly addressed envelope, evidently from a lady. The boy remarked that I could answer through the P. O. or in person, and went his way. The note I found in the envelope, ran thus:

"BUNKUMVILLE, April 6th, 1868.

DR. J. SMITH:

"I have always regarded you as a high-minded, honorable and generous man; one who would scorn a mean act. Holding still this opinion of you, I await an explanation to determine whether or not I have hitherto been correct in my favorable estimate of your character. The explanation will be a satisfactory answer to the question: Did you circulate a report, or assert that I sent you yesterday, Sunday, a note soliciting a teacher's position in the city Free School? I am sorely distressed at the idea that I should be so injuriously misrepresented by *some one*; and my anxiety to rectify this mistake must be my excuse for thus addressing you.

Truly your friend,

FANNIE GAY."

A.—“John, a genuine lady wrote that note.”

“You are altogether correct. She was truly a lady, but being poor, was the legitimate prey of ignorant, tattling shoddyists.”

A.—“Didn’t you defend her against their attacks?”

“To the fullest extent of all that was virtuous and noble within me, vigorously exerted, I did.”

A.—“Well said; better done. Go on.”

“Flees the wrath to come!” *vide* Rep. Extra No. 1. Suggestive; isn’t it? I could scarcely bear, so far, the complicate net of aggravating, exaggerated misrepresentations that my male friends (?) had woven around me; but I thought if the women were going to organize a crusade on me, thus trammelled, it would be wise to act on the hint, though malicious, of Extra No. 1, and verily “Flee the wrath to come.” Who could, or would have told that good, innocent girl such a story? Could it have been the ragmuffin of a boy, who brought the Gay note, and because I didn’t “cend 5\$ dullers” walked surlily away muttering, “I’ll jis bet noodles pap’ll wax ’im out’n his boots”? Could it have come to her ears, indirectly, through the devious ingenuity of the deviltry of the parties into whose hands the purloined note had fallen? You see by this time, I had come to the correct conclusion, that the “Bribery and Corruption” note published in Extra No. 2, and the missing Gay note, were the same; except the latter had been dressed into the respectability of the former, to reap the benefit of good appearances; thus creating the impression, that any one, male or female, of my political friends, might have written the note. Now, there was nothing so far as the girl was concerned, but the simple fact that her name was Gay,

but she belonged to a different family, not at all related to that of the writer of that note. This sameness of name was all that was wanted by that same devious ingenuity of deviltry, to convey the preposterous idea that the girl wrote such a note.

A.—“Oh John, that’s hardly possible.”

Under ordinary circumstances, I think so too; but in a political campaign, nothing is easier than a strained effort of scoundrelism, to hatch out entirely improbable inferences. These questions or reflections passed quicker through my mind than I have been recounting them. I was getting my eyes open. The fact that my wife had mistaken the source and purport of the note, recurred. Could she have said any thing? No! No! I was confident she hadn’t. She did not gossip. Even if she did, she had had no chance, because she had not been out of the yard, nor had any of her lady friends been in the house since the reception of the note, and—

“Ere’s yer Bunk’vill Dem’crat Extra—all ’bout lies an’ sich on Hon’ble John Smith!”

What could this mean?” It fell on my ears like the music of an old forgotten favorite song. Was anybody going to say a word in favor of John Smith?—vindicate his honor? I fairly rushed to the door to drink, greedily in, the sound of the glad tidings; beckoned excitedly to the boy; remarked agitatedly, here’s a quarter; felt hurriedly in my pockets, and didn’t find a cent; seized an Extra frantically; glanced eagerly over the heading; while the boy glanced quizzically at my heading with a dubious grin that said plainly enough, ‘doubt about ’em bein’ lies;’ hesitated for his quarter, and then—went on—without hallooing, in my hearing, an-

other whoop, "All 'bout the lies an' sich on Hon'ble John Smith."

I stepped nimbly into the parlor and read, with more satisfaction than I had felt for—could it be only ¹/₃ thirty hours—it seemed like a year's imprisonment, the Extra Democrat.

Following Mr. Honore's advice, I have lumbered up an entire room with what people call unimportant papers. Here's that cheering Extra; you may be sure I preserved it:

"BUNKUMVILLE DEMOCRAT EXTRA.

JOHN SMITH DOES NOT DECLINE!

HE IS AN HONEST MAN AND MUST BE ELECTED!

Mr. Editor: My attention has been called to an Extra from the office of the opposite party, stating, on assumed reliable Democratic authority, that John Smith has declined to make the race for Mayor; also sundry intimations that the candidate had better "Flee the wrath to come." Further, by way of P. S., and to set inventive malice to work, it asks the question, "Has J. S. been to see the sick man yet?" In answer to the first statement, that Mr. Smith has declined, I will say, it is wholly untrue, as I have his own statement in writing to the contrary. The sick man must make a prompt and *honest* recovery, or get decidedly worse, of another affliction, after the election.

Yrs. Honorably,
EARNEST HONORE."

The Lord bless such a man! I was boyishly happy; with the thankfulness of an innocent victim who had been rescued from a murderous mob. I bore this Extra triumphantly to my wife; who, by the rapid accumulation of horrors, had been crushed into a taciturn

gloom that had the effect of a funeral in the house. She read it and looked some brighter. I told her, for I felt elated, lifted up, "as it were," from "the valley of humiliation"—that I must dress and go to the office; it was near nine o'clock. With her aid (for the woman was much encouraged, and occasionally repeated the head line of the extra, "John Smith is an honest man,") I made a much better appearance than could be expected under the circumstances. All ready, I started to sally forth; when recollecting the note from Miss Gay, and desiring to disabuse my wife's mind, and add to her improved feelings, and, I must admit, to reinstate John Smith from his fallen estate in her confidence, I took the note from my pocket, and handing it to her, simply asked her, if she could account for such a communication? Quick as a flash the placid smile left her face, and was followed by a look of distress.

"Why, my dear, that is proof conclusive she did not write the lost note you construed so erroneously. It was the same note you read in that outrageous Extra No. 2, so respectably dressed that the author himself would not recognize it, even if his signature had been appended, which was not done, to leave the injurious inference that any of my friends might have written it, and to conciliate the scamp, John Gay. He it was who wrote it. Now, do you think, comparing the two notes, that the same person wrote them? Of course not."

"No—I—don't," she answered meditatively, and resuming in an animated tone, "I'll bet my life that long-tongued woman has told every word —"

"What long-tongued woman?" I interrupted; "you haven't been out gossiping?"

"Gossiping? No, sir, I don't gossip," she spiritedly answered, "you know I haven't set my foot out of this house since you got that everlasting nomination."

"But how is it? What long-tongued woman?" and she hesitating, I continued, "I don't think you've been out of the yard, and if you had been all over town I should not think you would divulge your erroneous suspicions of your own husband's shortcomings."

Here she seemed vexed to tears. Her confidence had been betrayed.

A.—"Unusual occurrence, ain't it, John?"

"Not very 'frequently.' My wife told me she was in the garden late the preceding afternoon, when one of our neighbors, of the rat-eyed, sharp-nosed species, called her to the fence, asked about so many men coming to our house, Sunday, too; were they sick? she wanted to seem innocent like. She talked some time, and said in a joke (?) that if she was Mr. Smith she'd be jealous; and I, said my wife, foolishly, but also in a joke, told her I thought I ought to be jealous, as the ladies had already began to write to you. Then she wormed out of me all I knew about the matter, and said, almost going into conniptions, that she never, never saw the beat of the impudence of some girls. Then she said the same Miss Gay had run her shoe-heels off after Mr. Watson, when he was mayor, so Mrs. W. had told her. "And to think," my wife concluded, "that the mean thing told me she'd take a Bible oath that she'd never, never breathe a syllable of it to any living soul, and now I'll risk my life she's told it all over Bunkumville."

"Undoubtedly," I gravely replied, "and ten times more a hundred fold worse. Cheer up, though; I must go, but hereafter when you wish to publish any hint, surmise, or direct statement, that you do not want more than half-believed, and that you do not want to grow into proportions that will astonish you, please write it out and send it to the papers. Then you have it somewhat under control; but on the other hand, if you wish, on the smallest possible investment, to reap the largest possible results, good or bad, then the gentlest whisper in the ear of such a woman, under the injunction of inviolate secrecy, will bring you in return a tornado of slander." With these remarks I left Mrs. Smith, and went up town.

A.—"This is already too long—let's close till to-morrow night."

"Good."

NIGHT IX.

YE CANDIDATE MEETS A WARM RECEPTION.

On my way down town I met Mr. J. Gay coming, he said, to see me. I was not personally acquainted with him.

“Good mornin’, Mr. Smith; I was thinkin’ of going to see you, an’—”

I interposed a salutation, and remarked that I believed his name was Gay—when he resumed—

“Yes, sir, that’s my name, an’ I think you havn’t done the clean thing by me, Mr. Smith, if you air a big man, so I do, and all the boys says so—an’—”

“What do you mean, sir,” I interrupted, bristling up to him with a pugilistic determination; for I was mad, and such fellows take license from toleration, and grow terribly abusive, unless promptly checked. He eyed me a moment, taking my measure, (six feet two) then modifying his tone and mien, continued—

“Yer oughn’t ter give me away to the newspapers, like you did, jist because I’m a poor man, as works hard fer an honest livin’. I was goin’ to do a good part by you, as all the boys will tell yer; an’ if yer wouldn’t let a poor man, as works fer a livin’, have jist the little mite o’ five dullers, you oughter kep mum ’bout the note.”

"Mr. Gay," I answered, "you seem to take a straightforward, business view of this affair. You have been educated to this, and I presume it has been customary at every election. Therefore, I don't blame you so much, but your preceptors more. I will, for your satisfaction, tell you, first, that I did not give you away to the papers. Your note was stolen, or picked up in my house by a boy, and designing persons published it to injure me and my friends. Your name is not on the printed note. Secondly, I'll tell you what you have been educated to disregard: that it is morally wrong to pay money for such purposes."

"All the other cand'ates done it, an' nobody know'd anything 'bout it, an' they got 'lected," was his stolid reply.

"Well, Mr. Gay, if I can't get the votes of my political friends without paying for them, let them sell out to some other man, I don't want them. I'm in a hurry. Good morning," and I left abruptly.

I knew he wished to compromisingly terminate the interview; I could well imagine his comments on my unheard of conduct. I must say, I did pity him some. He was only one of the thousands of the present day, doing his duty in the way he was brought up; carrying out, faithfully, his part in the spoliation of candidates; and I must be excused if I did think it was hard then, and I think it would be harder now, to so cruelly withhold the wages of a "poor man who makes his livin' by honest work."

"Ere's yer Ex. Mon. Pudkin, Num'r 3—all 'bout legal squalifications of Hon'ble J. S. 'Ticlars Pendin' Jewel, an' etseteray an' s'forth."

Yes, there he went, that same ubiquitous little devil,

that I began to dread as much as sinners fear the orthodox Beelzebub. He was passing ahead on a crossing street; yelled louder when he saw me, and stooping down, he defiantly placed one of the Extras exactly in my path; then carefully putting a pebble on it, he raised; went through the same manouvre of placing his thumb on his nose and twirling his fingers at me; quickly darting off down the street, whooping like a Sioux Indian, at every jump. Oh, I felt like boxing his ears then. Now, that kind of conduct from the boys is praiseworthy. I suppose I would now, according to custom, give him a quarter, and double the money if he would go and do the same thing to my political opponent. The Extra you want? Here it is:

“REPUBLICAN EXTRA, NO. 3.

HONEST JOHNNY GETS BLOODTHIRSTY!

AND PAYS (?) HIS BILLS WITH CODE DUELLO!

We published this a. m., in first edition, what we believed from reliable authority, that John Smith had declined to run. That has since been denied. We scorn to misrepresent the facts. The contents of No. 2 may have injured J. S. We don't like to hurt pious men; but how about poor, honest laborers approached by Johnny with a cool five dollar bill, and a cooler proposition of bribery and corruption! All this may be what Johnny's champion calls misrepresentation; but how about the following affidavit?

STATE OF ILLINOIS.)

MULCTALLIN COUNTY.)

Personally appeared before me,
at my office in the city of Bunkumville, County and State afore-
said, Frederick William Ophcleide and August Frederick Wil-

liam Trombone, residents of County and State aforesaid, who being duly qualified, depose and say, that one John Smith did, this day, April 6th, A. D. 1868, at his residence on south Broad street, in said city, challenge to mortal combat the said Frederick William Ophcleide. Further, the deponents say, that the said John Smith did then and there fix and name the time and place wherein and whereat the satisfaction, according to the code duello, should be rendered, to-wit: at the office of said J. Smith, at the hour of 10 a. m. this day.

Signed,

FRITZ WILLHELM OPHICLEIDE, [L. S.]

AUGUST FRITZ WILLHELM TROMBONE. [L. S.]

Sworn to and subscribed before the undersigned, V. Mean, acting Justice of the Peace, for and in the County and State aforesaid, at his office in the city of Bunkumville, this 6th day of April, A. D. 1868.

Signed,

V. MEAN,

Justice of the Peace.

If Johnny hasn't withdrawn, we would state to our numerous friends to let him alone. We learn that Herr Ophcleide was a sword master in the Prussian army for several years; and in the settlement of this bill for music furnished on Mr. Smith's account at the beer garden, yesterday, Sunday! Mr. Ophcleide has the choice of weapons. So let Johnny alone. He's going to run first for the coroner or undertaker. If his defunct party wish to run the corpse, all right; it will make as good an officer as their average officials.—ED."

When I read this, I was madder; especially at the editor's remarks. I shuddered at their cold-blooded repulsiveness. Was it possible that any newspaper man would lower himself so much as to publish such a thing, without knowing any more than he could get out of that blundering fool, Ophcleide? I could un-

derstand that Mr. O. would likely tell a few friends that I had made a "gondragdt" for the services of the band, and refused to pay; I could also comprehend, that in his anger, after I had told him I did not agree to pay him any thing, it was extremely probable that he would go straight to his particular friends, and tell them that I had challenged him to fight a duel; he having taken the ordinary acceptation of giving satisfaction in this country, as meaning to fight, and nothing else. However, with all this, I had every reason to suppose that somebody would disabuse the mind of the unfortunately mistaken German. Yet, to think then, to know even now, that there were then, and there are now many people mean enough to take advantage of his misapprehension, and to seriously, injuriously encourage, or to dupe him, to further their political ends, was then, and is now, aggravating to contemplate.

I hurried on to my office, with feelings near akin to those ascribed to me in Extra No. 3, to-wit: "Blood-thirsty." There was quite a crowd around, and near my office door. It seemed to be mainly composed of Germans; talking excitedly among themselves. I could hear "Herr Ofklite and Herr Schmidt" frequently mentioned, but could not understand any other words they used. You know how a crowd of excited Germans can talk. A few paces from the office I was met by Mr. Flannagan, with his shillalah, and a look that meant business.

"Tap 'o the moreening, yer haner, an' I waited fur yez this lang toime, thinkin' mebbe it was not hiltly fur yez, all alone, by yersilf, to happen into thit mah o' blatherin krout aters, at all, at all," said Pat.

"Wy, Mr. Flannagan, what do they want? What's the matter?"

"Och, an' bliss the sowl av yer haner, the virra ould Nack is ter play iver sin yez chillinged that bare-swilin, horrun-tootin' bag o' wind, Affcleed. Its mesilf as galories in yer spoonk, an' barrin the differince twixt yer haner an' a plain Irish laddie loike mesilf, I'd give ivera toime a twelve months' airnings intirely that yer haner would bay so condescindin' as to allow Pathe-rick Flinnigan to tak the foight aff'n yez hands; thin if it bay so thit yer haner can't do so much, to let me stind as yer sickond, an' if it ba so yez can't do me so ghrate a favor, thin let me stan' as yez thoord; if so be there's inny sich—inny ways, put Mr. Flinnigan where he can taich thim bloody musicianers how this silf-same instrhument is played"—and Mr. Flannagan brandished his shellalah scientifically.

I saw the situation at a glance. From the boisterous language and excited gesticulations of the crowd, I was aware that there was not only combustible, but very explosive material there; while the eager, absolutely "spilin' for a muss" look and tone of Mr. Flannagan satisfied me he was the spark or *percussion* fuse that would cause a lively detonation. I adopted an evasive policy; although, as I said before, I was mad enough to fight, yet there was not one in that misled crowd that I ought to attack; and more, I reflected, that it was unwise for men to fight on a misunderstanding that both could explain. I told Mr. Flannagan there was a mistake, that I had not challenged Mr. Ophcleide. I saw his countenance fall, when he replied—

"Och, an' its not yer haner az'll ba afther showin' ther white fither, at all, at all? Pr'aps yer haner, an' its mesilf thit's niver a bit blamin' ov yez, thit thinks yez above sic terrash; an' if so it ba the same, jist yer accomodat Misther Flinnigin by spakin the worud, and its the silf-same lad that'll lick clane ther whole plather in a jiffy."

And Mr. Flannagan flourished his shillalah, and glanced at the crowd, with the self-confident air and eye of a boss contractor taking in the scope of the job.

"An' sure yer haner'll niver ba, afther taking away all me roights," pleaded Pat. "Ye'll jist plaze to tip me the worud, thit I moight tap aff the hid aff thit pat-billied Affleed? inny ways, al the toime."

This reduction in the demand for the worud from the "claning o' the whole platter," to the tapping the "hid aff'n" only one, Pat considered an appeal for his last "roight." It appeared cruel to divest Mr. Flannagan of his last roight, yet I firmly told him I could not give the "worud." Fearing he could not be restrained much longer, that his present proximity to that turbulent crowd was extra hazardous, also that a nearer approach to that dynamite rabble, of his red-hot desire to tap something, would precipitate a general row, I asked Mr. Flannagan if he would not do an errand for me.

"Yis, yis, in a jiffy;" and to my surprise Pat looked happy, and continuing, said: "I'll go sthraight and back in thra sheeks o' a shape's tail; an' where be they? an' if be's yez havn't got one o' these," and he held up his shillalah, "it's mesilf az has as foine an assortmint of this silf-same waypon as mny mon iver laid his two

lookin' eyes on outside o' Donnybrook Fair. Shall I bhering siveral, thit yez can tak yer pick? An' now I'm aff; yez lady can hind me pistils?" and Pat had actually started.

"Hold on, Mr. Flannagin, you are mistaken; I don't want any weapons. I want you to go to Mr. Arndul's house, and tell him that I will see him this afternoon."

"Arrah! an' yer not afther postponin' the consart wid thim musisherners twill afther dinner?" Pat asked, crestfallen. "Barrin yer haner is a docthor, an' maybe loike kens more'n mesilf ov sich, I'm the lad as'll take me pairt in sich prosadin's jist before males, as yer haner, bain' a docther, kens its al the toime the lank stummick an' lane bow'l as dodges the knoife an' ther bullit."

Mr. Flannagan had reduced his favorite amusement to a "fearfully scientific" basis. I told Pat that I did not intend to have any difficulty.

"Whativer is it yer afther sayin'? Not foight inny at all?" he exclaimed in a tone of blank despair; "Will yez thin give me the worud?"

"No, Mr. Flannagan, you are a good and true friend, and I do not wish to involve you in my troubles," I answered. "I wish you to go to Mr. Arndul's and tell him I will come this afternoon."

"An shure I'll do innything for yer haner an' me pairty; but it's mesilf as is a moight afraid to lave yez wid thim murtherin horn-tooters; hadn't yez bitter go lang wi' me? or, mabbe loike, wait a bit aff, twill I'm com'd agin?"

Mr. Flannagan spoke in an earnest, anxious tone, though I couldn't approve of his idea of an errand, in having me "go lang wi'" him, yet I liked his friendly

solicitude. To satisfy him, I told him I could take care of myself.

"Will yer haner promise me, by the howly jimpin' Moses, sayin' there's to ba innny performince on the loikes of this luvly instrument," and Pat eyed his shillalah affectionately; "that ye'll plaze to put it in the bills, that Misther Patherick Flinnigin, clane all the way from Tipperrary, the most cilebrated perfairmer in ther wide worrald an the sowl stirrin' instrumment called the shillalah, will lade the arkistry?"

"Yes, Yes, Mr. Flannagan, you shall be apprised if there is any fighting. There shall not be a lick struck till you are on hand, and have the 'worud.'"

"Many thanks twill yez," gratefully responded Pat. "'A frind in nade's a frind indade,' an' I'm not the lad as'll forgit yez haner for sich a gerait favor. An' yer kape yer papers paled an' thim murtherin fillers, an' whativer yez do, don't let ther ball open twill ther chafe musisherner is prisint." And Pat was off double-quick.

How strange, that there is any mortal who considers it a "gerait favor" and delights in the fun of fighting; Pat Flannagan was one.

I walked straight to my office door; the crowd allowing me to pass in quietly; at least, without any demonstrations of personal violence, though there were several menacing expressions, both facial and verbal, (I guess,) but happily I didn't understand the latter. And now, whom do you think I found in the office?

A.—"Don't know; probably Ophcleide; a huge broadsword; Trombone, second; a surgeon; and friends to Ophcleide."

"No! No principal; no second; no swords; no

anxious friends; no warlike indications or preparations, but instead, the white-winged messengers of peace. Ministers extraordinary, but not plenipotentiary: ministers of the gospel."

A.—"Ministers of the gospel? What on earth brought them?"

"You know, that good pious brothers Coldman and Bonham were sorely exercised at my Saturday night's unfortunate affair, and in their usual delicate manner, brought home to my spiritual vision the unknown (?) fact that I had done wrong. They had heard of the bloody duel; had bathed leisurely in the current of probabilities; dived down deep, and brought up bottom facts, as was their wont, and after calling in two common-place, plodding preachers, merely for forms sake, they were now ready to render judgement in my case, and all I had to do, was to stand up and receive sentence. So I walked unknowingly and unceremoniously into the august presence of this grand ecclesiastical conclave. There were sanctified brothers Coldman and Bonham, with two common-place preachers, Wise and Milton. Not knowing at what stage of the proceedings this solemn conclave had reached in their sanctimonious deliberations, nor the scope of its jurisdiction, whether ecumenical or topical; nor yet the nature of the question; whether social, moral, political or ecclesiastical; I felt my way cautiously, by bidding them good morning; not with that suavity that anticipates a fat fee. Then, with that aforesaid hilarity of desperation, continued:

"Gentlemen, why am I thus honored? My budding honors grow thick upon me."

"Brother Smith," began Mr. Bonham, "the worldly

minded characterize the bloody, the murderous practice of duelling, as an affair of honor. My good friends and myself, have come to endeavor to convince you, that this view of such sinful ways is not only unchristian, but very culpable—yea, very criminal.”

Here the good man ceased to address me, in time to prevent my interruption, and continued, addressing his companions:

“Brethren, I think there is, in the case of brother Smith, a mitigating phase; I mean intoxication; which, although a great moral depravity itself—though it is no legal excuse for greater crimes; yet, as it renders the moral perceptions obtuse, then in the broad light of Christian charity, it shows Mr. Smith’s contemplated—not committed crime; that is, it renders the mere intent less, or in other words, if I might so speak, ah—”

“Brother Bonham,” mildly but firmly interrupted Mr. Wise, a good and discreet man, who was disgusted at this incoherent, hypocritical cant, “Don’t you think it would be better before the execution, to have a trial and judgment? It is customary. Let us arraign the prisoner, read the indictment, and ask the usual question: guilty or not guilty?”

“You are right, Brother Wise,” said another good and efficient man, Mr. Milton; “altogether correct. Let us first hear from brother Smith,” and with a nod to Mr. Bonham, said: “We’ve heard your story; now we’ll hear the other side.”

“Be-ert ah the ah ger-eat ke-ause of te-emperance ah, must be ah,” interposed Mr. Coldman.

“Also yours, Brother Coldman,” promptly interrupted Mr. Milton. “I insist on hearing brother

Smith's version of the whole affair;" and turning to me, continued: "I hope you'll excuse us for meddling with your personal affairs, Brother Smith. From my knowledge of your character and standing in the community, I am satisfied you have been seriously, perhaps wantonly, misrepresented as to the drunkenness, and designedly misunderstood in regard to the duel. My apology for this must be found in my anxiety to ascertain the facts, and then do all I can to avert the evil to you; if there should be any impending."

I thanked Mr. Milton, and told him I was under many obligations for the first sensible and friendly view of a persistently, perhaps maliciously misunderstood, trivial affair; grossly magnified into serious proportions. Here are the facts from beginning to end; form your own estimate of the gravity of the matter, and your own conclusions as to what course is proper to snatch John Smith from a drunkard's grave, provided he is not slain, carved into sausage meat, in this bloody duel. I related what the reader knows.

"A tempest in a teapot," said Mr. Wise.

"Grand tableau of Pelion on Ossa, with two mole hills," facetiously remarked Mr. Milton.

"The judgement of this court of Star Chamber," rejoined Mr. Wise, "is, that the accused, John Smith, stands acquitted of the manifold charges preferred against him."

"Now, Brother Smith, we will go earnestly to work, forthwith, to appease the formidable Ophcleide," said Mr. Milton; then with a look at Bonham and Coldman that was decidedly personal, concluded, "and set you right with the gossiping community."

"Mister Smith has made no acknowledgements to the session," drawled Mr. Bonham, "and I must withhold my sanction till some penitence is—"

"This august council stands adjourned *sine die*!" exclaimed Mr. Milton, leaving his chair, followed by Wise.

Mr. Bonham and the Apostle were splendid pictures of ungratified malice.

A.—"John, your details are tiresome."

"Yes, when you speak of very tiresome subjects, Bonham and Coldman, they are more than tiresome. They belong to that paradoxical class of harmful good men; while Messrs. Wise and Milton, belong to that orthodox class of doing-good men. It was difficult for me to keep from requesting the paradox gentlemen to vacate my office; but I got satisfaction from the dignified, manly snubbing they got from the other two superior men.

Bonham seized his hat and told Coldman: "Come, brother Coldman, this is no place for the precious precepts of the meek and lowly Jesus (what blasphemous arrogance) to be appreciated, nor the counsels of his humble followers to be received." They started.

My office was on the second floor of a three story building; a long flight of boxed-in stairs, rising $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet, led up from the front. This stairway was not well lighted. Messrs. Bonham and Coldman had descended but a few steps, arm in arm, when up came, with the noise and velocity of three-pound rocket, a counter force. It struck, with a resounding thud, the Apostle—who, as I said before, was a long, lank, lantern-jawed, cavilling, cadaverous caricature on humanity—at a point

just below the waist-band. The shock was terrific. There were three several—nearly simultaneous, but rather shingled over exclamations: First a “me-y Ge-od, ah”—then, “Oh, Lordy—oh”—and then, “what in the divil an’ Tam Wak-r-r-r”—all instantly succeeded and slurred over, by a continuous rumbling, bumping, scrambling noise, that very rapidly grew fainter as it descended, much like that you’ve heard at a railroad coaling station.

Messrs. Wise and Milton and myself rushed to the head of the stairs, and through the cloud of dust intervening indistinctly discerned a mass of very lively arms and legs. The music to this uncouth balmasque was varied to suit the whim of each performer.

“Mercy, mercy on thy unfortunate”—“Oh, He-eveninglly Fe-ather, me-ey me-ortal ste-ummick—the-y se-ervant is se-orly stricken”—“By the howly jimpin’ Moses, an’ he’ll ba a bloody soight worse sthricken nor thit, an’ yez don’t tak yer windin blads o’ ligs aff’n me chist”—and there was a sudden change of partners, a thump—“There!” exclaimed Mr. Flannagan, (for it was Pat) as he extricated himself and sprang to his feet. “By the powers, yez can jist ba afther hilpin yez bhlunderin’ silves twill yer pigs, for all Mr. Flinnigin ’ll hilp yez. To rin over a mon inthirely, thit’s goin pace-ibly ip to say the doother. An’ how the divil did yez know whither I’s kimming ip wid baith o’ me ligs broken close aff twill me body to have ’em set—an’ to thrate a puir cripple that away; away wid yez baith, or its mesilf as ’al have yez arristed for ’salt an’ bathery, be dad, I will.”

My companions and myself went to care for the

fallen heroes, but not, however, in time to save brother Coldman some additional punishment; as his position was extremely vulnerable, and one of Ophcleide's German friends mistaking this tumble for the beginning of the duel, rushed up and administered several vigorous kicks before he discovered his mistake.

We assisted these two unfortunate men to their feet. I proffered to furnish restoratives to brother Coldman, but he very snappishly refused them, and asked to be helped to a neighboring drug store, to which he went half-bent, with both hands pressed over the region of his 'mortal stummick'—limping and groaning at every step. At the drug store he was soon revived with his usual prescription: R. Spts. Frument; do. Spts. Menth. pip. ad lib.

The two sensible preachers left me, to do a good work. Pat had gone up to my office—I followed. On entering, I found Pat standing, with the crown of his hat telescoped half way, and his face wearing a compound expression of deference, penitence and fun. He removed his hat on my entrance, discovering a fresh bandage around his head, which surgical appliance covered, on one side of the head, a contusion about the size and shape of a longitudinal section of a goose egg. Pat tenderly caressed the bump with the *tactus eruditus*, then eyeing the hat with a serio-comic expression, spake:

"By the powers, thit ould pious church-staple ov a chicken had an almighty tough gizzard in 'im. Imy ways, if he niver did bayfore, it's mesilt as thinks he had 'is bow'ls o' compassion will stirred for once in 'is borrun days."

"So I should think," I replied; "and it must have been a stony gizzard to lower that hat crown so much in one direction, and raise that bump so high in the opposite. You must have got that on the staircase."

"Och, an' yer haner is rifirin' to thit badge o' distinction?" queried Pat, touching the contusion. "Faith an' thit rewarud o' mirit was handed to Misther Flinnigin, by a moightier soight skilfuller warkman nor thim ould mateless skillitons, the bones o' the silf same I hilped to play sich a jolly rattlin' jig clane all the blissid way down yer stairs, twill ther sthrate intirely."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Flannagan, you ran against Mr. Coldman; I presume it was accidental?" I rather questioned.

"Yis, yis; ixidintal shure, that's the worud. Yez say it was mesilf as was in a monsthracious hurry to ra-turrun, ahid o' the shillalah hornpipe, wi thim krount atin' pipers, an' shure, how could I iver, wi' me salve rag, (bandage) an' me hat pulled down to conceale the same, kape me papers skinned clane all the way twill the tap o' yer lang stairs, and thin, intirely to the tap o' thim lang hungry spalpeens? He'd inny foightin' as yit? I don't mane wi' herrin Affleed, as yez plaze to call 'im; he's safe enough the prisint toime."

"What do you mean, Mr. Flannagan?" I was at a loss to know, as it was now eleven o'clock, why Mr. Ophelcide hadn't made his appearance. I desired much to see him and pay him something, if he had worked for me under an honest mistake. I feared the "badge o' distinction, or re-warud o' mirit" that decor-

ated Mr. Flannagan's head, had some direct connection with the non-appearance of Herr Ophcleide.

"Where is Mr. Ophcleide, Pat?" I asked. "What do you mean by 'he's safe enough?'"

"Oh, I guiss thim officers'll dale tinderly wi' the wea thing," he replied.

"Did you have any difficulty—fight with him? Where did you get that blow on the head, Mr. Flannagan?"

"I'll jist till yer haner, thit 'is royal hoighniss, Fitzherrin Will-hil o' a filler Affcleed is, an' I mistak not, at the prisint toime, papin through the tin o' dimints; in ither woruds, in the kilaboose, or jail, an' I'm not botherin' which."

"In the calaboose or jail? For what? How?"

"It's mesilf as is not jist mindin' the hows o' it," he answered. "Dinnis McGrath tould me he was arrested."

"You haven't told me where you got that blow on the head, Mr. Flannagan," I persisted.

"An' I'm bloody fareful thit yez'll go back on me; sayin I didn't thrate yez roight," he replied.

"How?"

"Och; havin' a splindid toime all by mesilf, an' deprivin' o' yer haner o' the fun o' takin a pairt. But yez say, I was in a broth 'o hurry, an' thit mon Airnald, was not twill home, an' a moighty sick mon he moost bay; an' twixt yersilf an' Patherick Flinnigin, there's a cat in the male toob; sheynanagan there, shure; an' as I was coomin away fram 'is house, who iver should I mate a bogin 'roun', but thit hookel-birry

eyed, pratie-nased Blickman. Thinks I, Mither Patherick Flinnigin, if so it iver was to be, now's yer chince; for yer say, I was in a murtherin floo-ry for the fear o' his passin' me by widout spak'in. Buthowly St. Patherick! if he didn't jist accammodit me the luv-liest intirely—fur the virra fust worud he poked at Mither Flinnigin, was a burrunin insoolt twill yer haner. Siz 'e, will Pat, you've coom'd to say the sick mon for yer Masther Johnny, did yez? His virra woruds. An' luv yer sowl, barrin the insoolt twill yer haner, thit was swate music. So Mither Flinnigin jined in the choorus, an' sint 'im some o' me best notes an a high kay; an' gintly obsarved in me moildist tur-rums thit 'e was a blatherin, darty, shape-stalin blag-'ard, an' a bloody murtherin liar to boot—whin spat, he hindid me this silf same phranoligikil dayvilop-mint."

Here Pat paused and caressed the bump, then animatedly resuming—

"An' yez say, bain sthruck I didn't nade the worud, so I waltzed in like a lively lad, an' filt o' his hid wid me shillalah, an' not bain at all plazed wi' the soize an' noomber o' his bumps, I prosaded to cooltivate 'em a bit wi' me sciantayfic instrumint. By the powers, an' I raised a splndid kerap. I sint 'im to grass as fast as 'e could git 'is pigs, an' whin 'is frinds tak 'im away, his hid looked for all the worruld loike a pratie hill, barrin the taps and airth. Thin I jist coom'd here in a jiffy, an' thit iexplanes the hows o' it thit I was so misfortunit as to oopsit thit ould galoot's bridbaskit."

"I'm sorry, Pat. The city marshal will be after

you soon. Let me know if you are arrested, and you *must* quit fighting."

"It's not mesilf as fears the city marshal, at all. Mis-ther Flinnigin knows the ropes."

A.—"Too much Hibernian—let's quit."

"Well, all right, till to-morrow night."

NIGHT X.

ADDITIONAL CALORIC.

Mr. Flannagan and myself were still in the office. I should have felt much easier had it not been for what Pat had stated in regard to Herr Ophcleide. I wished very much to know whether or not he had been arrested and imprisoned, and wherefore. I accordingly penned a note to Mr. Honore, asking him to inquire into the matter, and report to me. I feared some of my friends had taken a serious view of that outrageous story of the duel, as strongly indicated by the action of Wise and Milton, and from the same motive, though foolishly, had proceeded to extreme measures without first ascertaining the facts. In fact the whole campaign had been, from the outset, such a series of egregious blunders, misunderstandings and willful misrepresentations—growing more complicated every moment, that I hardly knew where or how to begin to unravel the entanglements. I could not then well see any probable complications, and yet each step in the progress of the canvass was a new surprise to me, at my then unsophisticated age. I could see, however, some palpably probable occurrences; among which was the arrest of Mr. Flannagan by the city marshal, as soon as he could find Pat.

I told Pat to take the note to Mr. Honore, and if the marshal should arrest him, to ask the officer to please come to my office. If he refused, then I told Pat to send me "worud."

"Kape an oye twill yezsilt, yer haner, an' niver a mickle fear fer Pat Flinnigin. An' yez haner plaze, hiv yez sich a conveyneyince as a privat conveyince from yer affis?"

"A what?"

"Sich as yez moight call a back door."

"No, no! Mr. Flannagan, go on, do not fear anything, I'll stand by you to the 'last man and the last dollar' "

"Will yer haner gi' me yer hand on thit, an' I'm the lad as 'll stind by yez twill ther last day in ther mornin; an' here goes."

Mr. Flannagan was gone but a moment, when the door, without any warning save the sound of light foot-falls outside, suddenly opened, and in came—whom do you guess?

A.—"Can't say, you are getting so badly mixed."

"My wife and Mrs. ——"

A.—"Your wife?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Sharpnose."

A.—"Indeed?"

"Indeed, and in person."

A.—"Well, John?"

"It's no use to say well, John; it wasn't well, and if you'd been in my place, you'd have thought it was a long ways from well."

A.—“What did they want?”

“I saw my wife had been crying; saw she was ready to cry again on the slightest provocation; in fact, without any lachrymal incentive on my part. Saw, also, that the other woman had indulged in a shower of crocodile tears; sympathetically, you know.”

A.—“Well?”

“Well, I asked the ladies to be seated, with about the same *non chalance* employed by the condemned wretch before the drop falls, when he forces out, with mock indifference, ‘I’m ready.’ My executioners were humane. The drop came speedily.”

“Just to think! Oh! ah! Mister Smith,” began my wife—“to think that—you—would so far forget yourself—as to engage in a—a—ter-terrible duel—to lose sight of your family—and, oh—if it was for the everlasting nomination I could stand it; but all for that mean—I can’t say who—oh dear.”

Between my anger and decorum there was an unequal contest; the force of the latter was altogether too weak to hold long in check the former; however, with a great stroke of generalship, I brought all the suavity at my command to the front; stayed for a moment the overwhelming anger, and asked—

“My dear, what is the matter?” very ignorantly innocent, you know. Mrs. Sharpnose was standing in supporting distance of my wife, like Melpomene, with deep wrinkled brow “entrenched with thunder,” waiting to decide the contest. My wife continued—

“Oh, dear John, do not go to fight a duel with that Mr. Ophcleide; I know you have more respect for

yourself, if you have no love or respect for your wife. Oh, husband, don't, don't do it."

Just at this juncture I saw the warlike expression of the tragic muse, and the angry forces made an irresistible charge on my thin line of decorum; it wavered and broke; and then I spoke—

"Do you think I'm a fool? Do you believe, without investigation, all you hear? In short, Mrs. Smith, have you lost sight of the important fact that I am John Smith?—honest John Smith?"

Smoothing out one wrinkle of her "grim-visaged front," Mrs. Sharpnose said—

"La, Mr. Smith, you oughter know folks will talk."

"I am aware, madam, they will talk, much more than they think; invent a subject matter, if they have no basis in truth; talk their neighbors out of character, out of business, out of prosperity to ruin, out of sanity to madness, out of life to suicide, I replied, grandly. But why this visit?"

"Oh, dear John, I was told that you wanted to, and was going to fight a duel," resumed my wife, "with a Mr. Ophcleide, on account of Miss Gay (great Cæsar, thought I), when I, John, your faithful wife, am delving at home, as Mr. Sharpnose says, in unsuspecting innocence, to save all I can, and be a good wife to you."

This put to rout my entire line of decorous defense, and with the hopeless heroic determination of striking, single handed, one final blow at the surging, angry masses of bristling emotions, I said:

"My dear wife, you are excited; you have been im-

posed upon; misled. This is no place for you. Do go home; I'll explain all when I come to dinner."

Mrs. Sharpnose, with one or two extra wrinkles on her corrugated brow, said:

"For myself, I think your poor wife's got a mighty sight to bear, I do; and I don't see how she can ever stand it, I don't."

"Madam," I retorted, rather scornfully, "are you not encouraging my wife in this worse than foolish move? Have you not neglected your own affairs, to meddle with ours, in such a way as to induce my wife to believe there was something terribly wrong."

This brought Mrs. Sharpnose to a woman's last and strongest argument, tears. When she answered:

"Mr. Smith, boo! hoo! I only boo! thought as how boo! hoo! hoo! I was doin' of your boo! hoo! poor sufferin' wife a gr-great fa-favor."

"Doubtless you thought it was a great favor," I replied, with irony. "I know you so thought; so do you; that is, you are aware of the fact that you got this disagreeable phase of the duel up for the sole purpose of conferring this great favor. No doubt you propose to increase the magnitude of the favor, by pushing this slanderous view of the affair to its worst possible results. You can see that I highly appreciate this favor." Then addressing Mrs. Smith: "Now, my wife, believe me as you ought, in preference to tattlers, when I tell you this is all bosh; all tomfoolry—all gotten up by designing persons, aided by malicious persons, the one to fret you and me, the other to influence this election. Pay no attention to any such pestiferous gossip, from any source, concerning anybody."

"Mr. John Smith!" explosively from Sharpnose. "I'll have you to understand I didn't come to your office, with your poor, abused wife, to be insulted, I did n't, and I'll tell Mr. Sharpnose, if I'm spared to git home, I will."

From the hunted, troubled look in my wife's face, I felt sorrow for her. I could see that it was dawning on her mind that she had hastily blundered. Although the additional complication, the prospective rage of Mr. Sharpnose, did not in the least trouble me, yet I was satisfied my wife feared it.

A.—"John, allow me to suggest that your wife is a discreet woman, and you are not doing her justice."

She was then, and is now, a very sensible woman, and if you'll think a moment, you will see that I am not abusing her. Where is the woman whose jealousy is aroused, that will not act foolishly—"Trifles light as air, &c."—or where's the true hearted woman that will not rush, heedless of everything else, to the rescue of her husband when his life is imperiled. She stands not on the order of her going; if she does she's not made of the right kind of material. A woman, acting under either impulse, is an easy victim of these cool, designing wretches, who have no interest save to aggravate such matters, and who could, if they would, give deliberate good advice. Such I wish to abuse; and when I think of how much trouble that one Sharpnose woman caused me and my wife, I swear eternal enmity against all of them. No doubt my wife on her way to the office feared, at every step, she'd meet my mangled corpse.

I paid no attention to the threat of Mrs. Sharpnose;

but entreated my wife to go home, and all would be right.

"But John," she pleadingly said; "you are not going to fight that hideous Ophcleide? He's big enough to eat you up." Then hopefully concluded: "Any how, I hope Mr. Sleek has had him put where he can't hurt you, before this."

"Mr. Sleek!" echoed I. "What has he got to do with it?"

"Oh! Didn't you know?" in a surprised tone.

"Know what? Please tell me?" I asked, rather anxiously.

"You know, John, I was so frightened, when Mrs. Sharpnose told me, and showed me the paper, saying that you were going to fight a duel, with great broadswords, with that great big Dutchman, I just forgot all about that impudent Miss Gay, and everything else," here she hesitated.

"Please go on and tell me, without disparaging allusions to innocent parties."

Mrs. Sharpnose interposed an incredulous shrug.

"I didn't care so much about that," resumed my wife, "though you know it's wrong to carry on so, John."

Mrs. S. here interpolated a look—"yes, and you ought to hang for it, you brute."

My wife faltering again, I said, with rather too much asperity:

"Mrs. Smith, if you can disabuse your mind of these false impressions long enough to make a simple statement, please do so; or excuse me, when I insist on

your going straight home, like a sensible woman. I'll explain all when I come."

"I'll bet you can't"—twist of the head from Sharpnose.

"Maybe I have done wrong, but you must know I did what I tho—what Mrs. Sharpnose said was the best, and she seemed to know more—"

"I don't wish to know what Mrs. Sharpnose said or did," I interrupted.

Here "I don't wonder" sneer from Mrs S.

"Do tell me, my wife, in as few words as you can, what you did," I insisted.

"Mrs. Sharpnose said," again began Mrs. Smith.

"I don't wan't ever to know what Mrs. Sharpnose said," I again interrupted, tartly.

"I'll have you to understand, Mr. John Smith," began Mrs. Sharpnose, with a fire-cracker delivery, "my sayin's is as good as your sayin's, and my doin's is a 'nuff sight better'n your doin's, and you needn't turn up your nose at as good folks as you dare to be, any day; jist because you got that *denomination* for 'mare' of a little ole one-hoss town—so I do; there!"

After this bunch of explosives were exhausted, Mrs. Sharpnose tied her bonnet-strings with a corresponding snappishness that threatened strangulation, gave her head a spasmodic toss, and with a snappo-sensatio-lachrymal accent, said—

"Come on, sister Smith, I'm not a goin' to stand here and be abused, and see you, poor creatur, treated like a Gallilee slave, I ain't!" and she started.

My wife hesitated; I was indifferent; thinking it

was the best way to end the disagreeable interview till I could explain to my wife at home. I was satisfied Mrs. Sharpnose could not be driven away till she heard the last word.

"Well," I remarked carelessly.

"Well?" echoed my wife, inquiringly.

"Well!" snapped Mrs. Sharpnose, sneeringly.

"John, I was going to tell you all about it, but you won't let me," said my wife.

"Well, go on now and tell it in your own way. I'm resigned; my time is worth nothing.

"Well, I was going to tell you," she resumed, "Mrs. Sharpnose said it was the best way to have Mr. Ophcleide bound over to keep the peace; that was the way her husband did when Mr. Filkins was going to fight him; and to see a lawyer, and as Mr. Sleek's office was on our way, and she told me he was the best one, we went there to get his advice."

"You did? That was very wise."

"I'm afraid you don't think so."

"Oh, you ought be to cautious, you know; first get the advice of a discreet, peace-loving friend (?) and next, get the best legal counsel from an honest lawyer, then you are right."

Mrs. Sharpnose, either too obtuse to see the irony, or so disgustingly egotistic as to assume that she was discreet and peace-loving, I couldn't say which—smiled approval.

"Yes, I think so," I replied, ironically. "Go on with your story."

"Mr. Sleek told us it was customary to get out a

peace warrant, and bind over the parties to keep the peace; and, like a gentleman, said he'd first have Mr. Ophcleide arrested right away."

"Thunder! He did?"

"Yes, wasn't that right? I didn't want you carved to death with a great broadsword."

I told Mrs. Smith it was not exactly right; that Mr. Sleek was more to blame than she. I explained the whole affair the best I could; emphasizing the facts, that there had been no challenge; no pistols and coffee for two; no broadswords; no cutlasses, cannon or columbiads, but simply a blunder, mutual, growing out of the fact that neither one of us understood the language of the other. I supposed the very good legal advice she had received, had prevented Mr. Ophcleide from calling on me at ten o'clock, when we were to have the misunderstanding explained. That I must look him up, not to fight him, but to get him out of this annoying predicament. That was all; the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to believe it, and nothing to the contrary, from any source; and go home like a good woman. She went, followed by the Sharpnose, whose tragic mien, and martial tread, and emphatic slam of the door as she swept grandly out, made me cower with apprehension—that the end was not yet.

Hello! Here comes that sky-rocket, Flannagan, up. I knew his mitrailleuse step. He shot through the door without knocking, his impetus was so great.

"Well, Pat, you delivered the note?" I remarked interrogatively.

"Arrah! love yer sowl"—here Mr. Flannagan had

to pause for breath, he was "blowed," as professionals term it. After several spasmodic inspirations, he resumed—

"An' its mesilf as did thit silf-same"—and he again ceased from exhaustion.

"What tires you so, Mr. Flannagan? You must have been running."

"Not rinnin (deep inspiration) bat a bit o' tall warkin'—yez say whin I—coom'd twill—twill Mr. Hanner's stoor—an' jist as I was aboot to inter—go in the silf-same, what—iver does yez haner think—think—iksipt—tap, tap, kam an the showldher o' Misther Flinnigin. Och, its mesilf as knowed thit same tap, tap, an' also the jint as does sich; but yez say, I tindel loike as I was in the daruk—an' tturning all o' a suddint, wi' me insthрумint riddly, sez I, 'an' what the divil manes all this row? Can't a mon bay goin' afther a bit o' an arrant widout some middlesome spalpeen must bay shivin o' his face intwill it? By the howly Saint Patherrick, what iver is it yez want wi' Mr. Flinnigin ther day?' Yer haner moost a parsayved thit Misther Flinnigin parsayved it war the same as the mairshal, wid a lagil dockymint in 'is fist; an' its mesilf as knows thim papers at soight, an' sez 'e to me—sez 'e, Misther Flinnigin, you'r moi prisoner. Thit's jist for all the worruld what 'e said."

"You were arrested; I thought as much. You must excuse me, Mr. Flannagan, for appearing to send you where you would be arrested; I was anxious to settle that other matter of the duel. You would have been, sooner or later, taken into custody and fined or imprisoned. I meant no harm. I will pay your fine

and the costs in the case of assault against Blackman this time, Pat, because you are honest and acting according to your education by politicians, who care more for themselves than you. But you must never, if you want me for a friend, think that you must fight, and fight all the time, or involve yourself in all sorts of difficulties, to prove that you are an honest, faithful fellow, and a true friend. What did the marshal do with you? How did you deliver the note after arrest? How much was the fine and costs? or, if it was necessary, who went your bail?"

"Dalavar ther note? Afther me arrist? What iver was ther fine? An' who iver wint me bail?" asked Pat, with a stare of blank astonishment, these exclamative questions.

"Yes, Mr. Flannagan, how did you manage it?"

"Will, by the howly jimpin Moses! an' if yez ba so badly outen it as to balave Pat Flinnigin is arristed, thin yez haner wud stind a poverty-s-thricken show amang thim gintiles, an' shure yer wud," and Pat gave me a commiserating glance.

"You told me you were taken into the custody of the city marshal, as you were entering Mr. Honore's door."

"Faith an' thit's thru as praichmint, boot yer haner kens 'there's mony a slip twaxt coop an' lap,' " and winking at me, Mr. Flannagan continued: "An' so yez say, Mr. Patherick Flinnigin o' Tipperary, bain pacibly inclined, an' falin liberal, jist tho't 'e'd give the mairshal baith ther coop an' ther slip, as the coop moight ba a wee bit bitther an' not the koind Mis-

ther Flinnigin loikes, an' the slip was for all the woruld the one fur to hind an afficer, ha! ha! ha!" and Pat gave me a triumphant look.

"But how did you get out of the custody of the officer?"

"Kistoody?" he repeated, "an' thit's what yer afther callin' the arrist? an' as I bafore, praviusly, racintly said, ther afficer gintly tapped me an ther showlder, an' it's meself as was wishin' afther a harder rhap, for the laist bit o' cashus belly (*casus belli*) an', I'm thinkin' thit worud," said Pat, parenthetically, "is from ould Cash Clay, the abolitioner, as had sich a sthrong stummick for foightin'; boot innny ways, all that Pat Flinnigin hoaned fur, was a smarut rap an' the hid wi' his batten, instid o' a gintle tap an the showlder wi' his paw; thin yez say I wad have bin jistifiable in the returrurnin o' his plisint saloot wi' me favorite in-sthramint," and here Pat gave his shillalah an extra flourish.

"Pat, you haven't yet told me how you settled the matter of arrest. Let me know, that I can settle it."

"Arrist? Niver a bit o' that in Mither Flinnigin's. An' shure there's nithin twil sittle as yit—an' beggin' pairdon, as I was wishin' fur a cashus belly, or pravo-cation, I forgot all the toime as to the how's o' it, I did git away."

"How did you manage it, Pat?" I impatiently insisted.

"An' if I moost, thin I moost," answered Pat, rather unwillingly. "Yez say, whin thit silf same showlder-strap gintly tapped me an the showlder, an' ramarked, in swate terrums, thit I was 'is mate, (meat) fur 'salt

an' battery, I jist tauld 'im thit I was in a divil o' a flurry wid a jewel missige, an' plaze abide by the door twill I coomed agin, an' I wad converse wid 'im. Wad yez ivver think, boot 'e did thit silf same. I thin pushed sthraight fur Misther Honore's private room, an' gav' 'im ther note in parson. He rid it, an' sez 'e, yez can till Misther Smith thit I'll tind to it immagiately. Thin siz I, Misther Honore, I'm a wee bate the worus fur brith, have yez as mooch as a dhrink o' wather by yez? There's wather in the boocket, sez 'e; an' sez I, I loikes moine frish; an' sez e', thin go twill ther poomp in ther back yarud. By St. Patherick, this was the virra worud thit I was fishin' fur. Yez can jist bet yer sowl Misther Flinnigin wastid no toime, an' as I had businiss thit was urginn' o' me to go through ther tin shap an' ther ither sstrate, I imbraced the invitin' apperchunity, an' wint—an' here is Misther Flinnigin, as I praviusly ramarkt—at yer sairvice."

"And the marshal, where is he?" I asked with concern.

"Och! an' I guiss I moost hiv overlookt 'im in me haste to bering yez the woruds of Misther Hanner." replied Pat, with a comic expression.

"Then you evaded the officer, after you were under arrest? That's all wrong, Pat."

"Invadid 'im! Not a bit ov it; thit's jist for all the worruld what 'ud a plazed Pat Flinnigin, to had a thrial o' insthrumints wid 'im. Invadid 'm?—not at all, at all."

And Pat thought this was satisfactory. I laughed, and then remarked—

"You mistake me, Pat, I meant *e* vaded, or dodged the marshal. You must go back and place yourself in the officer's charge, and ask him to please come with you to my office."

"Whe-ew—will, I niver! An' all fur jintly falin' wid me scientayfic insthрумint the phranoligical boompс o' thit murtherin, hookelbirry-eyed, pratie-nosed, blatherin spalpeen o' a Blickman?" interrogatively exclaimed Pat.

A knock on the door—"Come in."—Mr. Honore entered.

"Good morning, John, how goes it? The canvass, I mean."

"Rather mixed," I replied.

"I should think so," he resumed; and looking at Pat: "This is Mr. Flannagan, that brought your note?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Flannagan, maybe I have bad news for you," continued Honore, "but the city marshal is about to turn my store upside down to find you. He is in a bad humor; he told me he arrested you at the door, and you begged to bring me the note and then return to him. The last he saw of you was your going into my private room. He vexed me sorely with an intimation that I, or some one about the store, had concealed you. I told him that I last saw you going to the pump for water. This is wrong, Mr. Flannagan, you should have gone back immediately."

"Fath, an' I did, sure," answered Pat.

"How? I didn't see you return from the pump," pursued Honore.

"Yez say it was jist so, Misther Hanner," began Pat, with a serious intonation, "whan I goth a good dhrink o' yer good wather, an' yer ken its all the toime a wake dhrink—it waken'd me intint a wea bit; an' I tho't thin a kimprimise wid ther mairshil was not at all bad; so I jist stud firmly by the kimprimise, an' come'd back inther-immadiately."

"How?" inquired Honore.

"Explain your explanation, Pat," said I.

"Will, yez say," continued Pat, "inther-immadiately is betwaxt an' betwane; that is, the tin-shap thit I coom'd thro' was betwaxt and betwane the mairshil an' the kilaboose; so, yez say, stindin' farmly by the kimprimise wid ther mairshil, Mr. Flinnigin tak the inther-immadiate coorse."

I had to laugh at Pat's compromise with the officer.

Honore smiled rather contemptuously, and I thought was going to lecture Pat, to which I was averse, because my short acquaintance had convinced me that he was, if not encouraged or used by bad men, trusty, self-sacrificing, and honest; and I determined to stand by him, as he often afterwards said by me, "twill ther last day in ther morurning." So I quickly interrupted Honore, and told Pat to go straight to the marshal, deliver himself up, and ask the officer, as a favor, to come with him here.

"Fath, an' I'll do it," said Pat, "boot whatever yez want a mon to give up bafore 'es whipped, I can't say the raison."

"They don't whip you, Pat. You act the gentleman; and every gentleman obeys the laws.

"Thit music suits the ear o' Pat Flinnigan. I'll aff twill the mairshil to surrender ancanditionally, barrin me soide arrums;" and Pat brandished his shillalah, and was gone.

A.—"John, let's rest till to-morrow night.

NIGHT XI.

MERCURY ASCENDING.

Let's see, where were we? Left off abruptly, rather, with Mr. Honore waiting for an interview.

A.—“Yes, I was tired with writing, and rather wearied with your Irish friend.”

“I can't help it; I can't leave Pat out: but to proceed; Mr. Honore continued, after Pat's departure—

“Well, John, you said the affairs of the canvass were mixed. Are you getting discouraged?”

“I've been vacillating between encouragement, that is, your support and my desire to study human nature from a political standpoint, and discouragement; my earnest desire to evade, by declining, the most vexatious annoyances of my life.”

“Oh, you must go on,” he resumed. “There is one, I was going to say, redeeming *trait* in our politics; I will say rather, a fact, which renders these petty annoyances tolerable; that is, the more honest and therefore blameless a candidate is, the more he is subjected to these contemptible, petty aggravations. Because, it is plain to discern that if a candidate runs through with successful result without them, it is proof conclusive that he's all right with that reprehensible class of dead beats and bummers that ought, perforce of public in-

dignation, to be wiped out of political existence. From extended observation, and no little experience in politics, I have long ago arrived at the conclusion that the man who gets the fullest measure of this kind of abuse is the best man for office, or anything else."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," I replied, "I began to think that I must be a doubtful man, as I never had such abuse before. I tell you it is very trying on me, very."

"Very, I guess; as it's your maiden experience," he rejoined; "but did you want anything beyond the great duel arranged? Ha! ha! ha! That *was* a miserable blunder, from beginning to end."

"To end? It's not ended yet, that I know. I'd almost forgotten, thinking over other complications, that I did send you a note, with request to learn the whereabouts of Mr. Ophelaide. How about it? Where is he?"

"Oh, as to the end, I think it's in process of ultimate extinction," he replied.

"How?"

"I'll explain," he continued. "This same German has been in several difficulties, on account of his limited knowledge of our language. He is honest, I'm told, and I was so convinced, on conversing with him in his own language. Yet, he's like most honest men, he's confiding, and consequently, easily duped. He was designedly sent to you by one of Jones' rascally friends, who foresaw the probable result. There is an American in the band, whose business it is to make all contracts for furnishing music, but you see this contractor, who speaks nothing but English, is also a Jones man."

"Is it possible that such dirty, little tricks—I was about to say, so far beneath the level of common honesty, but will leave honesty entirely out and say—so far below the scum of common meanness, that a man of ordinary integrity never even dreams of their existence, much less stoops to recognize them; should be practiced to accomplish such an important end as the election of a trustworthy servant for the people?"

"Aye, John, it's not only possible and probable, but practical and practiced—many such tricks, and of their magnitude and variety, in some cases, you have as yet formed no conception."

"I don't wish to see them on a larger scale," I answered. "What did Mr. Ophcleide do, or say?"

"He said," continued Honore, "that you made a contract, without price, for music at the beer garden, Sunday; that this morning, when he called for the money, you denied it and challenged him to fight a duel at 10 o'clock, at your office. I laughed at him, and explained in German how it was. He saw the mistake, and laughed too; then told me it was all right. I was vexed though, at the ill-advised precipitancy of your friends in having him imprisoned."

"Imprisoned? Is that so? Let's go and get him out forthwith," said I, rising. "I remember Mr. Flanagan telling me he guessed Mr. Ophcleide was 'lookin' thro' the tin o' dimonts.' Come!"

"Keep your seat, John," commanded Honore. "The Herr is free again. I was told some time before I got your note, that Mr. Sleek had placed him under bond of \$2,000, to keep the peace; which bond, of course, his cautious friends would not endorse. So to jail he went. I went on the bond, and had him released in a

few moments after the key was turned on him. He was happy. The explanation was easy, and I cautioned him against a few well known hummers; for which he thanked me sincerely."

"I'm under a thousand obligations to you," I gratefully said.

"Oh no; not at all," he answered. "I must go. Any thing else I can do?"

"No; except, if you see Mr. Ophelaide, send him to me, as I wish to pay him something for his services under the misunderstanding."

"Oh, that's all right, John. He's satisfied; happy as a lark, and no doubt drinking ein, zwei hundert glas bier to Herr Schmidt. Good bye. Go ahead."

And this good, very good, man was gone. If one tithe of our public men were like unto him, then a political millennium would not be far off.

A.—"Wasn't it about time you were getting around among the boys, John, if you were going to run?"

That is just what was passing through my mind at that time. I didn't know just where to start, or any thing about it; but knew I had to do something; wished I'd asked Honore. You see, they had torn me all to pieces, and hadn't given me time, between aggravations, to collect myself, much less time to electioneer. I concluded to go out and walk around any how, and see a few friends. Taking my hat, I was on the point of leaving, when up came an impudent, snub-nosed, red-haired, freckled-faced boy, with a folded paper in his hand; thrusting the paper at me in an insolent manner, he growled:

"Mr. Slick says as how he wants you to settle this little 'william' right off."

“Mr. Sleek? Little William?—that your name? Well,” and by this time I had the paper unfolded, and saw the purport of it—and remarked:

“William, this seems to be a bill for legal advice, and—”

“Lordy, ain’t you green, tho’; didn’t you never hear us boys call ’um williams, for a joke. My name’s not William, nor nary Bill. I’m Sam Stallins—the boys calls me turkey-aig Sam—cos my physimahog’s freckled.”

Thus didactically discoursed this street Bedouin.

“I don’t wish any more remarks, William—or Sam,” I said, seeing the impudent little scamp was trying to poke fun at me.

A.—“John, I’m inclined to the boy’s opinion.”

“Yes, I admit I was green, vey, then; I think I toughened some since. Here’s that bill of Sleek’s. It makes me mad right now:

“BUNKUMVILLE, April 6th, 1868.

“OFFICE OF JUDAS I. SLEEK,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

No. 28, S. Broad St.

DR. J. SMITH, ESQ:

To JUDAS I. SLEEK, DR.

To legal advice per wife.....	\$20 00
“ “ services in peace warrant process.	25 00
	<hr/>
	\$45 00
By cash in advance.....	25 00
	<hr/>
To balance.....	\$20 00

On the blank space below was written, in a hand and orthography different, the following:

DEAR SMITH: We have fixt the ole beer-kag. I put him whar the dorgs won't bite him, and done it dorg cheep and quick too. That litle summ you *lent* (?) me yisterdy I credit you by on this little "william." (There's where Sam got the slang,) "to make folks think there was nothing rong. I disbuss-ed it for votes for you as I knowd you intendid (?) this is entry news (*entre nous*); you know I'm safe and won't blab. Please to forrerd the litle balants by the barrer, as I want to be lively with the boys to nite in your behalf. Mums the word.

Yours confidenshully, J. I. S.

P. S.—Burn this soon as settled. J. I. S.

P. S.—I keeps a *fac* 'similliar' of all my papers. S."

Great Cæsar! I exclaimed, after reading this marginal note, and thinking of the comprehensive scope and Briarean reach of the villainy couched in it. A casual glance at it will disclose, saliently—lying, cowardice, slander, cruelty, inhumanity, avarice, bribery, corruption, treason, and theft. It is a marvelous composition, when its chirographic brevity is compared with its endless and varied criminal intent. I could see that some of the tentacles of this devil-fish had already fastened on me, and others were reaching eagerly forth to grasp what was left. Every time you look at it a new tentacle has formed. I leave the study of this rare specimen to the curious reader, after stating a few of its merits. He borrowed my money Sunday, he said, to pay the preacher. He steals that by credit on this gouging bill; enters the credit cash advanced—that is, I paid him in advance, to unjustly arrest and imprison Ophicleide, because I was a coward. He says he spent that money for me, and calls me a hypocrite and liar when I made the loan, as he understood, I meant him to be bribed and corrupted—so I must be, too, as he puts it—

he threatens to expose me on his own malicious forgeries, when he says he keeps a *fac* "*similliar*" of all his papers—and this threat meant that I must submit to be robbed of the "balants" due. Oh, its no use to try to measure the length and breadth, nor sound the depth of this little labyrinth of scoundrelism.

A.—"Well, what did you do? Didn't keep 'Turkey-aig Sam' waiting all that time?"

"I told the boy to go tell Slick to send in his bill like an honorable man, and if I owed him anything, I would pay it. The boy had come in with a growl; he went out with a scowl."

A.—"Next! As the barbers say."

"Next was coming up before the last got down, and I heard a spirited, though short, and highly encouraging dialogue between next and last, on the stairway."

"Hello! Turkey egg! Sick? What you doin' up thar?"

"Nary sick, Bony; jist been up to settle a small william wid the lord mare—and done you think, Bony, the durned old mahogany-headed Jonas didn't know what william meant; tho't 'twas my name. It'll be a good un to tell ole Slick—he's goin' to beat the fillin' out'n his shut any how. Cos I hearn Slick say so this very mornin'."

To this Bony replied:

"I done know; Pap was agin Mr. Smith twell that dogoned Irish Pat frailed him so bad. It's pretty skeery with Pap. He thinks he's gwine to peg out, and says if he don't, he'll vote for Doctor Smith. I'm jist a goin' for 'im now, and must hurry; bye, bye, Turk." And Bony came up and in, and spake:

"My pap—that's Mr. Blackman—says he wants

you to come down and see him; he's got his head hurt, an' to come soon as you kin."

I went promptly with Bony to see his father. This call was a surprise; from what occurred at my house Sunday morning, I supposed, very naturally, that Blackman was an implacable enemy after that disagreeable interview, and here he was soliciting my professional services.

A.—"Oh, John, you know that imminent death is the only power that can torture from many rascals what little of honesty there is left in them."

I found Blackman seriously injured. Mr. Flannagan had "cooltivated 'is phranological devlopments" altogether too vigorously. The skull was fractured in one place, and the entire scalp pummeled into a pulp. I feared inflammation of the brain, or its membranes, or traumatic erysipelas: either or all. I dressed the man's wounds, and enjoined him to keep quiet; talk with nobody. Here he feebly interrupted:

"Dr. Smith, let me say a few words to you, an' then I'll be still. I didn't mean to treat you so bad, but other people, some as perfesses to be your political friends, 'specially that Farrin, give me money and told me to do all I could to beat you. I kinder feel like I ain't gwine to pull through, an' I know you are a good doctor, and a good man, and them's the kind a feller wants 'round when he's goin' to go up the flume. I—I'd vote—vote for you if I could git out; but, oh, how my head hurts—it's—a—swimmin'," and he had fainted.

I gave him restoratives, and when he revived told him not to say another word; admit no visitors; keep the room dark and quiet. All this I told his wife, and

promising to call in the evening, I went away enjoining quiet.

A.—“How did your injunction of perfect quiet hold, John, as the lawyers say?”

“Hold! It wasn’t half hour after my leaving, till it was thoroughly dissolved by at least a dozen politician vultures hovering over that dying vote.”

Nearing my office door, I heard a loud and excited altercation in the hall above. First a voice in peremptory tones, I didn’t recognize:

“Come, you *must* go with me, and I don’t want you to bring me on any fool’s errand any more, Mr. Patrick.”

Then the Gatling-gun delivery of Mr. Flannagan bombarded my ear, with the following volley:

“Faith an’ by the howly jimpin Moses ’e tould me to bering yez sthraight here wid me, an’ it’s mesilf as’ll hould yez jist where yez ba twill ould Gabril blouse ’is thrumpit or Janny Smeeth cooms agin.”

I hastened up stairs, and found that Pat had reversed the legal status of affairs. He had the marshal under arrest, and had so kept him for some little time. It was fortunate that I came at this juncture, because the marshal had come with Pat as an accommodation to both of us; but when he found me absent, he suspected Pat of trifling with him, and he then told Pat he must go to the police magistrate’s office. Pat had tried all arguments except his favorite one, the *shillalah*, and had just transposed official position, and was on the point of maintaining his self-vested rights by the display and use of his credentials (the *shillalah*) when, as I said, I fortunately came up. I must say here, that there was another far greater and surer preventive of

serious results, under such circumstances, than my timely arrival; I allude to the 'good sense and manly conduct of the marshal. He happened—(I mean this) *happened* to be a sensible and a good man, and instead of promptly (without a word of explanation, and in accordance with a fearfully growing custom) drawing his revolver and shooting (as any murderous coward will do when he's got a legal advantage) down this honest but impetuous Irishman, under the plea of resisting an officer; this marshal quietly, and in a gentlemanly manner, listened to my explanation. The affair was legally settled by the payment of—a visit to the magistrate's office, where it was proven that Mr. Flannagan received the first blow, and only acted in self-defense in punishing Blackman.

The trial over, I was plucked aside, confidentially, (may be some other candidate has experienced this) by the sick (?) man, Mr. Arndul. This martyr of republican institutions disclosed to me, in heartrending tones, the startling, almost incredible fact, that he had used the "little mite" I sent him the day before in the note, to set a couple of the boys all right, and, as I mentally concluded, lost sight of, yea, inhumanly neglected, like a generous man, the wants of his starving family and himself, to simply set two of the boys all right for me. Was there ever such heroic abnegation for a friend? I told Mr. Arndul that his note of the previous day, to the effect that he was sick, and had been so for several days, didn't comport with his present appearance. He explained satisfactorily, thus:

"Yer see, Dr., I've had so much trouble I can't cease-ly write what I think. If I said I was sick, I meant

ter say it was my wife an' both the little ones, and nothin' to eat as agrees for sick folks."

"You don't mean to say your family is suffering for food, Mr. Arndul?" I asked incredulously, for I didn't altogether believe the sick man's story.

"Yes—ye-es," he faltered tearfully.

Reluctantly I gave him a five dollar bill, and told him to go straight and supply his immediate wants, and report to me next day. "And, I had forgotten—where do you suppose I got that money?"

A.—"Suppose you'd likely have that amount about your person—though I know Sleek and the sick man exhausted your pocket change the day before."

"Yes, and those continual disturbances had not let me have time to get my pockets replenished—so it was accidental—entirely so, that I came by that particular bill. I got it for my surgical services to Mr. Blackman."

A.—"Blackman?"

"None other. As I had forgotten to mention it in the proper place, I should omit it here, had it not been for the sermon he delivered when he handed me that bill."

A.—"Sermon? I thought he wasn't to say another word."

"He would do it. I was leaving; he beckoned me to the bed, pointed to his pantaloons with a gesture that he wished them; I passed them to him; he took out the money and handing it to me, said in a very feeble voice—

"Here, Dr., take this; its the last of the money I got from Farrin to beat you; I can see now it's better to

pay money to good men, to do good, than to pay it to bad ones, to do bad."

To all my objections to taking it—all entreaties to keep it himself—he shook his head in the negative.

On my way from the magistrate's office to my own, I passed and called in at the post-office. The clerk, with a comical leer, handed me these communications:

A.—"John Smith, do you expect me to copy that pile of papers? There's a mail-bag full."

"Oh no; only what you deem necessary to the purpose. That is, give a "specimen of the handwrite" of each class of a man's political friends."

A.—"Then I'll classify and number them. One of each class is sufficient; anyhow it must do, or you'll have to employ a corps of clerks."

"Yes. Leave the heading and date off, as that's understood."

[No. 1—*Foolishly Ecclesiastical.*]

BROTHER SMITH: At a meeting of the Elders of the Church of the Holy Trinity, O. S., it was resolved to appoint five several Elders to constitute an executive session, whose especial duty it should be to make diligent and thorough inquiry concerning certain charges preferred against you by our immaculate pastor, Rev. G. F. Bonham, D. D., and our good Elder Coldman. Therefore, you are hereby cited to appear before said session, in the above mentioned church, at 10 of the clock A. M. Tuesday, April 7th, A. D. 1868, to then and there make answer to the several charges of ungodly walk and conversation, and conduct unbecoming a Christian.

F. G. BONHAM, D.D., *Mod.*
Y'rs in Christ,
J. C. SPOONEY, *Sec.*

"Do you think "Y'rs in Christ" ought to be used in such a connection?"

A.—"It's very susceptible of blasphemous construction by thoughtless persons. Shall I erase it?"

"If thoughtless persons only will misconstrue it, let it stand. They certainly must know this whole canvass has been, so far as I'm concerned, a series of just such outrageous misconstructions as a blasphemous view of that would be: all founded in ignorance and dishonesty."

A.—"That session might have waited till the election was over."

[No. 2.—*Professionally Jealous.*]

Mister JOHN SMITH—*Sir*: I understande from Mr. Farrin that you said it was luckeye for Mr. Blackman that you was cald to dress his woonds as he wood not of bin in the land of the livin ef I'd'er went. This kind of kondux ain't phizycal ettyket. Some peeple's awful stuck up at a little offis.

Contemptbly Yr'n,

J. PELEG SWETTAM, M. D.

[No. 3.—*"Blackmailingly" Avaricious.*]

JOHN SMITH, ESQ.—*Sir* the widdow Gay's first husband's sister-in-law come this morning to solicit my perfessional servises to institoot legal proceedings against you in next term of the cirkuit court, in action for slandering her poor dead brotherinlaws widdows child by her seekund husband: case is intitled on breef—Fanny Gay vs. John Smith.

Y'rs perfessionally,

JUDAS I. SLEEK.

P. S.—Dear Smith by sendin your old friend a check or sponds for the balants on the Offelyd case and tellin me to go ahead I can fix this up. it may cost you

thowsands of dollurs, but I never was the man who could stand it to see as good a man as you are robbed by desighnin pussons. Its agin my princerpals, an' I doant like to act on the opposition side. But you know Lawyers has to have a retainer—burn as sune as read.

Yrs in Conferdants,

J. I. S.

[No. 4.—*Socially Financial.*]

JOHNNY, old fel., you've got to go for the bhoys to night in a grand old hi(gh)lar(k)i(I)ous(us) style. There may not be a feast of "reason and flow of soul," but there's got to be a mighty sight of greasin' with the flowing bowl. Now, Johanness, if you want an X or XX's scientifically spread over the broadest paying surface, I'm your whitewasher. Drop a check in P. O. payable to undersigned *for whitewashing*. See the dodge? I'll call at P. O. 6 p. m.

Y'rs in love,

J. MELANCTHON LACLEVE.

[No. 5.—*Financially National.*]

JOHANNES SCHMIDT: Sie haben nicht py mein freund Herr Ofkleite recht gethan—oder rite dun. Du beest ein grosser von pig mann, aber you sheets ihm mit der kondragdt mit der pier-carten und wunché ihm todt zu machen heem kil mit ter tam shewel—vat you calls heem all der zeit de time. Herr Shones vas verscheideidene mal das vas several dimes py mein sal-lon und shust bays der geld—munny all der dime shust als wasser fer der poys. You cooms nicht von dime.

FRITZ WILHELM DREIBIER.

[No. 6.—*Hypocritically Confidential and Politically Jealous.*]

Hon. Dr. JOHN SMITH: *Sir*: I write as a friend. You must watch those unreliable Irish. You know

best, but I would advise you to decline. There is some traitor in the camp stirring up the Irish democrats against you.

Your true friend,
FARRIN.

When you compare the contents of that note with what Blackman did and said, would it be too incredulous to doubt this true friend?

A.—“Not much. Here’s—”

[No. 6.—*Personally Selfish.*]

Hon. JOHN SMITH, M. D.—*Dear Friend:* I have been actively engaged in a thorough canvass in your behalf. I’ll continue the good work till the last stronghold of the enemy is captured. Any suggestions? If so, like to communicate. All O. K. so far. This is between us.

Y’rs Politically and Frat’ly,
DYER P. HANOS.

P. S. Could you support me for City Marshal?
D. P. II.

[No. 8.—*Honestly Confidential.*]

Dr. JOHN SMITH: I write this to inform you that that humbug Irishman and pretended Catholic, Farrin, is not fit to trust. He pretends in a place where you have got friends to be sorter for you, but always says something bad. I tried him on this morning, pretending that I was for Jones, and I nabbed him the slickest. He is a snake in the grass.

Y’rs truly,
MIKE.

[No. 9.—*Domestically Avenging.*]

Mister doctor John Smith Sir I shill expekt you to render dew appollergy to my wife Sary Ann Sharp-

nose for your unjentelmanly langwidge and conduc toads the same whilst pressence in your doctor shop this morning. You can do so by eyther word of mouth or virbul.

Y^rs,

PHILANDER SHARPNOSE.

P. S. My wife makkes me write this to you.

P. S.

A.—“Which form of ‘appollergy’ did you adopt, ‘virbul or word of mouth?’”

“Neither. The apology in the P. S. was ample. Most through with your everlasting classification?”

A.—“Only one more.”

[No. 10.—*Purely Honest.*]

DEAR JOHN: You are really going to run for office. I'll support you with all my might. Let me say candidly, as you always wish a friend to talk, I think you are a D. F. You can interpret these initials truthfully as meaning a Dear Fellow—or equally truthful, otherwise, as you deem proper.

Y^rs, &c.,

C. ANDOR.

A.—“Now, John, I have culled this motley mass—I can think of no other name—of political fly-blows. Nearly all of them, with one or two rare exceptions, act as such on the body politic. They are deposited by those swarms of miserable insects that instinctively foresee corruption. I have given a sample of the Religious, Moral, the Ethical, National, Political, Financial, Social and Personal. There is, in nearly all, the never varying characteristic: that is, they are directly or indirectly—for No. 1 financially. Who was Mr. C. Andor? The signature is evidently a *nom de plume*.”

"Yes; he was one of my best friends."

A.—"I should think as much from the tenor of the note."

"Why?"

A.—"Because it was very good advice if you had taken it. You didn't need the office; it cost money, time and trouble; didn't pay. You made active enemies, lost passive friends; you were considered honest before, doubted by some after; you lost half the confidence you had in human nature and honesty, which goes far to mar your happiness in this world. All this you lost, and for what in exchange? The doubtful honor of running for an annoying office in a third rate city."

"Then the D. F. isn't far wrong?"

A.—"No, truly. Let's rest till to-morrow night."

"XIITH NIGHT.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL."

"When I was on my way to dinner —"

A.—"To dinner? Did they give you time for meals?"

"Not much. However, I was on the way to this one meal, when I was accosted by a boy, who thrust at me a bank bill, remarking"—

"Pap says that's 'founterkit,' an' ain't wuth shux."

"What do you mean, my son? What can I do for you?"

"The ole rooster said as how's I'se to see yer," answered this filial Arab, "an' git a good un fer it."

I examined the bill and found it a base counterfeit. I then asked the boy who was his father, and how and when he got that bill.

"Flunxy an' Yin an' Blacky calls 'im Bogus Bill— an' most everybody, but 'taint 'is name: 'is right name is William Arndul," he explained.

"Yes, I recollect, his wife and children are sick; how is your mother? How many children are there?"

"Sick!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, your father told me that she and two children were sick."

"Sick! Geewhilikins," here he whistled and repeated, "Sick! well, I wonder ef the ole rooster tole sich

a dogoned lie—sick! ef you'd 'r seed her wallop the ole chicken las' night for comin' at midnight chuck full er rotgut, yer'd think she warnt ailin considbul."

"The children are sick? How are they?"

"Well, ef I aint kerflummux'd!" he exclaimed, with affectionate pathos. "Don't the ole skeezicks beat all fer whappers? Ther aint but us two—Bil an' me. Bil run away las' week—nary children sep me. I aint ailin' no considbul."

"I was almost convinced that Mr. Arndul had made some false statements to me, from the fact that—"

A.—"Almost convinced! John, don't say any more concerning that kind of credulity. It's incredible itself as Arndul's statements."

I proposed in this to give as near as I could remember, what occurred in that canvass. I take your view now, but then, I won't say I was more charitable, but far less suspicious; and thus I was subjected to all kinds of imposition.

But to resume: I told the boy there was some mistake, and asked him why he came to me with the counterfeit bill? to which he replied:

"Pap said he got it frum you at the trial, an' he wants good spondulixis fer it."

"I told the boy I would see his father, but couldn't promise to make good the bad bill." He moved off reluctantly, muttering:

"Jis the way them big folks git rich, give poor folks bad sponds an' keep good ones."

I thought of Pat's hint, "a pussy in the male toob," concerning this sick man, and went on to dinner. Arriving at my home, I was met at my gate by a man, who said he had just called to see me. He wore the

haggard, haunted look, full of that indescribable apprehension that characterizes a case of *delirium tremens*. I supposed he was some victim of intemperance, who had called for professional advice. His manner was mysteriously confidential, his voice a sepulchral stage whisper. I met him with my usual, "What can I do for you?" He plucked me aside, though there was not a soul in sight, and—just here, you can stick a long parenthetical space, and wait, for the interview, till I have filled the space. I had been accommodated so often during this brief canvass, and I presume other candidates have been pleased occasionally by this same confidential class, that I have wished to capture one of the rarest specimens, in order to describe them all. They all practice the same profession, but like the doctors, in different ways, for the benefit of novelty. The science is not inaptly termed buttonholing. There is but one serious objection to this name, and that is, no set of buttonholes a candidate could have built in a coat, even if it were a coat of mail, could stand the wear and tear. Again, it may be said that the button-hole holt is not the very best holt, though so considered by many practitioners. The age and strength of the coat involve too many uncertainties, whereby the game may escape. Other methods, equally successful, have been in vogue for a long time, to-wit: the single and double shoulder grip; and also the digital abductive grip. The single shoulder grip is performed by an expert with a vigorous slap on the shoulder, that is intended to, and does, startle and disconcert the victim like the swoop of a bird of prey, while the claws are gradually tightened, and you are dragged aside and leisurely devoured. The double shoulder grip is prac-

ticed generally by real or very presuming friends. The self-assenting, self-confident friend, or presuming acquaintance, comes boldly to the front, seizes you on either shoulder, presses you to the wall, and if he's got bad teeth, eats onions or Limburger, smokes or chews, drinks lager or whisky (but it's rare you find such vicious habits among politicians), then this method is intensely interesting; you enjoy it with a zest that's soul-inspiring—especially if the friend is one you don't like much any way. This is the favorite method of the maudlin, slavering, intoxicated friend; then you take more interest in what he says, and enjoy hugely the *tete a'tete*, which is as close as two billing doves.

The digital grip method is practiced by the ostentatiously busy, passing friend, who, in his hurry, seizes your hand, and with a hearty shake, and "how are you?" jerks you out of an interesting group, retaining one of your fingers, by which he leads you off some paces, feasts on your time and patience *ad libitum*; still holding the finger till the last word; when he reluctantly yields to your continued efforts to release the finger, and goes away. There is one secret about this method; that is, as soon as you succeed in recapturing your finger, this kind of practitioner considers the case gone, the confidential interview closed.

There are many other methods besides these more popular ones, but they must be left undescribed. If that hypothetical reader should wish to learn and practice them, he should go to the best school, that is, run for office. Should he succeed in securing an office involving the distribution of any loaves and fishes, then he can acquire absolute perfection during his official term.

A.—“What about the man at the gate?”

“I’m coming down to him. As I said, he’s one of the rare specimens. He belongs to the secret signal corps of the mysterious, incomprehensible brigade. I left his method out of the description, because it is rather irregular; it’s unaccountable; that is, you can’t imagine, when a man seeks such confidential talk, when there is not a soul within a mile, why it is he still plucks you aside, with an apprehensive look this way and that, before he opens his battery. The mysterious air of his variety renders you vaguely uncomfortable till he whispers his tale; very often more uneasy afterwards; because you don’t know what he means after he’s said his ‘say’. He is great on ambiguities, double-entendres, innuendos, insinuations, hints, far-fetched inferences, strained and forced constructions; in short, he deals exclusively in all the various shades and styles of incomprehensible expressions. His method is as irregular as his practice; ordinarily, though, he performs in the following manner: Victim on the street, usually (for the mysterious aside plucker knows that walls have ears) engaged in interesting conversation with several friends; about to make a laughable or culminating point, when your *viz a viz*, who has seen the secret signal, suddenly checks you, and says, pointing over your shoulder, “there’s a gentleman that wishes to speak to you.” You don’t like the interruption, but thinking the importance of the communication will justify it, you go straightway, with a vivid impression of self-importance. He is six rods away, but he removes you stealthily further away to the partial covering of a lamp-post, shade tree, or re-

cess of an entry. Here, after looking anxiously to all points of the compass, sounding his footing, and taking a concluding glance heavenward, he hisses, in a husky, blood-curdling whisper—"Have you seen the old sockdolager on his high gullenflip yet?"

"The what?"

"Yes, well it's all right! Of course, you must be non-committal."

"I don't understand you."

"Guess not. We'll drop that if it's disagreeable," he continues. "I wanted to ask you if old highfalutin has come to terms, or does he mean to play the Black Crook on you?"

"You must be more explicit; I don't comprehend your meaning."

"Oh, well! you needn't be afraid of me," huffily; then concluding, "Though I guess it's best not to say too much. Think it's going to rain? Will fish bite to-morrow?"

"Oh, blame your fish, what do wish to tell me?" you ask impatiently.

"Ah, I see you are up to snuff; it'll all be right. I'll see you again"—and this specimen of the mysterious and unaccountable, confidential interviewer, leaves you well repaid for the interruption.

A.—"Well, does that fill the parenthetical space? If so, go on and tell what the man at the gate said."

"He plucked me off a rod to the trunk of a shade-tree, when he began the following lucid and highly satisfactory colloquy, by remarking:

"I don't want to mention any names, though I might as were tryin' to git you into a peek o' trouble."

"Who? What kind of trouble?"

"I found out one o' them gents that's lookin' out for number one," he continued, "has sent, or been, or writ to a certain party, that told old Flimmijig he knowed a man that stood mighty high that wasn't as good as he mought be."

I was impatient, hungry; told him I was in a hurry, must go to my dinner, and if he wished to say anything to do so.

"That's just the way with some folks," he resumed in a disappointed tone; "when a man wants to tell them something for their own good, they don't think it's worth listenin' to"

"You are mistaken," I replied, "I'm ready to listen to anything you have to say; but speak out plainly, and let me hear what it is."

My manner was too discouraging to him; he mumbled a few more incoherent, meaningless words, by way of excuse to get away—and away he went. I went in to dinner, desperately hungry, with the dastardly intent, if my wife was still on the aggressive, to overwhelm her with the notes and duns, and threats and suits, and further charges, pecuniary and criminal, from Judas Iscariot Sleek.

My war-like designs were frustrated, when I found her in bed, sick; yes, sick with the continued annoyances of this campaign. I was not astonished; almost felt sick myself. I tried to cheer her; told her the duel was all arranged; no fighting; all was serene.

I learned the widow Gay's first husband's sister-in-law and Mrs. Sharpnose had been telling my wife of the slander suit; that it would cost me thousands of dollars if I didn't repair hastily to Mr. Sleek, and compromise, by paying five hundred dollars. I then told my wife it was all bosh; nothing in it, and went to the dining-room to a cheerless and meager repast. I thought of the thorny paths of ambition while I munched cold bread and drank buttermilk; entertained a gosling idea of the fruition of my hopes, when I desserted on the last quarter section of a *canned* goose-berry pie. After this sumptuous repast, I gave my wife some valerian and advice, and—

"Go lang wid yez. It's mesilf as anly wishes thit yez was only me soize or bigger, an' I'd fale o' thit cockanit hid a spell, yer blatherin' thafe o' ould Nach."

Methought I knew the dulcet tones of that harp o' "Tearer's hauls," and throwing myself into a listening attitude, heard this plaintive response:

"You jis let me alone, confound yer—Eres Y'extra Pudcun number 4, all bout John Smith passin count-fit money an—" here the cry was interrupted by a lively chase down the sidewalk.

Going out, for I was ready to go down town, I saw Mr. Flannagan returning from the chase, brandishing his shillalah with one hand, while he triumphantly held aloft a batch of Extras, No. 4, with the other; shaking his head defiantly and remarking "to whom it might concern:"

"An' it taks Misther Flinnigin, o' Tipperary, to dale wid sich an' taich 'em bitter manners an' to coom

al aroun' a mon's privat dwilling, bellowin' out bloody lies an' shlander"—and Pat tore the Extras to pieces before I could remonstrate, and throwing down the fragments, exclaimed—

"There! An' may the divil tak sich!"

Latest from the retreating, though apparently unconquered representative of the press, was a report that came to our ears from an adjacent street corner, as follows:

"Never mind, you contrived, knock-kneed, bandy-legged, rib-nosed baboon of a red-mouthed Paddy. I'll fix you"—and addressing his concluding remarks to me, "An' you ole humbug of an honest Johnny, I'll put you in the tenipentiary for shovin' the queer"—and if the little heathen didn't repeat that same insulting manœuvre of his thumb to his nose and twirling his fingers at me, before he disappeared around the street corner.

"Pat," I said, "you have done wrong, very wrong. I'm sorry."

"Wrang, yez say? An' isn't it a moighty lang soight wranger to pooblish an' scather bloody shlanderin lies on a gud mon? I'd bay afther knowin'?"

"Yes, that is also wrong, Mr. Flannagan, but our laws and customs allow it, and it is *the* great prerogative of our free press system."

"An' may the divil fly away wid sich laws an' sich costums, an' all yez prayrogatooms an' fra prissis an' sastems an' all sich blatherin' blarney fur all thit Patherrick Flinnigin cares;" and Pat paused a moment with this as a "whereas," then went on with the resolution.

"Here's the laddie-book as will joomp intirely fernints all sich blatherin' bosh, an' invistigate all sich wrangs wid his shillalah."

Pity a majority of our judicial decisions didn't contain as much straightforward, uncompromising justice, followed by the same prompt and fearless execution.

I asked Pat what he wished?

"To till yez consarnin o' that thraiter Farrin. It's no more nor a momint or so sin' I made a sthrikin observation twill one o' his crawnies," replied Pat, with emphasis on "sthrikin."

"You didn't have another fight?" I asked, fearing the repeated introduction of Pat's favorite amusement into the canvass was likely to prove disagreeably monotonous.

"Not a bit o' it," promptly denied Pat, "only he sid Misther Farrin tould 'im yer haner wasn't the clane thing—yez had shooved a splurious counterfate bell an' 'im, an' all in the wide worruld Mister Flinnigin dun was to raply in me virra moildest tarrums—only wan ov me wakest saloots—whin he jintly tak a sate—an' bigged me pairdon. Thit was all, shure—no foightin'—laistways on the pairt o' the pairty o' the sickond pairt."

"Did you strike him? Who was it?"

"Jist the jintlest hint in the wide worruld to bay sated:—'es ther silf-same as thit Arrurndal, the sack mon."

During this conversation, I had picked up enough pieces of Extra No. 4 to patch up and decipher the following:

“JOHNNY PERSISTENTLY INSISTS ON DEFEAT! AFTER DISQUALIFYING HIMSELF BY SENDING A CHALLENGE!—SHOWS THE WHITE FEATHER!—A FRIEND ADJUSTS IT—UNWITTINGLY(?)SHOVES THE QUEER!—SLANDERS A POOR, INNOCENT GIRL!—ENCOUNTERS THE LAW PROVIDED FOR SUCH!—INSULTS A WORTHY LADY IN HIS OWN OFFICE!—IS CALLED TO ACCOUNT BY A JUSTLY ENRAGED HUSBAND!”

A.—“John, I can’t copy this any further, as it is badly patched, and only an exaggerated repetition of what has preceded.”

“Well, leave it to the imagination of my hypothetical reader; though he must have a very vivid and inventive one to garble, twist and distort, for any purpose, such trivial occurrences into grave crimes and misdemeanors.”

A.—“Well?”

I was on the point of starting for my office, when Mr. Philander Sharpnose, the “justly enraged husband,” passed hurriedly by without speaking. He eyed Pat’s “insthrumint” apprehensively; quickened his pace, looking back over his shoulder every few steps, till Mr. Flannagan and I started in the same direction.

Mr. Flannagan, with the eye of a *connoisseur*, took in the situation:

“Thit’s ther bugger, an’ I mistak not, is ther silt same as is aither callin’ ov yer haner twill accoot for insooltin’ ov ’is naddle-nosed, carrotty-hidid bitter half?” said Pat, interrogatively.

"Yes; don't speak so of the ladies. The man has been misled by his wife."

"Lit's wark oop a bit loively," continued he; "an' fale o' the inimy's sthrength, as they tarrum it in ther arrumy."

Without much increase of speed, Pat, by making shorter, quicker, emphatic resounding steps, produced an effect on the progress of Mr. Sharpnose that was ludicrous. Manifestly, his ear was set for such music in the rear, and as soon as the sound of Pat's accelerated foot-falls fell on his tympanum, he cast a fearful glance over his shoulder, and walked faster, quicker, double-quick around the first corner out of sight. On reaching the cross street we got a glimpse of his coat-tails streaming straight out behind as he flashed around the corner a block away.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Pat, pointing his "insthru-mint" in the direction of the vanishing hero. "An' did yez haner iver see the loike in yer borun days? Called twill 'accoont by the jistly enraged hisband, an' it's a small bill yez'll have to sittle in that quarther, shure."

Mr. Sharpnose had doubtless learned that Mr. Flanagan was my fast friend—also Pat's skill and readiness in "phranological iximinations," and not wishing a chart of his cranium, gat him away.

Pat refused to go to the office with me; I again asked him to quit fighting; told him the marshal would likely be after him for striking Mr. Arndul; to let me know if arrested, and to be sure and not fight any more.

"An' shure it's loike dhrawin' o' me eyetaith twill

pramise so mooch. I'll thry inny ways for a wae spell. An' good afthernoon twill yez,"

"Good day Mr. Flannagan," I said, and went to my office; wrote a note to the editor of the Republican, stating, that I would hold him personally responsible for the slanderous falsehoods he had published concerning me, and was going to post it, when I was met in the hallway by Mr. Honore.

"How goes the canvass by this time," he queried, and then scrutinizing my expression, said, "you look, I should say, on inspection, rather mad."

"Yes; I *am* mad."

I then showed him the note, and told him my intent. He laughed at me, and retaining the note, walked into the office, asking me to follow. Seated, he told me this kind of abuse was customary all over this country, was considered a part of the freedom of the press. Suits for libel, suits for slander, personal rencontres, and duels—all, had been tried to check it, with no good result. The American press was absolute autocrat. It's only cure is within itself, it will either see the danger in time to avert it, or take rope enough, and according to the old adage—hang itself.

A.—"Time's up, till to-morrow night."

NIGHT XIII.

JOHN ELECTIONEERS VIGOROUSLY!

I had not finished the interview with Honore when you struck off last night.

A.—“Any where will do to begin or end in this complex jumble. Guess your hypothetical reader will know about as well as you did what was coming next, when it would come, and how.”

Honore asked me what I and that gunpowder Irishman had been doing to Mr. Sharpnose?

“Nothing,” I answered. “He has threatened to call me to account.”

“Oh, that was bosh in Extra No. 4, he is not a dangerous man. He came to me, out of breath, and did ‘a harrowing tale unfold’—that you, and the Flannagan o’ Tipperary, pursued him with bludgeons, with murderous intent, several blocks, and he adroitly escaped with his life. I intercede for him, and at his special request, ask you not to send that bloodthirsty Irishman after him.”

I had to smile at Honore’s harrowing tale. I then showed him Mr. Sharpnose’s note, when he laughed heartily in turn, particularly at the postscript—“My wife makkes me write this.”

“And now, honest John, on whom did you ‘shove that queer’ bill?”

"Mr. Arndul, the sick man."

"What base ingratitude, to serve a martyr to your interests such a scurvy trick," he replied, with mock gravity.

"I did give him a five dollar bill this morning, but I presume it was genuine."

"It don't make a particle of difference politically, John," he answered, and continuing, said: "I move the previous question. How goes the canvass? How many of the boys have you seen? How many of the influentials have you botton-holed?"

At these questions I was astonished, and a little chagrined; I replied by asking as many more:

"Didn't he know that I hadn't had five minutes rest day or night since the 'everlasting' nomination, from these aggravations? Didn't he think they were annoyances? or was he so indurated as to be heedless of them?" To which he replied irrelevantly:

"John, you have lost nearly the whole day on trifles; you must go out now and electioneer." He bid me good day and went out.

A.—"It was high time to take his advice. You had wasted—yes wasted this time on mere trifles."

"I see the same way now, I didn't then, and don't you think the only difference between now and then is in the fact that those petty, mean trifles of that time are the full grown corruptions of the present day?"

I sat and tried to think where to go, whom to see, and what to do or say. No use; I seized my hat, (I had bought a soft one this time) and rushed out, determined to disregard trifles, and go some where; see somebody; say or do some thing. Soon as I reached the outer door that ominous "Ere's yer" smote on my

ear, and I shrank back in the entry to catch the next two words—"Extra Democrat"—I ran out and seized one, not hearing or caring what the boy said afterwards. Here's the document I captured:

"EXTRA DEMOCRAT.

JOHN SMITH VINDICATED!

Mr. Editor: As the published efforts in behalf of John Smith, our candidate for mayor, have been meagre, while there have been many to injure him, I take it on myself to vindicate, not the cause of a good party, but the interests of a good man. The party can take care of itself, but let the community take care of a good man, of whatever party. I therefore state, from a thorough knowledge of the facts, that John Smith is entirely innocent of all slanderous charges published against him, and further, I will myself stand personally, legally and pecuniarily responsible for any or all of the same.

ERNEST HONORE."

"Wasn't that magniloquent, magnificent and magnanimous?"

A.—"Has the ring of true metal."

I had read it twice; it had passed to the third reading, when I was served with a peace warrant. I felt peaceable enough now; so told the officer, but it seemed that one Philander Sharpnose wanted security as to my pacific inclinations in the sum of \$500. I went with the officer; found Honore, who went on my bond, and said he had endorsed for that wild Irishman a similar paper, and continued Honore, reflectively:

"I'll bet that \$500,000,000 wouldn't keep him from fighting for five minutes, if he had or could make a chance."

"You are running some risk," I answered; "for there are only 800 other voters, and at Pat's velocity he'd run out of material soon; however, there's one saving clause."

"What's that?" asked Honore.

"He'll never get in reach of Sharpnose."

"Good-day—go on—electioneer," and he was gone.

"Electioneer—yes, I must; I'll go and see—"

"Mr. Smith, here's a bill Mister Mallory told me to hand you," snapped in an urchin.

I examined it, and found it was for a balance of \$35.00 for liquors, cigars, &c., used by my friends Saturday night. Told the boy I didn't owe Mr. M. a cent; wouldn't pay it. It was blackmailing. The boy went away, offering to himself a bet that I would be beaten from a certain hot locality—common name ending in—"ll to brexful." This was the first bet I had heard offered on the result during the day. It was offered by the boy to his true inwardness; can't say that it was taken. I began to realize I should be beaten from the office to private life, if I didn't do something; so I resolved to go to our printing office and see about the tickets first, and then—

"Hello, Dr.! Dr. Smith! come this way."

Turning rightabout, I went back toward my office, near which the hailing man was, who informed me there was a lady in my office. I didn't have time from electioneering to attend to professional business, but went up, as it was a lady, and found Miss Gay. She had been crying, and blushed and stammered a "good afternoon." With that unmistakable lady-like demeanor that passes without question under any circumstances, she related her annoyances concerning the slander

suit; stating, in conclusion, what was quite true, to my certain knowledge, that she knew it all originated with Mrs. Sharpnose and the sister-in-law of her mother's first husband, Mrs. Maligny, who had always disliked her, and Mr. Sleek. I told her that I would see the affair set right, if it took all the time and means I had, unceasingly used to that end.

A.—“After you got through electioneering?”

“Don't talk that way. I was mad then, and I am now, to think there were and are yet such pests in the world as those slanderous harpies that were hunting down, with the tireless avidity of bloodhounds, that poor, defenceless, innocent creature.”

A.—“John, you are violating the usages of polite literature to speak of the ladies in this way.”

“I speak of a certain class, using the mildest terms found in their epitomized biographies.”

A.—“What epitomized biographies?”

“Not found in the roseate realms of romance, but in criminal dockets, police reports and associated press despatches of a sensational kind.”

A.—“You beast. You'd better go on with your electioneering.”

“I will. Miss Gay left reassured. I had gone as far as the outer door with my former purpose of seeing about the tickets, when this note arrived. An earnest solicitation for an immediate interview with Mr. Flannagan:”

“TO HIS HONOR, MR. JOHN SMITH:

Sir—An' it's not meself as would be after askin of yer honor to come to meself barren meself was able to come to yezself; but there's at the prisint writin a wea bit of an absthruccion, lookin for all the world like

unto a calaboose, as pravints Mr. Flannagan fram callin' an yer honor in proper person. An' if it would not be too much thrauble it's the same Mr. Flannagan as would loike verra much a wea bit of an interview wid yez, shure.

Ivery time yr frind,

P. FLANNAGAN, o' Tipperary.

A.—“Did he die before you reached him?”

“No; why do you ask? I went as fast as I could walk to that ‘wea bit of an interview’.”

A.—“And found him alive?”

“Of course I did. Why not?”

A.—“Strange, he must have been in at least fifteen minutes, and it's not at all likely he got, in there, one single fight, much less two or thr—”

“Oh, bosh! On my route to the calaboose I was stopped by Mr. Snigglefritz, who drew a voluminous batch of papers from his pocket, and said, as he selected a fresh looking one from the dingier fellows:”

“Meester Smit, I vants to sbeak mit you 'pout piseness. Yoner frents—”

“I'm in a great hurry just now, I'll see you to-morrow,” I answered impatiently.

“Oh, das is shust vat I am, in pig hurry. I sees long times ago, some oder candidates pefore eleeshion, and dey vas in creat hurry too, and when I comes after eleeshion, den dey not bay one tam cent”—

And by this time he had the bill opened, handing it to me. I saw it was like Mallory's, only bigger, “\$65 fer pier getrunken py Herr Smit's frents, Sontay den 5th.” I told Mr. Snigglefritz I had authorized nobody to use my credit at his beer garden, and I would

not pay one cent of the bill, and left him foaming with wrath, and, I guess, considerable beer.

Pat was happy to see me. Although I was in a hurry to electioneer, he compelled me to listen to his "ixplanation ov the how's o' it."

"Arristed fath to kape the pace wid thit bloody rin-nin' coward Shairpnose—an' yer hould-sould Mither Hanner wint me bail, an' I was fra as the air o' hivin', but did yez iver think, so soon as iver that blissed gintlemon had gone 'is way and disappaired from the soight of me two eyes, wha should coom boot this same tormintin' Arurnald, the silf-same pussy in the male toob, and bid me arristed agin fer nothin' in ther wide woruld barrin the gintle saloot mesilf gave 'im for sayin' thit yer haner shooved a splurious counter-fate bell an' 'im."

We went to the magistrate's office, where I settled the fine and costs for Pat. Again I advised him to quit fighting.

"An' it shill niver cost yer haner a cint. It's mesilf as kapes a mite o' the nadeful by me twill home, an' yez shall have ivery cint yez jist paid, so soon as Mither Flinnigin can wark twill it an' back."

"It is not the money I care about, Pat; you are welcome to that, but I want you to take my advice and quit fighting."

"An' shure it's not the felthy locre as Mr. Flinnigin is carin' aboot, but the fun; boot it's mesilf as cares fer the advice o' you. I'll thry an quit a wea spell." So saying, Pat was gone.

A.—"To look up the quickest row."

Stepping to the door with the intention of going out to electioneer, I was staggered at the sight and hideous yell of the opposing printer's demon—

"Eres yer Ex-r Pudkin; all bout J. Smith swindlin orphans!"

"This was the same boy whom Pat had despoiled: who, seeing me as he passed the door, and had got a few paces beyond, turned and went through that same grossly insulting manouvre of the thumb and fingers, before described—and not satisfied with this, yelled back at me"—

"Heh, ole counterfeit, you'd better try to mob *this* press," then went his way.

I picked up one of a dozen of the Extras No. 4—I could not then imagine where such a lie was started. Here's the paper—

"JOHN! HOW ABOUT THOSE ORPHANS?"

*Honest Johnny, administrator of Hezekiah Johnson, (dec'd.) A dead man—Widow and children starving.—Money spent by
J. S. for office.*

"From reliable authority, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Smith's record for honesty is not as good as many short-sighted persons think. He has kept a widow and orphans out of their own money, which they needed to purchase bread. This is from the records.—Ed."

This was a "stunner." I was administrator of this estate, but it was notoriously insolvent. I had advanced money without any prospect of remuneration, to relieve the widow and her children. The editor stated that this terrible slander was from the records. Notwithstanding the advice of Mr. Honore, and my hurry to electioneer, I walked straight to the printing office,

and demanded of the editor his authority for the publication. He tried to evade, but seeing I meant business, told me the county clerk told him the books were not square in the matter. This clerk I had always regarded, and then knew to be a wishy-washy, dough-faced traitor in politics, who had slipped into his place on a compromise issue of local interest. I have since found this a common practice among such villainous scamps, to nose out of the records some explainable irregularity, that means no harm or dishonesty to any one, and report it just in time to work all the injury, but not in time to investigate it, before election; when, a long time after the victim is defeated, and the slander has grown too heavy to bear, an examination is had, and lo! there is nothing in it.

I must go on and tell you about my electioneering. I started from the Rep. office to that of the county clerk, and was interrupted by Mr. Farrin, who said—

“Jones has got the bulge on you; he has left \$5 at every saloon in town, and you must see that and go one better.”

“Go one what?” I did not, then, comprehend his language.

“You can play the innocent lamb first-rate,” he rejoined, with an incredulous smile; then resuming:

“You can’t fool old birds with chaff, Johnny. You must straddle the blind or throw up your hand.”

“I told him there was ambiguity in his language, to speak in plain terms.”

“Running for office and don’t know how to play poker,” he exclaimed.

“I told him I had heard of a game at cards called poker, also an immodest dance of the same name,

though spelled differently; still, I couldn't see that a knowledge of either was a qualification for office. I have learned some better since, (*vide* politicians, *qui ubique sunt*), especially that a thorough knowledge of the game of poker is essential to discharge, with *eclat*, the duties of our ministers abroad, who, thus accredited, can successfully maintain, against the tricky diplomacy of the world, the bowie-knife and revolver prestige of our spread-eagle prowess."

A.—"Well, tell what else Mr. F. said."

"Yes, yes; I must hurry on to that electioneering."

Mr. Farrin said:

"To be plain, Mr. Smith, you must put up—shell out to treat the boys liberally, and secure, against Jones, the influence of 27 saloons."

Having no confidence in this man, and knowing him to be a traitor, I told him I would not give one cent; which was what I would have told any other person.

"Then up you go, Johnny!" he replied, I thought exultingly, (for I rather believed then, and learned afterwards, he wished himself to run) and after a pause concluded, "I thought the party made a mistake in nominating you."

"If the party is composed of such material as you, it did," I replied angrily.

"Do you mean to insult me," he asked.

"You can construe my remarks as you please. You have harped more on the almighty dollar, and done less in an honest way, and more with money in a dishonest way, to defeat me, than any man in the opposite party would think of doing; yet you profess to be my friend."

I tell you I was "fighting mad," although in a great hurry to electioneer. By this time, as Mr. Farrin had purposely raised his voice, there was quite a circle of listeners.

"You are a liar!" was his reply, as he assumed a defensive attitude.

Without thought I struck at him—he mysteriously dodged the blow by springing, as it appeared to me, entirely over the heads and shoulders of the bystanders; landing outside of the circle on the solid pavement with the emphatic squashing thud of a rotten pumpkin. In the place so recently occupied by Mr. Farrin, stood Mr. Flannagan o' Tipperary, who brandishing his "insthrumint," and looking around eagerly for more "waruk," thus spake:

"An' faith ef yez wants inny more jabs o' shoovelin' manoor it's meself as will tak all sich contrahcts, an' jist do 'em ip quite beautiful intirely."

Before I could recover from my surprise at the rapid disappearance of Mr. Farrin, Pat handed me the exact amount I had paid for him in the Arndul suit. I told him to keep it; no, he would have been insulted.

"Faith an' I waruk fur me pairty an' frinds, not money," he said, and truthfully.

Mr. Farrin had been assisted to his feet, and helped to a neighboring seat, where he sat as Mr. Flannagan expressed it, "All dibbled oop as tho' 'e hid ther crimp calic, an' fur all the woruld as tho' 'e niver did a mane thang in all 'is borun days."

I remarked to Pat that I feared he had injured Mr. Farrin internally.

"Interrernilly, yez say?" replied Pat. "An' fath an' if the wea thrip 'e took through ther hitmosfare wad

'ave knacked all 'is interrernals clane, altogither, intoirely out'n 'is bastely shill, an' thin mayhap ould Nich an' 'e thort it woruth 'is trouble to fill 'im oop agin, thin praps, ixidintly, by mistak 'e moight 'ave got the laist wea bit o' good in 'is pisky sarpint hide, an' thin yez say, 'e wad by a bitter mon shure, altho' 'e's chack full o' the divil's oun matherial."

It again occurred to me that I must go ahead with my electioneering. I told Mr. Flannagan he was under heavy bonds not to fight.

"An' thit's only a contrhact wid thit coward Shairpnase," he said.

I was going to speak further, but here a paper was handed me; it stated that John Smith, Esqr., was indebted to the Empire Saloon to the amount of \$15, for sundries furnished friends. I denied the debt, and sent the collector off in a huff.

I determined to electioneer, and starting to see the county clerk—Pat touched me on the arm and said:

"Wait a wea bit."

I looked in the same direction that Pat was gazing, and saw a noted pugilist and athlete coming towards us; when Pat half whispered:

"An' now, by the howly jimpin' Moses, yez'll sac fun—I'll tak the worud. Then turning squarely on the intruder, Pat said: "Whatever is it yez want? Are yez frind or foe?"

"As a friend, Pat," answered the bully. "I just wanted you to tell me how it was done? What kind of a holt you took on Farrin to throw him clean over the heads of two or three folks—I never see the like before."

"An' did yez niver stiddy the coorve in a bockin' mule's back?" queried Pat.

"The curve in a buckin' mule's back?" echoed the pugilist.

"Fath an' it's Mither Flinnigin as has davoted some toime an' tilint twill ther silf same in the arrumy," resumed Pat. "An' whin it was not a sowl ixcept Pat Flinnigin as was on the outside o' the coorve as an-ginares will till yez—whin ther prissure cooms a moighty soight toe harud fer yez, an' a spoike gives, an' yez go flyin' thro' the hitmosfare, the divil 'imsilf doan't know where yer goin', or whin or how ye'll sthop."

"But where did you catch him, and how did you work, to throw 'im so far?" persisted the professional.

I saw this amateur was earnestly seeking information as to how, what he considered, an admirable feat was performed. Pat explained further; and although I wished so much to proceed with my electioneering tour, I still devoted a few more minutes to hear Mr. Flannagan.

"Will, as I towld yez, it was fur all the wourd loike the coorve in a bockin' mule's back, ixcept it ain't ix-ictly. Yez say, Mither Flinnigin passisses a back-bone, an' there's niver a bitter one, baith fur 'is pairty an' 'is frinds, an' havin' sich, whativer is ther raison it can't ba o' sarvice whin the toime cooms? An' as I was sayin', it was loike the bockin' mule's, ixcept it acts in a conthrairy diriction."

I saw there was philosophy in Pat's explanation, and waited to hear him out.

"How's that?" asked the professor.

"Will, you say, yez mount the bockin mule's back as sthraight as a shangle, a thinkin' all the whoile he's yez bist frind, wid patten an' fadin' an' cooryin' an' all, whin all o' a soodint there's a coorve in 'is back, an' bain' on the outside o' the same, it's altogether misfortunate, as angineers will till yez, whin a spoike's gone, an' yez is flyin' to kingdom come, jist so far as yez know aboot, as to jist where, an' whin, an' how yez silf is iver agoin' to sthrike this mortal airth agin, shure! An' yez say, if yez mount Mистер Flinnigin, wid a sthraight back, thin he's all hoonkey; but thin yez jist thry 'im wid what yez ud misthak fur a coorve in 'is back, an' yez'll divilish soodin discover yez an the outside o' the same coorve. There's the coorve o' paverty, an' some big folkes loik thit hoom-bog as yez say I hurt interrernally, oop stairts as has made a little o' the nadeful, as will mount this silfsame coorve o' paverty, thinkin' all the toime a poor mon is a baste o' the dissirt, wid an accammadatin' hoomp an 'is back; but this same paverty-sthricken baste o' a mon sometoimes has a virra bad hibit o' sthraightenin' o' 'is back, an' out goes yer hoomp, an' away goes yer rider. An' so yez say, it's ixiactly loike the bockin' mule's back, wid a wea dafferince—thit is, it ain't at all, at all. The one baiste waruks fram a hoomp to a sthraight, an' the ither fram a sthraight to a hoomp; yez say? Ther same as gittin' yez back oop aboot in-nything."

The professor had comprehended what I was at a loss to know, and he explained in a question.

"You done it by takin' him under the arms, and bendin' your back, then straightenin' with all your might?"

"Yis, yis, an' he was an the outside o' the coorve," concluded Pat.

A.—"And I'm glad; finish your electioneering to-morrow night."

NIGHT XIV.

JOHN ADDS VIM TO VIGOROUS ELECTIONEERING.

It was now four o'clock p. m., the last day of the canvass. I went to work in good earnest to see the boys and set things right. I was told there was not time to see the county clerk and demand an explanation, that I couldn't possibly get till after the election: and the tickets, some friend would manage. Several must have managed them, for there were at least a dozen different straight democratic tickets out next day. Feeling thus freed, I sallied forth, "conquering and to conquer"—perhaps. I went for the biggest democrat in the city, Uncle Dick Swiller. He kept and lived in a small huckstering store near my office. He was called a wheel-horse, and was nearly big enough for two. He weighed between 375 and 400 lbs., and was warranted solid democracy, through and through. As I neared the door I thought Uncle Dick was sawing gourds or splintery wood, but on entering, I found him dead-dr—no, asleep (you see a man's first impressions in the heat of the campaign will not do act on) on the counter, with his head softly pillowed in a broad crock of stout lard. What veneration, at the uncertain distance of a mile or two, his dome-like proportions would have aroused in the bosom of a pre-historic mound-builder! Fancy my reverence, as a dem-

ocratic candidate, at so close a view of such a colossal bonanza of the true metal. Lucky party to have such a heavy man, thought I, as I contemplated, with partisan pride and defiant hope, this reposing democratic Goliath. But one thing necessary to sweep away all opposition: arouse this Sampson and let him work with his jaw bone.

"Uncle Dick! Oh, Uncle Dick!" I called.

No response, save a fortissimo snore, like the snort of an infuriated rhinoceros. I was in a hurry to go on with my electioneering; was satisfied it was ruinous to leave inert, this much of the genuine stuff, so I gave it a desperate shake.

Hark! It moves!! It speaks!!!

"Few done gwef 'um here I'll knock Hezoutenyer."

I went sadly away, supposing Uncle Dick had fallen out with some foreigner in the other party, Russian perhaps, named *Hezoutenyer, and he was dreaming, in a troubled way, of the difficulty.

I started for the next biggest man in the party, and had gone, I should judge, fifteen paces, when I was met by a delegation of ladies with a temperance pledge, and a petition to the next mayor and council, praying for an ordinance against the retail dram shops.

"Oh, Mr. Smith—Dr. Smith—that's a dear man," they all chorused, "now do sign both, and we'll all electioneer for you! Do! Yes, do! Oh, do!"

* HEZOUTENYOU; this was not the name of a foreigner, as was then supposed in the heat and haste of the canvass, but a running together, by the prosodial figure of synalepha, of four English words, to-wit: H—ll,—out—of—you. In justice to Uncle Dick, I will state in plain terms that the synecpy was due to dipsomania, and not to any personal difficulty.

"Of course, ladies, I'm a strict temperance man. I'll sign—but I've got no ink."

"Here! Here's mine—and mine. I've got some," and every one had a pocket ink-stand full.

I thought after I had signed John Smith, with a flourish, to both papers, it was a splendid opportunity to remove from their minds any erroneous impressions of Saturday night's doings. So I squared myself to the task, and told them there were false reports concerning my temperance views; that I always was an active advocate of the cause, and never, directly or indirectly, patronized those abominable saloons, and never—

"Mr. Smith, here's a bill Mr. Dodson, that keeps the Spread Eagle Saloon (this was the lowest den, where a recent murder occurred), says he wants settled before election."

Here the little assassin opened the bill, and ostentatiously read:

"Mister John Smith, D-r—that means debtor, to 160 D-k-s—that means drinks—\$16,00. To 100 Con-chas—that means cigars—makes \$10,00. All added up, makes \$26,00, and he says you an' your friends got 'em Sunday, an' most Sunday night." And here the unregenerate little wretch looked around on the ladies for a smile of approval at his scholastic attainments.

A.—"How pleasant is electioneering when the ladies button-hole a candidate!"

"Yes, but if that boy had been large enough, or old enough to comprehend the heinousness of his execrable conduct, I would have murdered—yes, cruelly murdered him on the spot."

Those ladies had been sent by brothers Bonham and

Coldman to accomplish the work they had so delicately undertaken, and wrathfully abandoned as a hopeless task: that is, my reformation. The ladies seemed agreeably surprised at the facility of the conquest, when I so readily signified my willingness to sign both pledge and petition, and when I had affixed my sign manual, aye! when I indulged in unqualified denunciation of dram shops, and capped my temperance climax with the declaration that I never patronized or encouraged, directly or indirectly, those abominable saloons—just to think, when I was rearing such a tower of strength, and those dear creatures were settling and confidently building high hopes around it, that that deluge of “160 D-k-s—drinks” should come and sweep the last vestige. You can hardly imagine the change that came over those ladies as *I* saw it. I couldn’t have uttered a word of explanation; but they didn’t ask it. ’Twas too damning. They hesitated; appeared confused; whispered; looked at my signature as a blot on the papers; looked at each other, and—started off, when one, perhaps with a forlorn hope of my ultimate reformation, but a despairing glance at my face—still marked by Saturday and Sunday’s mishaps—asked:

“Mr. Smith, how old are you?”

“*One hundred and sixty!*” I replied.

She laughed despite her anxiety, and joining her comrades, the ladies left me.

A.—“That was an unfortunate answer, and rather an unpopular age for a man among the ladies. Why did you thus answer?”

“You ought to know when a man has had so many spiteful thrusts at his moral sensitiveness, and each

wound, with constant irritation, has thrown out its un-availing excrescences of proud flesh, and then to have such an actual cautery bungingly thrust into this wounded, over-sensitive soul, that the shock paralyzes all the rest; and until reaction, there is absolutely nothing in the soul or consciousness but this seared, seething impression. My branding-iron read, as the boy said, "160 D-k-s, that means drinks." That brand is there to this very day. Now you know why I was 160 years old. I felt about that age, although I was really 122 years short."

"Them's crusadin' gals. You oughter see the old boss make 'em git when they crusaded his shanty. They scooted, you bet," patronizingly remarked my pleasant friend, the boy, who affectionately lingered with the demand from the Spread Eagle Saloon.

"Go tell your father I'll have him arrested for swindling. 160 D-k-s, and he knows I never was in his wretched saloon"—and looking sharply at the boy, I asked, "Why did you tell such a lie in the presence of those ladies, that I and my friends drank 160 drinks?" He said his father had told him, and he wasn't to blame. So I didn't kill him, but let him bear my reply to Dodson, Sr.

Where was I going? To see another prominent democrat. I didn't think that I had gained much ground in electioneering with the ladies, but thought this pledge and petition affair was a time-honored custom, to commit the candidates before-hand. I didn't care so I was right; I had honestly and willingly signed both papers. I have learned since that it was a dangerous move, and it began to appear so then, and

is a settled conviction now, that to do anything boldly and openly in politics, is dangerous. I began to feel my better nature cramped. It seemed that everything had to be done by sneaking trickery. I didn't like this, and determined to fight it out on the line of strict honesty and morality if I didn't get a solitary vote.

A.—“Good for you, and good for—defeat.”

“I didn't care whether I was successful or not. I had determined not to yield one jot or tittle to influences that even bore the semblance of corruption. Would not I run well now, though?”

A.—“Not much, for I know you haven't kept pace with the growth of the petty rascalities you detail, and they have, by this time, passed beyond your recognition; or what is more likely, they have been displaced in popular favor by the many new and admirable varieties of ‘ways that are dark’ that have been produced by a complex system of skillful crossing in the hands of scientific cultivators.”

“I must go on with and finish my electioneering. I was not interrupted more than half a dozen times on my way to that other influential party man. The interview was very encouraging. I walked into his counting-room, where I found him absorbed in his ledgers—most of them are taken up by this kind of absorption—and bid him good afternoon.

“Oh, ah! Smith? Yes, our candidate for mayor?” formally and frigidly; “take a seat, sir.”

I didn't know how to talk with such a man. I told him that I would be under many obligations for his active support.

“Indeed, I haven't time to electioneer, but you can count on my vote,” he replied—then said, “But some

of our best workers, Mr. Farrin, for instance, thinks that you will not likely be successful."

"Why does he think so?"

"He tells me—and this is strictly confidential, Mr. Smith—that he fears you do not understand the ropes, you know. I hope you'll not disappoint the expectations of our party, though," he continued, "but there is a clear majority against you on the last election of 45 votes."

I told him rapidly, for I wanted to get away, that Mr. Farrin was a traitor to me and his party—that he was sacrificing the interests of the party for the gratification of his revenge on me, for securing the nomination.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, it will never do to tell that," and this wheel-horse was filled with consternation.

I saw, if he wished to do right, he was afraid, and with manifest disgust got me out of the presence. As soon as I gained the street a lady addressed me thus—

"You are the candidate for mare?"

"Yes, on the democratic ticket."

"Well, that's the one; my husband and my thra boys are all voters, and," she continued, "if you'll promise to let me put my calf in the calaboose yard nixt sommer, in place of that republican calf of Mrs. Powers, I'll jist make the old man and all thra of the boys vote for you. Will you, now? Yo see we ain't able to rint a pasture."

"Madam, your democratic calf shall have the place," I promptly replied.

A.—"Best stroke yet; go on."

With many thanks she courtesied and left me. I turned to go in the direction of my office, and saw

what I might have mistaken for a locomotive, had I not particularly noticed the machine before. It was Ophcleide. We collided, and the Herr crushed my hand with a hearty shake, and a sonorous—

“H—ll vos low!* Johannes Schmidt, wie geht es—das ish how vas sie—oder you all der dime?”

I understood him to be speaking to me in a very friendly manner, and replied that I was quite well. “How are you?” I asked.

“Ich bin ganz wohl—das vas all der dime so good as never vas—and Herr Schmidt, I comes, der prass pan mit und sarenad—by Zehn Uhr. So! huh! so!”

I told Mr. Ophcleide I wished to pay him something for his work, under a mistake, for me.

“Das vas all recht, Ich wunche kein geld—money—Meester Hannare macht es all ganz und gar goot. So! huh! so! Und I goes—der poys zu sehen—see und vill goot moosic machen—py Zehn Uhr.”†

Wishing to patronize him on account of his honest mistake, and knowing that Shanor didn’t keep a drinking saloon, and sold nothing stronger than cider, I said to Mr. Ophcleide “Yah!” and we parted.

A.—“Mr. Shanor enjoyed the serenade?”

“I wish he had. I continued my way towards my office. A man called my attention to a hurrying female who was now wildly gesticulating, and on closer approach, hailed me—

*H—ll vas low! Simply a confounding of the interjection hello! with other English words.

†Zehn Uhr; the German for ten o’clock, pronounced, zane oor. There was a Mr. Shanor, who kept an ice cream saloon, and whom the Germans called Shaynoor; hence the mistake.

"Mr. Dr. Smith—Mr.—wait!"

I stopped, and as she came up I saw she was very much excited. What could she want? What was the matter? She impetuously unburdened herself as follows:

"Mr. Smith, I can't stand these wrongs any longer; it's more than any woman can stand; and I think it's high time for the poor women to have some lawful rights, and—"

"Madam?" I interrupted, "you are mistaken in the person. I'm no legislator, senator, governor, lawyer, or mayor yet. I can't give you relief. What do you wish me to do?"

"That's what I was coming to. There's Mrs. Dusenberry—and she a republican, too—Mrs. Dusenberry's old hen and every last one of her chickens scratched up my bunch beans, the early yaller six weeks beans, too, and they was growin' so nice—"

"But, madam," I rather impatiently interrupted, "there's no law made and provided for such cases, even if—"

"I know that," she vehemently interrupted, "I found that out when I went to that republican mayor; an' I want to know if I make my husband and my boys vote for you, you won't make a law to stop a neighbor woman's chickens from scratchin' up another neighbor woman's early beans; that's what I want; and I think the poor, oppressed women ought to have their rights, and you are a democrat, and I was told believed in woman's rights. Won't you?—that's a man."

"I am a democrat, and I want the ladies to have all

necessary rights by law—but can't you get redress through existing laws?"

"I'd like to know how, when there ain't no law," she snappishly answered.

"Oh, yes, you can bring an action against the chickens, either for trespass or damage to the beans."

"Whoever heard of suing a *chicken*!" she exclaimed, "and that's just the way you men make fun of a woman when she wants her rights, lawfully—and if that's your opinion you can 'jist' elect yourself, for me;" and away she went, before I could recover from my surprise, or explain.

A:—"Some lady will, if your hypothetical reader has any lady friends, construe that interview as a sly fling at the woman's rights movement."

"Oh, no. Besides, that infant demand has long since grown beyond my recognition or control.

During the next ten minutes there were only five demands of male and female applicants for the republican calf's place in the calaboose yard. I very honestly, but foolishly, told every one of them that the place was promised, instead of promising it to every one, according to the present improved method of electioneering. I had only a few minutes to electioneer before supper, and as it was my custom to stay at home from 6 p. m. to 7 a. m., unless called out professionally, I thought I could do no better than see Honore and ask him how much the republican majority would be increased. I was certain, so far, of two preachers, Honore, Pat Flannagan, and probably of the four votes in the family of the woman (Mrs. Moriarty) whose democratic calf I had promised the place in the calaboose yard; and, I had almost forgotten,

perhaps, Mr. Arndul. On my way to Honore's I passed a saloon, in the front of which there was a crowd; one of the number talking rather boisterously, and as I could hear, concerning the election. His back was to me as I approached; I saw he was intoxicated, and just as I got opposite—though he could not yet see me, he yelled—

“Rah f'r Jones! Bul-f'r Jones!” At this, some one who saw me so near, touched him, but as he turned he began to repeat—

“Rah f'r Jos—mith! Rah f'r Smith—doggone zat name-ic-so long an' 'ard fezzzer cantreccolex't.”

The crowd laughed heartily at the brevity of Mr. Arndul's (for it was he) memory. His explanation of why he was hurrahing for Jones, was not entirely satisfactory, as I never was profoundly impressed with the belief that my name was so long and hard to recollect as all that. However, I passed on and found, on inquiry, that Mr. Honore had not been to the store since dinner.

It was now supper time, and I went to close my office and conclude the electioneering. I found at the office a warm democratic friend from the country, who said he had come in to help me that evening and the next day. This was encouraging, and I thanked him kindly for his self-sacrificing kindness. He had been a candidate for sheriff, and knew much about the ways and means of electioneering. He had a paper with the names of fifteen of the present and ex-officers, democratic, of the county and town, and told me, that according to assessment, he would average five dollars a piece from these parties.

“For what?” I innocently asked.

"For what!" he echoed.

"Yes, for what?" I repeated, "for what purpose do you want that sum of money?"

"Well, if you ain't the greenest candidate I ever heard of," he answered, with marked surprise. "For what! Well to go round to-night and keep the ball rolling—to let the boys have no rest till they've voted. That's what."

I then told him I was thankful for his friendship, but I did not wish him to do an injury to himself in my behalf, and would not permit him to wrong me by unfair electioneering.

"Well, John, if you wasn't so green I'd get mad," he replied. "I'll do what I want to do on my own hook, and must be at work," and bidding me good afternoon, went away.

I went to supper, was stopped on the way by several unheard of friends, who professed unbounded good will and intentions, but each and every one closed with a request of some favor. Politics seemed to appear in a new garb, and it looked very much like unto that worn by selfishness.

Arriving at home, I was happy in the thought of some rest, as the last day was gone of the "so-called" canvass. I found my wife had been bored to death with half a dozen meddlesome women—among them Mrs. Bonham and Mrs. Coldman, who had heard the awful things about me from their pious husbands, and drummed up a squad of Job's comforters to come and condole with poor, forlorn sister Smith. Then my wife told me that Mrs. Sharpnose's boy had been several times to see me at the office and at home, but couldn't find me.

"What does *she* want?" I asked.

"The boy said that that fighting Irishman—what ever his name is—had been hanging around their house all the afternoon, to whip Mr. Sharpnose when he came out."

"That can't be true, because I've seen Mr. Flannagan since noon—yes, a good part of the afternoon," I answered, "and besides he's under bonds of \$500 to keep the peace with Mr. Sharpnose."

"Anyhow," resumed my wife, "Mr. Sharpnose is afraid to set his foot out of the door, and—"

"Mister Smith! Oh, Mr. Smith! Do come! For mercy's sake come!" broke in startling tones on me and my wife, cutting short her remarks. "Do come right away. I hear him this blessed minit—run!"

Here Mrs. Sharpnose—for it was she—pausing for breath, I asked:

"What is the matter, Madam?"

"Oh, that terrible fighting Irishman, Flanelgin, that you sent—no, I don't say that neither, but somebody sent," she rapidly went on, "to waylay and beat poor Mr. Sharpnose to death. He's at the back gate now, an' I hear 'im bangin' with his shilly-bludgeon now. Come!"

I went post haste to investigate this plain and highly aggravated case of "intimidation"—it would be called "bulldozing" now. On the way I was hailed by the city marshal who was just behind, coming double-quick. I paused at the gate of the besieged castle of Sharpnose to await the reinforcement of the marshal, while Mrs. Sharpnose rushed through this, the front gate, and into the house, to see if the lord of the castle still

lived; to learn if succor had arrived too late. On coming up the marshal asked:

"What's the row?" and passing me a note, with a grim smile, said: "As I saw Mr. Flannagan not more than ten minutes ago in another part of town, electioneering for you in quite another way, though unusual for him, I don't understand that note; and I shall defer your arrest till I look some farther into the case."

I read the note; here it is:

"Mister the City Marshal, Sir:

You will please to come as quick as ever you can to our house an' arres a irishman a patterick flannelgin he is a lain' in wate fur my husban' poor man not abil to tend to his bisnis this blessid aftrnoon nor nothin', he is at the back gait this verry minit with his shilly-club also I want you to arres Mr. Smith az I was tole he sent Mr. flanelgin to beat up an' fite Mr. Sharpnose poor man never harmin' a sole in his life come rite off

an' oblige

SARY ANN SHARPNOSE.

P. S. do come az quick az ever you kin I hear him tryin' to beet down the back gait y'rs twel deth

S. A. S."

Having read the note, I told the marshal we would first go and arrest the so-called Mr. Flannagan.

Mr. Sharpnose's residence was on the corner of Broad street and Goose alley—where there was a side or back gate, as they called it, whereat the formidable besieging party was supposed to have entrenched himself for operations.

On our way thither, and just as we had flanked the castle and sighted the enemy, the shutters and sash of one window of the closely closed domicile suddenly opened, and Mrs. S., with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, besought us to

"Hurry—do—oh, thank the Lord there's the marshal at last!" whereupon peered forth the haggard, terror-stricken face of the indomitable defender of the garrison, Philander Sharpnose.

"Take 'im to jail gentlemen; he's been layin' at that gate to murder me the whole afternoon," and the commander, after issuing these orders, disappeared. On near approach we found the enemy compromising—for he was not lying in wait altogether—he was laying mostly in the gutter—at least the armed half, while the retreating half occasionally gave the gate a kick, which rattled the latch and sent terror to the occupants of the doomed castle. On close *reconnoissance*, we came to the conclusion that if he were lying in wait at all, he was either waiting to get sober, or get something to eat, as he was an unmistakable tramp, and was very drunk, if not very hungry. He carried the customary through baggage check---a short, rough stick, with a hook on the end, on which was hung a small bundle in a soiled bandana.

"Mr. Flannagan lying in wait, with a bludgeon," remarked the officer. "Mr. Sharpnose unable to get out to his business!" then addressing me, said: "Mr. Smith, I intended to vote for you, but this clear case of intimidation discourages me. Help me raise the siege."

We lifted the tramp to his feet, gave him a rousing shake to stir his consciousness, when he spake:

"Folks in zat 'ouse all dead? Been yer ever since 'fo dinner, knockin—I wan' suzzin 'teat, awfu' 'ungry."

I gave the marshal a dollar and requested him to see the unfortunate man had a good meal and lodging.

During supper I was interrupted several times by anxious friends; notably among them were three or four more with saloon bills, of various amounts, with urgent demand to settle before election. Of course my wife didn't understand this, and I got a good lecture thereon. I was disposed to regard all the saloon-keepers as a class of swindlers, but I found after the election, that they, to a certain extent, had been cheated. That is, the hummer friends of a candidate run a big bill and tell the saloon man they were authorized by the victimized candidate to do so; and further tell him, if the candidate don't pay, they will; but to be sure and send the bill in before election. I think they've got too well educated now for that dead-beat dodge.

Between supper and bed time there was more electioneering done by my friends for—themselves—than I had done during the whole canvass. They represented all shades and grades of interest—self-interest predominant. I was satisfied that there was but one desideratum to make my election certain—that, a fat office for every one of the qualified voters in Bunkumville. I went to bed at 11 o'clock, wearied and with sore misgivings of the issue on the morrow.

"Help! Murder! For mercy sake, get up, Mr. Smith—quick—there are robbers in the house"—this came on my gradually awakening senses, followed by:

"Do get up, they've turned over the china cupboard, I know."

"Crash!" I was now awake, and springing out of bed, seized my revolver and rushed into the hall, as the clock struck two. Then came another "crash"—and I was satisfied it was from brass instruments in front of the house. I supposed the several crashes, with the interval of perfect quiet, was what they called a prelude, for they had given at least two or three crashing blasts, and then came "Hail to the Chief." Chief of what? What in the name of old Harry did these thundering fools mean by stirring up a man in that savage manner, at two o'clock a. m., to play Hail to the Chief! I wished I was a full panoplied and painted Sioux chief, I'd have made a sortie and scalped the entire band. I reluctantly laid the pistol aside, and listened eagerly, not to the music, but for the end of that piece and their retreat. After hailing the chief they hailed "Columbia," and to keep up this hail storm, they hailed John Smith, by yelling "'Rah for Smith," and pounding on the door.

My wife came timidly to me and begged me not to open the door—they must be bad, or drunk to come at such a time; they might murder me; it was very late; honest people would come sooner. I prevailed on her to go back to bed, with a promise that I would not go out or let them in. However, I was myself deceived. No man can properly estimate the storming strength of a serenading party, backed by untold lager, unless he is a candidate situated just as I was when this untimely, overwhelming attack was made. I waited impatiently, it seemed hours, may be not, for them to go, but they soon merged the serenade into a *charivari*, with discordant blasts on their horns, and kicks and raps on my door, till the din was intolerable, and I was mad

enough to face or fight any thing to get relief; so jerking open the door, I fairly howled with rage;

"What in h—thunder do you want? What do you mean by mobbing a man's house this way?"

"Frage der paardon—das vas ask de exskoosse von der Herr Schmidt, all der zeit—der time—Ich bin all der dime Herr Ophcleide. so! huh! so! und—"

"Hello! Jhonloff Smittowhisky," began the intoxicated, impudent American secretary of the band, then resuming: "Trot 'em out, my old Russian, were d—dry as powder—ic—'orns—ole Saharah's des'rt was jist Monsieur Noah's irrigation to des'cated condish'n ic this band o' Gideon."

"Set 'em up! Set 'em up, Johnny, ole boy."

"Perdoose the dyestuff, ole boss."

"Pring out der schnapps, Herr Smit."

And I can't say in how many various ways and tongues they clamored for drink. I told them repeatedly that there was not a drop of any kind of drink in the house except water. They disbelieved me, crowded past me into the hall, knocking over and breaking the hat-rack and two umbrellas. Half the band were trying to play Yankee Doodle, while the other was tooting away on Dixie; then this bipartite medley was changed to a multipartite discord, wherein each performer was on a solo of his own, and I heartily wished it was so low that I couldn't hear it, or the band was so low in a certain unmentionable place that it could never repeat such an outrage on civilization.

The sharp secretary remarked to the boys, when I told them I had nothing to drink in the house, that—

"That's too thin, boys; plenty in the cellar." They would have made a raid on the cellar, but fortunately

there was no cellar to my dwelling—I had built for health. You know how a man can appreciate such a serenade, in a close hall, under such circumstances. I tried to think of some way to get rid of them! I wished I had even lightning whisky that would strike them down on the spot, any way to quiet the noise, if I should have to have them all carted off before morning. I was tortured with this till about three o'clock, when I remembered having recently prepared for my wife a quart of bitters with wine, taraxacum and aloes—dose, dessert spoonful. I was willing to give a gross of such bottles for relief, and in my desperation, I mentioned the bitters to the secretary. That was all—they had to be produced. The taste was pleasant as could be made, and it wasn't over one minute till the bottle was empty. But, to my utter discomfiture, they began to blaze away with renewed energy. I thought my remedy was worse than the disease; I was thinking of ordering them out, when I noticed Mr. Ophcleide, with an expression of anxiety, take his huge brass columbiad from his mouth, lay his left hand enquiringly on his comprehensive stomach, and feelingly remark:

“Das vas bauchweh!*

 I bowed too, and promptly bid him good night, thinking he was bowing himself away.

The sharp secretary, who had got more than his share of the bitters, also had weakened; his face was pallid and expressed painful emotions, his instrument

*Bauchweh; pronounced bow-way; the German word to express those peculiarly interesting sensations and moving emotions experienced by a boy a short time after he has eaten a gross of green apples without salt. Orthoepe similarity caused the bowing away ceremony on my part.

hung silent in the limp grasp of his nerveless arm—he feebly articulated—

“Les go, boys—ic—I ain’t feelin’ well—play’d ic-out.” This he said, and nothing more.

From the attitudes and facial indications, I concluded that the entire band had, at last played out, and they hastily went out. I could hear as they went off, not the occasional time-marking toot on their horns, but instead an imprecation or groan, till the solemn hush of night swallowed up the last faint echo from the retreating band.

Early next morning there was a flaming extra, detailing the horrible sufferings of those poisoned heroes. John Smith had given good cheer to the members of the band, by treating them to poisoned wine. Dr. Swettam had been called to see one or two of the unfortunate sufferers, and pronounced the poison arsenic and corrosive sublimate, and deserved great credit for his successful exertions with the stomach-pump and the hypodermic use of antidotes, in saving his patients, especially the worthy secretary of the brass band. The truth is, the quack did come near killing this man, for I saw him three days after, and he looked like he was on a protracted convalescence from Asiatic cholera. He had hoggishly gotten an overdose of the aloes. And—here ends the canvass.

A.—“There are some unexplained trifles.”

“I’ll ask you to put them in a very brief conclusion—our fortnight is up—but my wife will not return till day after to-morrow. So to-morrow night you may write the conclusion.

CONCLUSION.

With your political experience; your insight into the complex trickery of the many-wired electioneering machinery; what chance would you think I had for success, on the morning of the election? What show, I will ask, did I stand, after I had exhausted every moment of the canvass, parrying, with sturdy, direct blows, the assaults of unscrupulous persons; fighting down and rebuking, in unqualified terms, all that was manifestly, or even apparently wrong, and relying on my intelligent, conscientious fellow-citizens for successful support?

A.—“Paraphrastically speaking, about as much as the whilom mentioned ‘*un-talon-ted*’ feline quadruped enjoyed in Hades.”

“And that was just my view. I was happily mistaken.”

“Mistaken! You don’t mean to say you got over 8 votes of the Soo?”

“I do; mean to say more; I was elected! By 61 majority! A gain of 105!”

A.—“Elected! How on earth was it?”

“Well, you see I had determined to run, if I ever did run for office, on a fair and honest basis. You see I had the implicit confidence that belongs to inexperience; for I believed then I could be elected honor-

ably, and it was quite five years after before I saw my mistake."

A.—"Mistake? Then you mean you were elected unfairly?"

"Oh, no! Only according to the ways and means then and now provided in such cases. Though I was under the impression for a long time that all those parties who had shown bad motives, were awed by sterling integrity (?), and had expiatively voted for me. I have wished often that this agreeable illusion hadn't been swept so suddenly and ruthlessly away. It was a comfort: the deception."

A.—"Swept away suddenly? How?"

"It occurred over five years after the election. My good friend, the truly good Honore, sickened and died. He left me and another friend of his, administrators. We were overlooking his papers one day, and found them systematically endorsed on the outside, and neatly tied in separate parcels with red tape. There was one bundle that had become untied and scattered promiscuously among the other bundles. I went to work to collect these, and to be sure that they were properly arranged, had to open each separate paper to examine and learn its exact place. The first paper was that very same Spread Eagle Saloon bill—there the '160 D-k-s'—I knew what d-k-s meant—yes, there in plain hand—but not as vivid as the brand in my soul—the Conchas too, and all—at the bottom was—

"Rece'd payment in full, pr. Mr. E. Honore, this April 6th, 1868.

S. DODSON."

Every one of that scattered batch of papers was a receipted bill, most of them the identical bills that had been sent to me before election; all concluding: "Rece'd in full, or paid in full, by Mr. E. Honore." I say all, I didn't get to see them all, for I had examined enough to sum up over \$500, when there were five or six remaining I could not look into, and I heartily wished then for his sake, and ever since for mine, I hadn't seen one of them.

A.—"Why? And why couldn't you look into the remaining five or six?"

Because the outside endorsed paper came just between those I had looked at and those I had not examined. This outside paper was simply endorsed:

"J. S. CAMP.

TO BE DESTROYED WITHOUT OPENING, IF

APRIL, 1873, HAS PASSED."

Generous, good soul! He had considered my feelings so much, even when he made that endorsement. He was, sometime before death, in bad health, and, I presume, contemplated me as an administrator, and didn't want me to see all he had done for me, unless really necessary.

A.—"Then why didn't he destroy the papers himself?"

He was a man that was strict in business affairs, and I presume he wanted those receipts held till the statute of limitation rendered them worthless. The time had expired nearly sixty days before. So I should have destroyed them without opening. I should not have

known what "J. S. Camp." meant, had the bundle remained securely tied.

A.—"John Smith Campaign?"

Yes; and there were three very sad, much to be regretted sequels, and one happy one, in connection with that campaign. The happy one was a marriage.

A.—"A marriage? Who? and how?"

Well, that "Susie" note that troubled my wife, you remember that she picked up in the hall, that memorable Sunday morning, was dropped by the printer's devil when he picked up the Gay note. His sister, Susie Brown, was affianced to a worthy young man who was an employe of the Republican office, John Simpson. Susie wished to have an escort to church, and sent this little paper to Johnny. It didn't reach it's destination, and produced a slight ripple in our domestic pool.

The first of the sad sequels was the death, one week after the election, of Mr. Blackman. He was beset by both parties, or the vultures, as I said before, of both parties. The opposition told him I was trying to scare him into voting our ticket, or intimidate him from coming out to vote theirs; our vultures fought this, and between the two, the poor fellow got no rest, and of course died from injuries that could have, with quiet, been repaired. I had one hard thought concerning Blackman, in regard to the five dollar note. I feared he had given it to me, under such solemn assurances, knowing it was bad; but I subsequently learned that Farrin had distributed several counterfeit bills on the same bank and of the same denomination.

The second sad sequel was the trial of Pat Flanagan for the murder of Daniel Blackman. He was

acquitted after the second hearing, but it was sad to see the terrible warping this judicial investigation got from political heat. It don't seem any better now.

The last and saddest of these sequences was my sudden discovery of how badly I had been deceived in attributing my success, in the election, to good motives on the part of the community, instead of the same old prime mover of all human action, self-interest. The death of my best and noblest friend was sad enough, but such inscrutable occurrences belong to the all-wise providence of Him who would then, wills now and all the time, that men would be actuated by such motives as I then, very shortsightedly, ascribed to a majority of them.

I was not turned out of the church, as wiser counsel than Bonham's or Coldman's prevailed; yet I was, and am now, regarded as a sort of Ishmaelitish member by those intensely pious souls who assume to run most churches for their individual glorification.

Subsequent experience taught me what I should have learned from the good book at first, that the "Love of money" was then, and is now, and will continue to be, "The root of all evil," even unto the "last man and the last dollar;" yet, I can't help expressing the hope that more men may use their money as did my good friend. And now, Mr. hypothetical or actual reader, while you are healing over with the salve of self-interest the slight abrasions of my moral anger, and plugging the deeper penetrations with the putty of policy, I earnestly hope that this one, that must have made an impression on your better nature, may not be so easily healed or concealed; but that you may always carry in your inner conscious-

ness—your *sanctum sanctorum* of right, the indelible impression that money, as it seems to be to the moral, what steam is to the mechanical world, the prime motive power, should be used to run soulless men just as steam is employed to drive soulless machinery—to do good, praiseworthy and profitable work. In short, if money is the motive, and mercenary, unprincipled men are the machines that give shape to our political fabric, our only hope is, that our machines may fall into the hands of such good and skillful engineers as was Honore; and the great motor applied in his way, to impel vicious men to do right.

In conclusion, I must ask the pardon of my reader for introducing him to vicious company, and shocking his modest ear with language unrefined. My excuse is in the oft' quoted verse:

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

So you see that I have exhibited this monster in her different frightful phases, politically speaking, only once; just enough show to accomplish my purpose; that is, to have you hate the horrid thing. You know very well, though, that our frequent elections must necessarily show this same monster so often as to make us

“Familiar with her face.”

And then—

“We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

But if you are a man, you'll neither “endure, pity, nor embrace.”

And now, my perforated reader, in the language of the itinerant showman: we, Jamie, and John Smith, Democrat, thank you kindly for your liberal patronage,

and would announce that the performance will conclude with a tilt on the grand mental and moral see-saw of American intellectuality. Walk right up and take a glass—"That's it!—Don't care if I do!—Long's it you!—As I aint feelin' well!—Hardly ever, but—An' fath an' I'll tip a wee dhrap!—Das vas der dalk!—Yah, I dakes bier!—"John, ole fel, we aint smiled since election!—Yah! Yah! Massa John, I'ze comin'!—Me-is-ter Sme-ith I re-arely drink the drink of the wicked, but ah!"—Hold! hold! my overwhelming friends, you misunderstand me, as you did in the canvass—I don't mean to treat that way. You are too fast, as was brother Coldman, who I see, wants a glass from the other end of the see-saw), in order to get a good comparative view of these petty, immoral phases that annoyed me so during my canvass.

Here's the glass; let me show you how it's done. It's a great relief, by contrast, from the extreme of high tragedy to that of low comedy; and I often enjoy this see-saw, by contemplating these little political vices through my glass—

NOW

AND

THEN.



Here ends the performance, and as the drop descends, I will hastily say, that I may, possibly, appear again, when I will exhibit some of the laughable haps and mishaps of the election and my administration. I bow, and leave my parting admonition so plain, that it must be read and understood a thousand times where the injunction holds once:

Ὅπως οὖν ἔσεσθε ἄνδρες, — Xen.

Good Night.

THE END.

*Without John's knowledge or consent I translate the above, although John says the admonition is more difficult to follow than the Greek is to comprehend. Here is the translation: *See, then, that y- be men.*





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